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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. V.

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor." — Hor.

VOL. V.

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1854.

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

1825 — *continued.*

NOVEMBER 1st. Scott proposed to take me to-day to the castle of Newark, a place of the Duke of Buccleugh's. Sat with him some time in his study: saw a copy of the "Moniteur" there, which he said he meant to give to the Advocates' Library when he was done with it. I said that what astonished foreigners most was the extent of his knowledge. "Ah, that sort of knowledge (he answered) is very superficial." I remarked that the manual labour alone of copying out his works seemed enough to have occupied all the time he had taken in producing them. "I write," he answered, "very quick; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." Writes chiefly in the morning, from seven till breakfast time: told me the number of pages he could generally produce in the day, but I do not accurately remember how much it was. Mentioned to him that Lord Byron repeated to me the first hundred and twenty lines of "Lara" immediately after they were written, and said he had done them either that morning or the evening before, I forgot which. Went out at twelve in the open carriage, he and I and Miss

Scott; the day very lowering. Showed me where the Ettrick and Yarrow join. The Yarrow grows beautiful near the gate of the Duke, and the walk by it through the grounds is charming. Lunched in a little summer-house beyond the bridge. Showed me a deep part of the river into which he found Mungo Park once throwing stones: Park said it reminded him of what he used to do in Africa to try the depth of the rivers. After his return from Africa he opened an apothecary's shop in Selkirk, but the passion for wandering would not allow him to remain quiet. Day cleared up as we returned home. Saw the place where Montrose was defeated; four hundred Irishmen shot near it after the battle. In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the Encyclopædias, &c., and having got the names of Straduerius, Amati, &c. glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to

coffee." Mentioned an anecdote which he had heard from Lady Swinton of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel: this evidently suggested the circumstance in one of his novels. On our return home found that two gentlemen were waiting to see Sir Walter; proved to be young Demidoff, son of the rich Russian, who has been sent to Edinburgh for his education, and, with his tutor, was now come to pay a visit to Sir Walter.* Much talk with the young man, who is very intelligent, about Russian literature. I mentioned the "Fables" of Kriloff, of which I had seen a translation in French, and in one of which he talks of Voltaire being roasted in hell *à petit feu.* This translation, Demidoff said, was a very bad one. Sung in the evening; much pressed by Scott to defer my departure for a day or two.

2nd. While I was dressing, Mr. Gordon (a presbyterian clergyman, whom I found at Abbotsford, and who is employed making a catalogue of the library) came into my room, and requested, as a great favour, a lock of my hair: told him to be careful how he cut it, as Mrs. Moore would be sure to detect the "rape." The carriage being ordered immediately after breakfast, to take me to the coach and young Demidoff and his tutor to Melrose Abbey, I took leave of Scott, who seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with me. Finding a place in the Jedburgh coach, I set off for

* A gentleman who was at Abbotsford at the time, declares that it was Count Orloff, a nephew of the Count Orloff who holds a high station at the Russian Court, who was Sir Walter Scott's guest, and not M. Demidoff. — Ed.

Edinburgh. Some talk among the people in the coach about Scott; said he was "a very peculiar man," and seemed all to agree that he had chosen a very bad situation for his house. Went outside for the last two or three stages, in order to see the country, but it was all dreary and barren. The entrance, however, into Edinburgh most striking; the deep ravine between the two towns, the picturesque sites of the buildings on the heights and in the depths, the grand openings to the sea, all is magnificent and unlike every thing else. By the by, talking with the guard about Abbotsford, he told me Lady Scott had said that "it was quite an hotel in every thing but pay." Took a hackney coach and drove to William Murray's (husband to Bessy's sister), having received a letter from him at Abbotsford, entreating me to take a bed at his house. Found Anne not so much altered (though it is fourteen years since we last met) as Bessy led me to expect. A note while we were at dinner from Murray's sister, Mrs. Siddons, to ask me, if not too fatigued, to drink tea there. We went; none but herself and daughters; sung a little, though very hoarse; one of the Miss S.'s also sung. Had written to Jeffrey after dinner to say I was come, and would be out with him at Craigcrook to-morrow; an answer from him to say, "Why not to-night?"

3rd. Went out with Murray and a Mr. Bridges to see the town; the day, though it looked dull, very clear, and favourable for seeing the distant hills. Went up to the Castle, thence through some of the old town to Calton Hill. Was quite enchanted with the views of the Forth; could see the Isle of May and the snow on Ben Lomond. Had soup at a restaurant on Calton Hill: returned home to meet Jeffrey, who came and proposed that I should call

upon him at his town-house in a coach at half-past four. Did so; Craigcrook about three miles off; no one at dinner but Mrs. Jeffrey, a Mrs. Miller, and Cockburn, the celebrated barrister. Cockburn very reserved and silent; but full, as I understand, of excellent fun and mimicry when he chooses. A good deal of chat with Jeffrey before going to bed; cannot bear to stir without his wife and child; requires something living and breathing near him, and is miserable when alone. Slept in a curious bedroom, with two turrets for dressing-rooms. This house was once a madhouse, and it was a common saying of any one that was flighty, "He is only fit for Craigcrook."

4th. After breakfast, sitting with Jeffrey in his beautiful little Gothic study (from which he looks out on grounds sloping up to a high-wooded hill), he told me, at much length, his opinion of my life of Sheridan. Thinks it a work of great importance to my fame: people inclined to depreciate my talents have always said, "Yes, Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs, and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him." Even of Captain Rock they said, "A lively, flashy work, but the style not fit for the subject." "Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason solidly and manfully, and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it; and am, indeed, of opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair, and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." Walked up to the wooded hill opposite the house, and caught some beautiful views of the Forth and its islands, as well as of Edinburgh. Went

into town in a hackney coach with Jeffrey and Mrs. Miller: walked about with Jeffrey: called upon Lady Keith. Flahault in Edinburgh, but not at home: promised she would make him come to dinner at Jeffrey's to-day, if he could. Called at Black's the bookseller, at Constable's, at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: sat some time with this fine old man, who seems to be much looked up to. Returned to Craigcrook at half past four with Thomson (Mackintosh's friend), John Murray, and Jeffrey. A large party to dinner: Lord Mackenzie (son of the "Man of Feeling"), Mr. and Mrs. Kay, my old friend Shannon, &c. &c. Sung in the evening, Jeffrey having had a pianoforte sent expressly for the purpose. Have seldom seen people more pleased: obliged to repeat "Ship, ahoy!" "The Watchman," &c.

5th. After breakfast, young Stoddart grandson to Sir H. Moncrieff) came out to beg I would fix a day to dine with Sir Henry: fixed for next Tuesday. Set off to walk to town, but, near the house, met the "Man of Feeling" coming out to call upon me. Jeffrey put me into the carriage to him, and he carried me into town. Told me that what put him upon writing "Julia de Roubigny," was a wish expressed by Lord Kaimes for a novel without love in it. Dosed me with old stories and civility; and having stopped his carriage half way down a hill, in order to introduce me to his daughter, who was coming up it, left me at last at Murray's house. Walked out with Murray, and went to see Holyrood House: felt, as I looked at the wretched lodgings around it for the privileged, how much better I had been within the rules of the Allée des Veuves, in 1820. Dined at Mrs. Siddons's, with Murray and Anne: company, the Lord Provost, Shannon, &c. &c. A party in the evening: Miss

Gibson Craig, a pretty girl; two other nice girls, Miss Wilsons, very good musicians, rather a rare thing, it appears, in Scotland. Sung with them some Italian duets and trios: one of them sung my own "Say what shall be our sport to-day?" The evening agreeable.

6th. Went off with Murray, in a hackney coach, to see Roslyn Castle; the day clear and sunny, and, considering the time of the year, very favourable for the purpose. The colouring of the leaves, rocks, and water brought out beautifully by the sunshine. Did not go on to Hawthornden: the chapel very curious. Lunched at the inn, well and cheaply. Company to dinner at Murray's, John Wilson, the professor of Moral Philosophy (author of the novels, *Blackwood*, &c.), Ballantyne the printer (Scott's friend, and, as Scott told me, the only critic he had for his novels), and Shannon. Wilson an odd person, but amusing; his imitation of Wordsworth's monologues excellent. Spoke of my Sheridan; thinks the *bon mots* I have reported of his very poor; told him I agreed with him in this, but was obliged to put them in, both from the outcry there would have been, had I not given anecdotes, and the value in which most of those I have given are held by Rogers, Lord Holland, &c., particularly the reply to Tarleton about the mule and the ass, which I saw no great merit in myself, but which Lord H. and Rogers always quote with praise. All agreed in thinking it not only poor, but hardly intelligible.* Wilson praised

* Sheridan's joke to Tarleton. Any one might think the wit poor (although I do not agree with them), but the joke is clear enough. "I was on a horse, and now I'm on an elephant," *i.e.* "I was high above others, but now I am much higher." "You were on an ass, and now you're on a mule," said Sheridan; *i.e.* "You *were* stupid and now you're obstinate." For quick repartee in conversation, there are few things better. — J. R.

my book warmly, and said that it was only so far unfair that the biographer had in every page outshone his subject. Seemed not to think very highly of Sheridan's genius; and in speaking of his great unreported speech, said it appeared to him utterly impossible that, with such powers as his, he should ever have produced any thing deserving of such high praises. In comparing prose with poetry, remarked, in order to prove the inferiority of the former, that there have been great schools of poetry, but no school of prose. Sat drinking till rather late, and sat again with Wilson after supper, till past one. Not being able to dine with him any day before I go, fixed to sup at his house next Tuesday.

7th. Walked about with John Murray: went with him to the Advocates' Library; rather too gay and ornamented; fitter for ladies than lawyers. Called at Black's, the bookseller, who showed me a letter from the Longmans, saying the demand for the "Life" was "prodigious," and that they were bringing out the third edition. Called on Lady Keith; her children at dinner; lunched with them; fixed to dine with her on Wednesday. Proved to me that I could perform all my visits to my Scotch friends in ten days, going to Lord Dunmore's on Monday, thence on Tuesday to her, where I should be saved the trouble of going to the Gwydirs by seeing them with her; and so on she traced the route for me, to Lord Belhaven's, the Dalrymple-Hamiltons', &c. &c. Should like it much, but too late in the season, and cannot, at all events, spare the time. Went to John Murray's at five to be taken out to Jeffrey's. M'Culloch, the political economist, went with us. Said he was very much pleased with the remarks I had made in the "Life," relative to the debates on the commercial treaty with France, and the Irish propositions: Lord Lansdowne's speech on the latter measure, one, he said, of con-

siderable ability. A large party to dinner at Jeffrey's: Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton (she a fine woman), Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford (the latter, I found, an old acquaintance of mine in Ireland, Sophia Stewart), a Mr. Mure, a young man, only twenty-two, whom Jeffrey mentioned to me as having given great promise of talent, and as being the author of some late articles in the "Review," on Spanish poetry, &c. &c. Sung a good deal in the evening, and had no reason to complain of any want of enthusiasm in my audience. A Miss Young played two or three things with much feeling.

8th. Company to breakfast, Capt. Basil Hall and his wife, old Mackenzie, &c. &c. Sung for them after breakfast. Have more than once seen Jeffrey (though he professes rather to dislike music) with tears in his eyes while I sang "There's a Song of the Olden Time," one of those that make the most impression. John Murray, having sent out his gig for me, I took leave of Craigcrook, leaving, I hope, as pleasant recollections of my visit as I brought away with me. Letters from Mrs. Dugald Stewart and old Mr. Fletcher (a friend of Mackintosh's), full of the most flattering kindness. Mrs. Stewart says that her husband would have come expressly to Edinburgh to meet me, if it was not for the bad weather, and Mr. Fletcher, with many praises of my writings, expresses his regret that his infirmities would not allow him to do the same: both invite me to their houses. Took my place in the mail for Thursday morning. Dined at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: company, Jeffrey, J. Murray, Dr. Thompson, young Stoddart and his sister, and one or two more. Sung to a wretched pianoforte in the evening. Went from thence to Miss Sinclair's; with W. Murray's assistance escaped early, and he and I went to sup at Wilson's. An odd set col-

lected there; among others, the poet Hogg. We had also Williams, the Rector of the Academy, the person to whom Lockhart addressed "Peter's Letters;" said to be an able man; some ladies too, one of whom sung duets with an Italian singing-master: a fine contrast between this foreigner and Hogg, who yelled out savagely two or three Scotch songs, and accompanied the burden of one of them by labouring away upon the bare shoulders of the ladies who sat on each side of him. He and I very cordial together; wanted me to let him drive me to his farm next day, to see wife and bairns. I was much pressed to sing, but there being no pianoforte could not; at last, in order not to seem fine (the great difficulty one has to get over in such society), sung the "Boys of Kilkenny."

9th. Called upon Constable, and sat some time with him: thence to Ballantyne's with Murray, and sung for Mrs. B. and a party there (among whom was G. Thompson, editor of the "Scotsman") though in violent pain; never, however, sung better, and they all seemed much pleased. On coming home, Murray insisted upon sending for Dr. Ross. Went to dine at Lady Keith's: company, only themselves, Jeffrey, John Murray, and Stewart. Flahault gave me twenty drops of laudanum before dinner; so ill I could not stay at table. Flahault took me down to his bedroom, and attended me with all the kindness that makes brave, warm-hearted soldiers like him such good nurses. Lay on his bed for some time, and then returned to the table. A good many people in the evening whom I should like to have known something of; among others, Cranstoun, but my head was turning round and I could enjoy nothing. Murray all kindness; surrounded me with all possible comforts at night.

10th. Much better this morning, but determined to

put off my departure till Sunday (13th). Staid at home all day. Flahault called upon me, and sat some time.

11th. Went out in a hackney-coach: called upon Lady Keith, &c. Dined at home with the Murrays; Dr. Ross of our party. Murray full of talent and fun. * * * * His story of "Jobson of Dundee;" ossification of the heart; bones turning to stones, and blood to mortar. His story of the fellow acting with Kemble in "Coriolanus," and in the speech where he accuses Coriolanus:

> "For that he has
> (As much as in him lies) from time to time
> Envied against the people, seeking means
> To pluck away their power."

The fellow forgetting his part here, looked fiercely at Kemble, and added, "And that he is always seen going about the streets, making every one uncomfortable." At the end of the play, the unfortunate actor went to apologise for this awkwardness, but Kemble merely looked bitterly at him, and said, "Beast!" Story of the little girl, on being asked what kind of an animal man was, "He is a tripod." Lord Sidmouth said that the great art of a Speaker of the House of Commons was "to know what to overlook;" applied by Murray to the manager of a theatre. Went with Murray and Ross in the evening to see the theatre lighted up; it has been newly painted and is to open to-morrow night. The Courts also open to-morrow, so that it is lucky I stay.

12th. Went to the Courts after breakfast: found out Jeffrey and walked about with him to see every thing, being myself the greatest show of the place and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be. Jeffrey asked him to dine to

meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murrays), I could not resist this temptation: begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre. Met Scott afterwards, and told him this arrangement. "Very well," he said, "I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself." Company at Jeffrey's, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Thomson, &c. Sir Walter a different man from what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and, when he did come into play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we appeared, the whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, "It is you, it is you; you must rise and make your acknowledgment." I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out "Moore, Moore," I rose and bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the two next acts, and the "Irish Melodies" were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, "This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me." There was occasionally some discontent expressed by the galleries at our being placed where they could not see us; and Murray told me afterwards, that he wondered they bore it so well. We had taken the precaution of ordering that we should be shown into one of the side boxes, but the proper box-keeper was out of the way when we came.

At about ten o'clock we came away, I having first renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Coutts, who was with the Duke of St. Alban's in a box near us. Home very tired with my glory, and had to pack for the morning.

13th. Up before six: found that Murray, in order to be ready for me, had sat up reading all night. Got to the mail coach office in time, and was off at seven. A gentleman came into the coach in the middle of the day, who after some time guessed who I was and asked my name. Said he had been with some friends in Scotland, who were full of indignation at the people of Edinburgh for not giving me a public dinner; assured him that the people of Edinburgh were not in fault, as such a tribute had been proposed to me, but that the shortness of my stay rendered it impossible.

14th. Got to Manchester in the morning. Had a letter of introduction from Constable to a gentleman of the town, but was too tired to deliver it. Resolved to give up my original intention of visiting Derbyshire, and to get, as soon as possible, home.

15th. Started in the coach for Birmingham, where I arrived at night. An odd fellow (an Irishman) in the traveller's room, which was very full, recognised me, and after various civilities, begging me to draw nearer to the fire, &c., came up to me and said in a whisper, "I know who you are: whisht! the last time I saw you, you were only seven years ould, and I little thought what a great man you would become. Do you remember Mr. Molloy?" So he went on. Got to bed, having taken my place in the Bath coach for the morning.

* * * * * * *

December 11th. Received two letters (one of which I ought to have got yesterday) from my sister Ellen, telling

me that my dearest father is dangerously ill: the event I have been but too well prepared for. God send he may not have pain or lingering. His long life has been one of almost uninterrupted health, and I have been able (thank Heaven!) to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable. It is my poor mother I have now most to feel for. Must start immediately for Ireland, but this being Sunday can make no arrangements for money, The shock at first very great, notwithstanding the prepared state of my feelings; darling Bessy full of the sweetest sympathy and kindness about it. Wrote to Corry, to say I trusted in his friendship for every thing being done that ought to be done, and begging him to communicate to Ellen my intention to set off immediately.

12th. Sent to the bank: have some fears lest the present panic may prevent them from cashing, as usual, my bill on Power. Walked over to Bowood to see Lord Lansdowne, who returned from Paris on Saturday: took little Tom with me; my own thoughts not being such agreeable company, as, I am glad to say, they in general are. Found Lord and Lady Lansdowne; soon got on the subject of "Sheridan's Life," and his tone confirmed what his letter from Paris had prepared me for, namely, that neither he nor any of my high Whig friends are quite pleased with my book. The fact is, what I stated to Agar Ellis in my answer to the flattering letter he wrote me on the subject is but too true. "You are just of a standing that enables you to view the events of which I treat historically; but those who were themselves actors in the scene will not, I fear, take so favourable a view of my impartiality." The points which Lord Lansdowne mentioned as objectionable were, first, the censure upon those who attended the funeral; secondly, what I have

said, as to the surrender of principle by those Whigs who coalesced with Lord Grenville; and, thirdly, the remark on the "overshadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy," in my account of Canning's political debût, which he thought was going out of my way to throw a reflection on the Whigs. In answer to this last objection, told him the whole paragraph is but the substance of Canning's own reasons for the line he took, as stated by him in a letter to Lord Holland at the time, and as mentioned more than once to me by Lord Holland. On the other points, too, I briefly defended myself, but have not time here to note down what I said. He remarked also that, though I had not professedly drawn any parallel between the talents of Fox as a statesman and those of Burke and Sheridan, yet he thought it might be deduced from my general sentiments that I was not inclined to place Fox so far above the other two as he Lord L. thought he deserved. To this I answered that neither had I in my book, nor would I venture now, to draw any parallel between Fox and Sheridan with respect to political sagacity, but that I recollected Tierney once telling me that Pitt looked upon Sheridan as a much abler man than Fox. This surprised Lord Lansdowne, and I bid him ask Tierney whether I understood him rightly. Told him what Jeffrey had said with respect to the "Life" being useful to my reputation in a department of intellect for which I had hitherto got but little credit; namely, sound political reasoning. Lord L. said he quite agreed in this. Expressed a strong wish that I should undertake the Life of Grattan. Talked much with him on the subject of Lord Byron's "Life," and mentioned Scott's advice that I should employ him (Lord L.) to negotiate between me and the family. This brought him to tell me (what he has hitherto, very much

at my own desire, kept a secret from me) the nature of the negotiations which he had in that quarter last summer. It seems Wilmot Horton consulted Lord L. with respect to the question of paying me back the money, and Lord L. gave it as his opinion that the obvious step for the family to take was (without any reference to me, who was decided upon refusing it) to settle it upon my family. This, Wilmot Horton said, was his own view of the matter exactly. On proposing it, however, to the family, they refused to pay the money otherwise than making myself take it. From all this it appeared that Lord Lansdowne has no channel of communication (as I supposed) with the family: offered however, most kindly, to undertake any proposal to them I might wish. Walked nearly home with me. All this conversation, added to the already deep sadness of my heart, threw me into a state of nervousness and depression on my return home, from which it required all the efforts of my natural cheerfulness to recover me. Bessy, too, did much for me by her own sweet womanly fortitude, bless her! Dined at three, and set off at five in a chaise for Bath. Went, on my arrival, to see Anastasia: found the sweet child in the midst of gaiety: it was the ball night, and she came out to me, "smiling, as if earth contained no tomb." On my telling her of the sad mission I was going upon, she assumed that grave look which children think it right to put on at such news, though they cannot be expected, and, indeed, *ought* not to feel it. She wore three or four orders of merit which she had gained; one, for general amiability of conduct (a lily of the valley), of which she told me with much triumph, there had been but four given in the school; another (a rose) for her progress in music, and so on. Slept at the York House: got them to give

me a letter to the landlord of the inn at Birmingham to secure me a comfortable bed. Found in the coffee-room an old acquaintance (Birmingham, the clergyman), with two sons of Charles Butler, on their way to Ireland.

13th. Journey to Birmingham: read on the way "Hall's South America."

14th. There being so many candidates for the coach at the Albion, went to the Swan, to take my chance in the mail: got a place; my companions, a dull, good-natured Scotchman, and a young lady with a little girl under her charge, who left us at Shrewsbury. Took in a gentleman as far as Oswestry, who proved to be a merchant of some kind at Liverpool: some interesting conversation on commercial matters; mentioned the great change that had taken place of late years from the manufacturers exporting for themselves without the intervention of merchants, as formerly; the latter class, accordingly, quite extinct, and the business managed entirely between the manufacturers and their commercial agents abroad. All this done from greediness of profit, and their present sufferings (from bad remittances and the fall of cotton); little, he thought, to be pitied. Liverpool and Manchester have been wise enough to keep clear of local notes; many attempts made to introduce them, but all resisted. In one stage between Llangollen and Corwen, there came on the most dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and hail that ever I witnessed; the horses, though alarmed, behaved, luckily, very steadily; but the universal blazing of the sky and the pitch darkness that succeeded, the storm of hail blowing in the coachman's face, the horses in full career, and the guard crying out from behind, with evidently an alarmed voice, "Hold hard! hold hard!" were altogether circumstances by no means agreeable. Confess I felt a little frightened, and

arranged myself on my seat in the safest attitude for an overset. Got safe, however, to Corwen; the coachman owned he was once very nearly off the road. At Bangor (where we arrived between one and two) resolved, as it would be so miserably wet and dark in crossing the ferry, to stop at Jackson's, and pass the day of rest I meant to give myself *there*, instead of at Holyhead. Had to knock the people up, and got to bed about three.

15th. After writing a letter to Bessy, walked to see the Menai Bridge which is to be opened for general passage next month; a grand achievement. Dined at half-past three, in order to be ready to take the first chance of a place on that offered. Birmingham and the two boys arrived in a chaise; told me there was but little hope of a place in either of the coaches, and offered to take me on; willingly accepted, and left my luggage to follow. Much talk about my Sheridan work, which Birmingham praised to the skies. Got to Holyhead between nine and ten, the wind blowing from the worst possible point, and with a fury that gave but a bad prospect for to-morrow. Had bid Corry write to me to Holyhead, but too late now to get a letter out of the office.

16th. Up at five, and aboard the packet (Skinner's) at half-past six. Got into my berth immediately, where I lay without moving for the twelve long hours of our passage: by this means kept off actual sickness, but became even more deadly ill than if I had been sick. Overheard a man say to the under-steward in the cabin, "Isn't Mr. Moore among the passengers?" "I don't know indeed, sir," was the answer. "His father (said the other) is ——" (I didn't hear the word). "Is he, sir?" said the steward. This appeared to me conclusive that all was over; and it is a proof of the power of the mind over even sea-sickness.

that though I was just then on the point of being sick, the dread certainty which these words conveyed to me quite checked the impulse, and I remained for some time even without a qualm. Did not stir till all the passengers had gone off by the coach, and then had a chaise and drove to M'Dowell's, in order to get something to eat, not having tasted food for twenty-eight hours. Found there Corry's two nephews; as they had only an open car to take them to Dublin, offered them seats in my chaise, and put my luggage into their car. Drove to Corry's and sent in for him; told me my father was still alive, but that was all. Went with me to Bilson's hotel, where he had got a bedroom for me. Assured me that I need not agitate myself as I did, for that my father was closing his eyes on the world without any suffering, and that my mother had already brought her mind to as much composure as could possibly be expected. Undertook to go and consult my sister Ellen, as to whether it would be too much for my mother to see me to-night; returned to say that I must come to her by all means, as she was expecting me, and it would be (Ellen thought) of the greatest service to her. Was glad to find from him that it was their strong wish I should not ask to see my father, as he was past the power of knowing me, and it would only shock me unnecessarily. This a great relief, as I would not for worlds have the sweet impression he left upon my mind when I last saw him exchanged for one which would haunt me, I know, dreadfully through the remainder of my life. It was Bessy's last wish that I should not arrive in time to see him alive, and her earnest request that I should not look on him afterwards. She knows how it would affect me. The meeting with my dearest mother, after the first burst, not so painful as I expected, and I soon found I could divert her

mind to other subjects. My sister Kate had come up on the first alarm of his illness, and had taken her turn with Ellen in nursing and watching him ever since. Left them for my hotel between eleven and twelve, and had a much better night than I should have had, if I had remained in ignorance of my mother's mind. At parting, Ellen bid me not come too early in the morning, and said she would write me a note.

17th. Took my time at breakfast, and waited for Ellen's note, but none came. Walked down to Abbey Street, and found that all was over; my dear father had died at seven in the morning. Consulted about the funeral, which it was the wish of all to have as simple and private as possible: entrusted the management of it to Mr. Legh, the son of an old friend of my mother. Dined at Abbot's, and returned to my mother in the evening. Our conversation deeply interesting: found that neither my mother nor Kate were very anxious to press upon him the presence of a clergyman; but on mentioning it to him at Corry's suggestion, he himself expressed a wish for it. The subject of religion was, indeed, the only one, it seems, upon which his mind was not gone. When the priest was proceeding to take his confession, and put the necessary questions for that purpose to him, he called my mother, and said, "Auty, my dear, you can tell this gentleman all he requires to know quite as well as I." This was very true, as she knew his every action and thought, and is a most touching trait of him. A few nights before he died, when Ellen was doing something for him, he said to her, "You are a valuable little girl, it's a pity some good man does not know your value." The apothecary, who was standing by, said with a smile, "Oh, sir, some good man *will*." "Not an apothecary, though," answered my father,

which looked as if the playfulness, for which he was always so remarkable, had not even then deserted him. Our conversation naturally turned upon religion, and my sister Kate, who, the last time I saw her, was more than half inclined to declare herself a Protestant, told me she had since taken my advice and remained quietly a Catholic. * * * For myself, my having married a Protestant wife gave me an opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children, and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for. We then talked of the differences between the two faiths, and they who accuse all Catholics of being intolerantly attached to their own, would be either ashamed or surprised (according as they were sincere or not in the accusation) if they had heard the sentiments expressed both by my mother and sisters on the subject. Was glad to find I could divert my mother's mind from dwelling entirely on what had just happened; indeed, the natural buoyancy and excursiveness of her thoughts (which, luckily for myself, I have inherited) affords a better chance of escape from grief than all the philosophy in the world. Left them late after fixing every thing for Monday.

18th. Staid within till dinner: dined with my mother at Mrs. Legh's, an old friend of hers, to whose house we persuaded her to go out of the way of the sad preparations for to-morrow. Saw my sisters Ellen and Kate at night, and found them both much shocked and agitated by the scene they had gone through with the undertakers. Wished to spare me the operation of the mass in the morning, and advised me not to come till after the service was over; but thought it better for every reason to attend. Felt my heart full of sadness when I got to my bed-room, but was relieved by a burst both of tears and prayer, and by a sort

of *confidence* that the great and pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased with what he saw passing within my mind. This, perhaps, not Christian humility, but let it be what it will, I felt consoled and elevated by it.

19th. Awake at a little after four; got up at half-past five, and was in Abbey Street at half-past six. The priest not yet come; at seven he arrived, and we had mass in the room with the coffin. There had been very few invited, but others came of themselves, and after a long delay of the hearse (which had been promised at seven, but did not come till half-past eight), we set off for St. Kevin's church. The mourning coach was a relief to me, for the delay had been dreadful. There were mourners with me, Corry, Abbot, and young Legh, and in the coach after us were Philip Crampton, Mr. Maze, Grierson, Lyne, and two more. The weather was wretched, and altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me beyond anything: the vulgar apparatus of the ceremony seems such a profanation! Went to breakfast with Abbot, thence to my mother at Mrs. Legh's, and afterwards to Ellen and Kate. Dined at Corry's; doubted whether I ought or not, but anything to escape from such thoughts. The company, Grierson, Abbot, and his family. * * * Abbot brought me home. Forgot to say that, the night before last, I received a letter from Crampton, inclosing one from Shaw (the Lord Lieutenant's secretary), the purport of which was that the Lord Lieutenant meant to continue my father's half-pay in the shape of a pension to my sister. Resolved, of course, to decline this favour, but wrote a letter full of thankfulness to Crampton. Find since that this was done at Crampton's suggestion; that Lord Wellesley spoke of the difficulty there was in the way, from the feelings the King most naturally entertained towards

me, and from himself being the personal friend of the King, but that, on further consideration, he saw he could do it without any reference to the other side of the Channel, and out of the pension fund placed at his disposal as Lord Lieutenant. All this very kind and liberal of Lord Wellesley; and God knows how useful such an aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me; but I *could not* accept such a favour. It would be like that *lasso* with which they catch wild animals in South America; the noose would be only on the *tip* of the horn, it is true, but it would do. Find that Crampton and Corry, though the chief movers of the act, highly approve of my refusal. Had a kind letter from Bryan to-day, begging me to take my mother and sisters down to Jenkinstown; answered him that I would come down myself as soon as possible.

20th. Had some talk with my sister Kate, as to what is to be done for my mother. * * * There was my admirable Bessy, before I left home, planning how *we* might contrive to do with but one servant, in order that I might be the better able to assist my mother. Dined at Abbot's; no one but Dr. Litton. Abbot said (in talking of the necessity of a man's *ruining* himself in Ireland, in order to get the character of being any thing of a good fellow), that he who had a pipe of port coming down to him with a *custodiam on it*, was thought the only true and proper gentleman. Went to Mrs. Legh's afterwards, and from thence with Ellen to Abbey Street, where I found John (who had arrived to-day), and supped.

21st. Sent Crampton my letter, in answer to Lord Wellesley's offer: had a note from him back, in which he said, "It is (like every thing that comes from you) as perfect in expression as it is noble in thought." Can get no

place in any of the coaches for Bryan's, it being Christmas time. Dined with my mother, who returned to Abbey Street this morning; John Scully of the party.

22nd. Resolved to give up going to Bryan's till Monday, and to dine with my mother on Christmas Day. Receive letters from my dearest Bess every day, which is a great delight to me. Corry told me from Crampton that Lord Wellesley was highly pleased with my letter; said it was very creditable to me; that he hoped I was not too sanguine in taking so much upon my own shoulders, but that if I should see reason to change my opinion, I should find him equally disposed to serve me. Dined with my mother. Sent Dr. Mills a copy of "Sheridan's Life," as a mark of gratitude for his attendance on my father

23rd. Corry and I called at Philip Crampton's to leave word we should dine with him. Gervais Bushe sat some time with me in the morning, and spoke with great praise of "Sheridan's Life:" told me some fine traits of Grattan. In the year 1778, when from the tenants in most places having neglected to renew their leases the leases had lapsed, Grattan who was very poor, and might have had a great accession to his little property by taking advantage of this circumstance, was himself the person to bring a bill into the House, making it imperative on the landlords to renew the leases on the old terms. Another circumstance was, when Fox in '82 wrote to the Whig party in Ireland to announce the coming of the Duke of Portland, and expressed a wish for their support, Grattan and Lord Charlemont met together on the subject at Grattan's lodgings, and the latter said, "You, Lord C., are the poorest peer in Ireland, and I am the poorest commoner; what I propose is, that neither of us shall accept any thing from the new government, but try to serve the country." In 1806

he likewise declined taking office, and said, "Let us be consulted, but not considered." Dined with Crampton; none but he and I and Corry. Crampton very lively and amusing. Went to sup with my mother. Paid to-day fifteen guineas to Mr. Donough, the tailor, half of it for a suit of clothes which my poor father had last year; paid also for the expenses of the funeral seventeen guineas. Should have mentioned that, before I left home, I wrote to the Longmans to know whether I might (for the expenses I was about to encounter) draw on them whatever little balance might, by their late goodness, be coming to me on the Sheridan account; that I had no right to draw it, as every thing ought to go into the chasm of debt that was open between us, but that I could not help it. Received a kind letter from them since my arrival, to beg that I would draw upon them for whatever I wanted "without reference to the amount."

24th. Drove with Crampton in his gig to the park, to leave my name with Lord Wellesley: went from thence with him to Goulburn's, and while he was paying his visit, wrote out for him in Goulburn's study my verses, "A Bishop and a Bold Dragoon," which he had never seen. Told me that Mrs. Goulburn had expressed a wish to know me, and that I should dine with them. Gave me some very pretty verses of his own to Miss Edgeworth, with Sir Walter Scott's pen: showed me also some verses of hers to himself, strongly laudatory, but very bad. Dined with Corry: company, North, Henry Grattan, Gervais Bushe, Wallace. North, slow and sententious, and apparently not much above the level of ordinary official talent: said before dinner, that he had discovered in an old act of parliament, an illustration of the phrase "gouts of blood" in Shakspeare: in speaking of the

sewers of Dublin, the acts called them "gouts." This however, I remarked, has a more direct origin in the French word *égouts*, which means sewers, while the "gout" of Shakspeare is as directly and evidently from the French word *goutte*. Like a man, accustomed to lay down the law, he did not appear willing to give up his own view of the matter. A variety of subjects brought into play after dinner, upon most of which Wallace struck me as by far the most sensible man of the party. In the evening there were two nice girls, the Miss Henns, who sung Italian with very good taste. I sung also a good deal. In singing, "There's a Song of the Olden Time," the feelings which I had so long suppressed broke out: I was obliged to leave the room, and continued sobbing hysterically on the stairs for several minutes.

25th. Dined with my dear mother and sisters, and were all as happy as the circumstances would admit of.

26th. Set off in a coach from Duke Street for Kilkenny: six inside; some rather intelligent men. One of them said, in talking of Conolly the rich merchant, "He is a safe man to ride behind on the back of a seven-shilling stamp." Mentioned Sir Boyle Roche's dream; his head being cut off and placed upon a table, "'*Quis separabit?*' says the head; '*Naboclish*,' says I, in the same language." Arrived at Kilkenny at eight; a servant at the inn waiting to tell me that Bryan and Mrs. B. had come to meet me, and were waiting dinner for me at Rice's Hotel; a very thoughtful and welcome attention. Drove to Jenkinstown in Bryan's coach and four after dinner; slept in one of the large cold state bedrooms, and might have sung, "Can nothing, nothing warm me?"

27th, 28th. No company: walked about a little with Bryan, and dined late. Told me he had not found any

satisfactory way of vesting Anastasia's thousand pounds, and had therefore left it to her in his will, bearing interest from the date of the will.

29th. Dined rather early, and set off at eight for Kilkenny, where I had ordered a bed, for the purpose of starting next morning for Dublin.

30th. Left Kilkenny at seven. Two Dublin tradesmen (Catholics) my companions in the coach; sensible and rather cultivated men. One of them had some numbers of Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," which I read on the way. In speaking of Cromwell, one of my companions said he thought the character of the Emir, in my "Fireworshippers," had many points of resemblance with that of Cromwell. The other asked me whether by the parson near Roscrea, whom I mentioned in "Captain Rock," I meant the Rev. W. Hamilton? Told him not. Arrived in Dublin at four; went to Crampton's, with whom I had promised to fix my residence on my return. Set off to see my mother before dinner: found she had not been so well during my absence. In consequence of the distance of Crampton's house from Abbey Street, resolved to return to my old quarters at Bilson's. Company at dinner at Crampton's: Sir C. and Lady Morgan, John Doherty, the Corrys, Colonel Shawe, &c. Crampton told me that he had shown my lines about "the Bishop and the Bold Dragoon" to Lord Wellesley; and on the lines "To whom no harlot comes amiss, save her of Babylon," Lord W. said, "Well, I make no exception to the general rule, for *she* does not come amiss to me *either*." Additional company in the evening: Mrs. Sewell and her daughter, Mrs. Bowles and her sister, Miss Montague, Miss Caton, Mrs. Ponsonby, &c. &c. Sung a good deal, and happened, in spite of cold and my morning journey, to be in good voice.

31st. Went (after breakfast at Crampton's) to call on Henry Grattan, accompanied by Corry, who had fixed the meeting for the purpose of talking with Grattan about his father's "Life," and his intentions with respect to transferring the materials for it to me. Found him as shilly-shally as ever; will evidently neither perform the task himself, nor (though professedly inclined to do so) ever bring himself to relinquish it to another. Showed me several volumes of memoranda and sketches on the subject, but, unfortunately, almost all in his own handwriting; very little of the father's. Even the conversations of the father come all darkened and diluted through the medium of the son's memory and taste: this will never do. Said ultimately he must write to England to consult his family on the subject. Dined at Wallace's (Corry and I), out of town: company, North and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Crampton, Mr. and Miss ——, Gervais Bushe, &c. &c. The day rather dull. North, in talking of language (evidently a favourite subject of his), said, "that certain words, in the course of time, sunk in the scale of gentility, and passed, like houses, into the hands of humbler occupants." By the bye, Crampton reminded me this morning of my having once said to him of the Spenser stanza, that when (as often occurs in Lord Byron) the sense is continued without any stop from one stanza to another, it was "like going on another stage with tired horses." In the evening a gentleman played sonatas on the pianoforte, and I sung, with (apparently) but little echo in the hearts of my audience. Got back with Corry to Crampton's at twelve, and eat oysters and drunk brandy and water till two. Slept at Crampton's.

1826.

JANUARY 1st, 1826. In consequence of a card (which I found on my return from Kilkenny) inviting me to act as collector at a charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum to-day, went at two o'clock to Townsend Street Chapel. Introduced into the priest's apartments: saw Dr. Murray, the archbishop. The sermon (by the Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Hale) rather good; his illustrations from scripture well-imagined: the angel pointing out the fountain to Agar in the desert, &c. Blake, the chief remembrancer, my fellow-collector: had to stand a good stare for every pound note I received. On my coming out into the yard a great number of persons assembled to see me, and in the narrow passage into the street a man nearly pushed me down, asking me at the same time, "Which way is he (meaning myself) gone?" Crampton's carriage was waiting for me, and one of my spectators (a fine gentleman in a crimson lined cloak), begged to help me in, saying, as he took me by the hand, "A countryman of yours, sir;" a countryman of mine being such a rarity here: an Irishman a *rara avis* in Townsend Street! Dined at my mother's: told me of a priest lately, at Balbuggan (I think), who, wishing to raise some money for the repairs of the chapel, hit upon the plan of buying a copy of Lalla Rookh, and having it raffled for at half-a-crown a piece, by which means, it seems, he collected the sum he wanted. Went for a short time to Corry's in the evening. Called

to-day upon Lord Blessington, and sat some time with him.

2nd. A dreadfully wet day. Met Curran in Millikin's shop, who told me I was expected at Lord Cloncurry's, at Lyons, to-morrow, and repeated what had been before hinted to me, of the wish of Lord Cloncurry and others to get up a public dinner for me. Went with Curran to Shiel, and talked over the subject: expressed myself decidedly against it. They proposed sounding the Duke of Leinster, as to whether he would take the chair; but, after a good deal of discussion, I begged of them to dismiss it entirely from their minds, as my intention was to sail for England on the following Friday. A good deal of talk upon the Catholic cause. Said I thought their best policy would have been, after the defeat last session, to have had one great meeting, to have let their feelings explode on that occasion as violently as they pleased, and after that to maintain a sullen and formidable silence, which (for the same reason that makes the government always apprehensive when the fellows are not drinking and breaking each others' heads at fairs) would have had ten times more effect in alarming their rulers than all the oratorical brawling in the world. Shiel said this would not do; there was but little public spirit in Ireland; they wanted continual lashing up; the priests were the only lever by which they could raise the people, and they had now brought them fully into play. Dined at Millikin's: a party of sixteen, Baron Smith, Sergeant Gould, Crampton, Corry, Blake, Doherty, Col. Shawe, &c. &c. The dinner splendid, and without any fuss, as if habitual; fine wines, liqueurs, &c. &c. Blake's story of Baron Thompson: his telling of his once going to bed at an inn, determined on a good night's sleep; the porter coming in

the morning to call him for the Birmingham coach, "'Stay, friend,' said I, waking out of my sleep, a phrase I am in the habit of using. 'Stay!' said he, 'the Birmingham coach stays for no man. You must get up.' The porter then going away, and returning with the chambermaid, 'That's he!' says she, 'that's the gentleman that said it was so hard to make him get up. We must pull him out.' Upon which (said Baron Thompson) I exclaimed, 'I am Baron Thompson, come here for the assizes to-morrow; and the devils fled.'" This followed by a story of Baron Smith's about Gould: the lawyers teazing him one night on circuit, when, after grumbling at every thing, he went up to bed, sending him up tea, then negus, &c., and, lastly, an old woman with a tub of water for his feet, who fell down the two steps into his room, and decanted the whole of the water into the room. A good inscription for a fountain, built by some Irish lady, whose name is Letitia, "*Lætitia sitientibus.*" Came away before eleven with Crampton and Corry, and went to Abbot's box at the theatre (where I could not be seen) for a short time. Thence to Crampton's, and had oysters and brandy and water: home at two. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne to-day, begging me to report myself at Bowood immediately on my return home, as all his company would soon be going, and hoping I should be there for Twelfth Night. In allusion to my affair with Lord Wellesley he says, "I hope you have not been too heroic."

3rd. Answered Lord Lansdowne, and, in vindicating myself from the charge of being "too heroic," said, "I cannot forget that in a conversation I had with you about 'Sheridan's Life' before I left home, when I was speculating as to what would be the tone of the 'Quarterly Review,' you said, 'why, you have been very conciliatory

to them.' This startled me at the time; for what *you* call conciliatory, others would be sure to call *courting;* and if a favour from that quarter should happen to be coincident with such an expression, I know the world too well to expect they would separate the two considerations in their estimate of my motives." Called at Mrs. Smith's: met there Scott's friend, Weld Hartstonge, who had already sent me his novel: expressed his intention of presenting me a small edition of "More's Utopia" and a volume of church music. Saw Sir Capel Molyneux, who, telling me he was a descendant of the celebrated Molyneuxes, said, "Sir, *your* name will live as long as his and Locke's." Inclosed the preface of the German "Captain Rock" (of which Longmans have sent me a translation) to Conway, for the "Evening Post." Met him afterwards at Millikin's: thinks the Catholic cause is gone to ruin, and nothing but the distress of England can retrieve it. Supped with my mother.

4th. Called upon my Limerick friend, Miss Crump: read me part of her novel: showed me a letter she lately received from Professor Napier, of Edinburgh (of which she has since sent me the following extract: — "Owing to this I saw less of your eminent countryman, Moore, than I could have wished. What I did see of him gave me the idea of a very agreeable, unpretending, and brilliant man. His 'Life of Sheridan' is excellent for sense, knowledge, and liberality; and would have been excellent in style also, if its author had repressed a little the exuberance of his Irish fancy. He was highly popular here; and has, I believe, carried away a more favourable impression of *the Athens* than a certain fair friend of mine. I should have been happy had things permitted me to see more of him; for I highly reverence his talents and his genius; and we heard

nothing of him but what was good, and kind, and amiable." Saw Shiel: consulted me as to the intention the Catholic leaders had of commencing immediately a direct attack upon the Established Church in Ireland, and giving it no quarter. This led to a long conversation: mentioned the "ferocious attack" Dawson had just made upon him in a speech at Derry: will take his own moment to answer him, and not be in a hurry, lest people should say he is angry. Traces the attack to his own phrase, "plebeian arrogance" applied to Peel; feels on such occasions like the drummer tied to the halbert, having flogged so many himself. Dined with my mother; and in the evening looked over some of my early letters to her. Fear it will be impossible for me to sail on Friday as I intended: there has been a storm from the eastward since Tuesday, and no packet is able to get out.

5th. Paid some visits; among others to O'Connell: said he did not despair of producing a sensation by the approaching meeting. As to the Catholics irritating or alienating the people of England, thinks they have a purgation of that kind to go through before they can hope for any thing. Gave me a signal instance of that inconsistency for which he is so remarkable. On several occasions lately he has said in public, that he thought the inferences drawn from my "Life of Sheridan" with respect to the feeling of the King towards the Catholics were erroneous; that the rumours founded on those deductions were false, &c. &c.; yet almost the second sentence he now addressed to me was, "A most useful statement that which you have made with regard to the feelings of the King." Mentioned the sanguineness of Plunket, with respect to the question last session, apparently in vindication of his own. That he called upon Plunket one morning, and waited till he should

awake; that Plunket came out to him in his dressing-gown, and, shaking his hand, said, "I wish you joy of your Emancipation. I now look upon it as quite certain." Mentioned an idea of Dominick Rice's, with respect to the sort of petition the Catholics ought to present. "The fighting age in Ireland," said Dominick, "is from sixteen to sixty. I would have the petition signed by all within those ages, and to commence, 'We, the undersigned fighting-men of Ireland, most respectfully beg that you will emancipate us.'" "Do you think," he said, "this *Constantine* will do any thing for us?" Met Miss Crump again, who insisted on my going home with her to hear another chapter of her novel. Dined with Dowager Lady Clanricarde, who has come to Dublin for the purpose of marrying her daughter to Lord Howth, and has been these two days an inmate of the same hotel with me. Lord Howth mentioned a story of Crampton's, about the fellow saying, "Oh Christ! I ought never to hunt, I am so cowardly." A note from Frankland Lewis to say, that as he hears I do not mean to sail to-morrow, he hopes I will dine with him.

6th. Dined with F. Lewis: company, the Goulburns, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, Miss Montague, Crampton, Mr. Grant, and several officers. Found that Goulburn (whom I have so little spared in "Captain Rock") is an old acquaintance of mine; at least, he reminded me very civilly, in sitting down to dinner, that we met one day, many years ago, at dinner at Byng's: asked me to take wine, and altogether got on very amiably with me. Singing in the evening. Miss Montague sang with me "Dost Thou remember." The three sisters, too, sang together two Irish airs, "The Harp that once," and "Erin, the Tear;" but took care not to profane their lips with the *rebel* words of

mine, singing them to the old words, "Had I a heart," and "Aileen a Roon," and (what made it more marked) using the harmonies of my work. Left Crampton at home: dreadfully wet day, and the wind still violent from the east.

7th. Dined with my mother: employed myself for an hour or two before and after dinner in looking over my own letters, and taking memorandums of their dates, &c. Forgot to mention that Crampton, while I was away in Kilkenny, gave a statement of my affair with Lord Wellesley to the "Evening Mail;" and, contrary to my own intention (for I had suggested that there should be nothing more said than that "I had respectfully declined the offer"), put in an extract of my own letter to him, which, both as betraying that the statement came *immediately* from the persons concerned, and as expressing, in a manner not quite fitted for the public eye, my intention of taking upon myself the sole support of my family, did not at all please me. As I knew he meant well, however, and the thing could not now be remedied, said nothing about it to him. Went alone to Abbot's box to see Cagliostro. Staid out two acts, and then returned to my mother's, and supped. All the packets now at this side. Lord Blessington has been four days waiting at Howth.

8th. Find that two packets have got out this morning, but the wind still easterly. Dined with my mother and looked over my letters in the evening. Have resolved to take my chance on Tuesday.

9th. Millikin called; anxious for me to dine with him to-day; consented on condition of being let away early to my mother. A letter from Bessy full of disappointment at the prospect of my not being at home on Twelfth Night as I had promised. Lord Lansdowne had called and

pressed her to go to Bowood with the children on that night. Lady L. too had written most kindly, and it was her intention to go. Made up my mind to be off to-morrow morning; the wind much moderated. Company at Millikin's: Crampton, Cuthbert Eules, and Curran. Difficulty of avoiding mistakes in advertisements and notes. Example of the former: — "To be sold a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head;" of the latter, a note to Crampton with an hospital patient, "I beg to recommend to your care John ——, the coachman of Lord Howth, who is my friend and dropsical." Settled my account with Millikin before dinner. Have drawn upon the Longmans, through him, for 100*l.*, 70*l.* of which I have spent in expenses, and in paying bills for Abbey Street. God only knows (I again and again say) how I am to get through the difficulties that are before me. Left Millikin's before ten, and supped with my dear mother and sisters; my mother kept up wonderfully to the last, but the great fear is that she will sink after I leave her. Parted with them at twelve; finished my packing, which I had begun before dinner, and did not get to bed till past one.

10th. Started in the mail from the Post Office at seven; arrived at Howth at eight, and sailed almost immediately; took to my berth and was not sick. The passage about seven hours. Dined at Holyhead, and left it in the Oxonian afterwards; crossed Bangor ferry in a storm of sleet, and slept at Jackson's.

11th. Off in the morning at five; arrived at Shrewsbury at six; dined and started again at ten; got to Birmingham at four in the morning; took my place in the York House coach for Bath.

12th. Left Birmingham at a quarter before eight; took a chaise at the Cross Hands between six and seven

in the evening, and changing horses at Chippenham, got home to the dear cottage at ten. Found Bessy better than I have seen her for a long time.

13th. Anastasia still at home, and her friend Eliza Branigan with her; all well and happy to see me back again. Found letters from Lord John and Rogers. The former says, "I understand your book has made you many enemies; the nature of the work made that inevitable; but you must console yourself with the public applause." Hughes dined with us.

14th. Walked over to call on Lord Lansdowne; met him in the avenue, setting out on his ride; got off and walked back to the house with me. Took a turn round the pleasure-grounds with me: his expression still is, that I ought to have accepted Lord Wellesley's offer; said that this was also the opinion of Abercrombie, Macdonald, and all those assembled at Bowood when the news came. Talked of the statement in the "Westminster Review" about the Prince having given 4000*l.* to Sheridan; told him I had every reason to think it false. Mentioned the anecdote told me by Lord Holland, on which I founded this persuasion. Said I had better take some opportunity of publishing this, as it was the only fact of any importance brought to impeach my impartiality. The article in question, he added, evidently not written by any one accustomed to live with gentlemen, or to shape his thoughts by the standard of gentlemanlike society; no gentleman would have published those letters of General Fitzpatrick. Home to dinner at three o'clock, as Bessy meant to give the children their twelfth cake (reserved for my return) in the evening. The Prowses' children, the two Bayntons, and the Phippses made up the party; and rackets and forfeits were the order of the day.

15th. Had written to Hobhouse while I was in Ireland, telling him of my intention to undertake a memoir of Lord Byron, and asking him how far his approval of my undertaking, or his duty as executor, would allow him to assist or co-operate with me in such a work. Wrote to him to-day to announce my return, and to request his answer. Resumed my Greek work for Power.

16th. Sent off some of the verses of the Greek work.

17th. Received Hobhouse's answer; very much what I expected. Says he sees no good in a life of our late friend, and he sees many objections to it. He also puts into the following form the opinion which I understand he has lately held in company, whenever my talent for biography, as exemplified in the "Life of Sheridan," was the topic. "You will write, there can be no doubt, a very clever and very saleable book; but I shall be agreeably surprised, if you should accomplish those higher objects which you must propose to yourself in writing the life of a man like Lord Byron." Concludes his letter by saying that there was a project for a monument to Lord Byron, and that he hoped I would allow my name to be put on the committee for that purpose. Answered his letter and kept a copy of my answer.

18th. Mrs. Branigan arrived to go with us to the Chippenham ball, a foolish engagement, which I had allowed Bessy to make without thinking of its unseasonableness. Lord Lansdowne had called in the morning and said he and Lady L. were going. The ball pretty good. Bowles there, full of his forthcoming pamphlet against the "Quarterly." Home at three. Answered Rogers's letter to-day; forgot to mention that both he and Charles Sheridan informed me of its being confidently said in town, that the King has *ordered* his librarian

to review me in the "Quarterly;" there is, however, nothing of it in the last number.

20th. Sent off more verses to Power, making altogether near 150 lines I have done since I returned. Walked over to Bowood, in order to go with Lord Lansdowne to dine at Grosset's. Called at Spy Park in my way, and sat some time with Dr. Starkey. Company at Grosset's, the Bowleses, &c.: cold and dull work if Bowles and Lord Lansdowne (not forgetting Mrs. Clutterbuck's eyes) had not enlivened it a little. Obliged to sing. Back to Bowood at night, where I slept.

21st. A pleasant breakfast with Lord and Lady L.; a good deal of talk with him afterwards on the financial prospects of the country. Walked home with me at half-past twelve. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Power yesterday, approving of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer. It is not a little strange that my men of business (Power and the Longmans) take this view of the matter, while all my fine friends think I ought to have accepted the favour. The fact is, the latter always apply a different standard in the conduct of poor men from that which they would go by themselves.

22nd. Went to church. The Phippses in the evening.

23rd. A reply from Hobhouse, written in a much kinder spirit. I had said in my answer, "Though you make me doubt whether I ought to impose such a confidence on you, I will nevertheless confess that my opinion as to the objections against writing a Life of Lord Byron is very much the same as your own, and that if I can possibly avoid the task, it has all along been my intention to do so." In his letter of to-day, he asks me when I shall be in town, and says, that as we agree upon the biography, he has a plan to propose to me which may

enable me "to abandon the design should I be pleased to do so." Cannot think what this is, but fear it will prove to be something I cannot agree to. Resumed my Egyptian romance. Lord Lansdowne called this morning: left me some "Cobbetts" and a note, in which he tells me of the consternation in Edinburgh by the sudden breaking of Constable.

24th. Employed upon my Egyptian story.

25th. Scott, of Devizes, called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood: company, Sir Guy and Lady Campbell, the Bowleses, and Mrs., Miss, and Mr. Ricardo. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord —— yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow *does* show some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords while Lord —— was speaking, "What, are you going?" said the person to him, "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time." Talked of Sir David Baird, his roughness, &c. His mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together two and two, "God help the mon that's tied to my Davie." Asked Lady Lansdowne about Mad. de Duras, the writer of "Edouard," which I have just read. She said it was odd that Madame de D., of all people, should write such a book, as her own marriage was a *mésalliance*, and it was even discussed at Holyrood House by the Princes whether they could receive her. Sung in the evening: was made to repeat "There's a Song of the Olden Time" three times. Poor Bowles (who begins to look broken and wandering) said it was "equal to Shakspeare for the words, and to Purcell for the music." They expected

me to sleep, but as Scott offered to leave me at home, returned, promising to call on Lord L. to-morrow.

26th. Went to Bowood after breakfast: Lord L. showed me a copy of the letter which he had written to Hobhouse on the subject of the monument, recommending that every thing aristocratical should be avoided in it, and that the tribute should be paid distinctly, *not* to *Lord* Byron, but to Byron the poet. Showed him the last letter I had from Hobhouse: walked home with me: asked me to dine on Saturday. Answered Hobhouse; and took occasion (in alluding to his mention of some attack made upon me by an American writer for destroying Lord Byron's memoirs) to request he would fulfil the promise he made me, to put into some written form what he told me once of this subject, namely, that when he last saw Lord Byron, he had given him (Hobhouse) to understand, that he regretted having put such a document out of his own power, and was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling the gift.

28th. Ditto. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. In talking of the incentive poverty has always been to talent, Lord L. said, that in the law there is no instance of a man who began in easy circumstances ever rising to great eminence. Lord Camden, he said, was once very near giving up the bar in despair, but a friend of his who was employed with him as senior counsel in some forthcoming cause, entreated him to wait till this cause was decided, and then falling sick (intentionally it is supposed) on the day of the trial, gave his young friend such an opportunity of distinguishing himself, as opened at once that career for which he was evidently destined. Slept at Bowood: after the company went away, some very agreeable conversation with Lord L.: took down a volume of Erskine's Speeches

and read me a very noble and striking passage from his defence of Stockdale, in 1790. The skill with which he at the same moment vindicates Hastings and brands the policy of the British government in India is most masterly.

29th. After breakfast a good deal of conversation on the financial prospects of the country. Lord L. quoted an observation of Brougham's, that "We are bound over in a sum of eight hundred millions to keep the peace." Walked with him and Lady L. to call upon Lady Campbell at Calne. Lord L. said that one of the warmest admirers of my "Captain Rock" he ever met was a person I should little suspect, namely, the Russian minister at Paris, Pozzo di Borgo, who told Lord L., "*Je vous assure que ça m'a singulièrement frappé; il y a tant de verité,*" &c. &c. This was when Lord L. was last in Paris. Mentioned what Foote said to a clergyman, a very dirty fellow, who was boasting of his agricultural labours, "Oh, it's easy to see, sir, you keep your glebe in your own hands." Took leave of them: they start for town to-morrow, and, if possible, leave a warmer impression upon my mind than ever. Nothing can be more perfectly amiable than they are both.

30th. Wrote to Lady Donegal, and sent a whimsical little song, "When Love is kind," to Power. Bessy having told me lately that Mrs. Branigan had mentioned to her something about her brother having large sums of money at his disposal to lend out at interest, and that she was sure, if it would be any convenience to me, he could accommodate me with some, it has struck me that this would be a much better mode of supplying my present wants than those jobs for Jeffrey and "The Times," which I was thinking of. Forgot by the bye, in reference to this, to mention that about a week ago I wrote to Jeffrey to tell

him I was at my wit's end for money, and to ask him whether (if I could hit upon no better mode of raising it) he could advance me a hundred pounds out of the funds allowed for the "Review," and let me work it out in the year. On Saturday (28th) I received his answer, saying, that it was the very thing he was going to write to me about, as he never wanted the help of a "fine, light hand" like mine more than at present, to carry him through the difficulties entailed by Constable's failure. At the same time, in order to "entrap me (as he says) with base money," he incloses a bill for one hundred pounds. This, however, I have locked up, and shall not make use of unless actually obliged: these jobs fritter away my time and thoughts, and are, besides, so disproportionately paid, that I could make tenfold the sum during the time I waste on them. Bessy proposed to set off to Bath to make more particular inquiries of Mrs. B., and ask whether I might write to her brother on the subject. Bowles called: offered to take Bessy on in his carriage to Bath to-morrow, if she will be at Buckhill to meet him.

31st. My Egyptian story.

February 1st. Ditto. Hardman's gig called for me at two to take me to his house to dinner: dressed at Scott's, where I was to sleep: company at Hardman's, Lord and Lady Ashtown, Miss Armstrong, and a Mr. Pipon: rather agreeable: some amusing stories of Lord Bellamont; his duel with Lord Townsend; taking off his hat to him when he wounded him. Lord A. mentioned some French remarks upon Pope, in which, on the line "He oped his snuff-box first and then the case," the commentator says, "*Comment peut-on ouvrir une tabatière sans ouvrir l'étui qui la contient?*" Walked home with Scott and slept at his house.

2nd. At breakfast Scott talked of his uncle Lord Clonmell; mentioned his duel with Cuff (afterwards Lord Tyrawley); Grattan was Cuff's second. Scott (Lord C.) proposed swords, being a good swordsman: to this the other side objected, and it was at last agreed that the swords should not be used till after the pistols had failed. Before proceeding to fire, Scott said to Grattan, "I trust I shall not hear of this in any other way" (meaning by action); to which Grattan answered, "Never fear, *omnis actio personalis* moritur *cum personâ*." Clonmell never forgave this to Grattan. Said it was all a mistake what Gervais Bushe told me of Grattan's bringing in the Tenantry Bill; it was all Scott's doing; and, from the above mentioned hostility between them, he does not think Grattan could ever have assisted in it. Hardman's gig brought me home. Found Bessy returned from Bath.

3rd and 4th. Employed on my Egyptian story. Wrote also a squib to send to the "Times," an amatory colloquy between the Bank and the Government."

5th. Sent off the verses to the "Times."

7th. The verses inserted, and a note from Barnes to say, "a thousand thanks for your exquisite piece of pleasantry, which is everywhere admired."

8th and 9th. At work reading for and writing my Egyptian tale. Received an Italian letter from Milan, from a man who is about to publish a splendid edition of the "Corsair," with vignettes, &c. &c. Wrote to Dr. Parr's executor, to beg he would send me Tom's five pounds, as we mean to buy him a share in the lottery with it.

10th and 11th. Wrote two things for Power, "Hark, I hear a Spirit sing" and "The Evening Gun;" also a squib about the Sinking Fund for the "Times." Re-

ceived through the Longmans all Scott's works, the joint present of Sir W. himself and Constable, with a very kind note from the latter. Fear that poor Scott's share in the ruin of Constable's house is even greater than I had supposed. Few things have affected me more than this. I almost regret, indeed, having been brought so close to Scott, as I might otherwise have been saved the deep and painful sympathy I now feel for his misfortune. For poor devils like me (who have never known better) to fag and to be pinched for means, becomes, as it were, a second nature; but for Scott, whom I saw living in such luxurious comfort, and dispensing such cordial hospitality, to be thus suddenly reduced to the *necessity* of working his way, is too bad, and I grieve for him from my heart. Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Bowles called. A note from Locke asking us to meet (according to promise) the Bishop of Bath and Wells at dinner on Monday. Bessy will not go on account of the expense of a chaise.

13th. Went over to Locke's and dressed there: company, besides the Bishop, the Bouveries, Edmonston, Jerry Awdrey, Mr. Paley (son to the celebrated Paley), &c. The Bishop civil and good-humoured. He mentioned that he remembered Pitt's first going to Cambridge, a very sickly boy, and brought his nurse with him in the carriage. Paley was very near being his tutor, instead of Prettyman, but Paley did not like it. Mrs. Bouverie and her daughter and the young Lockes played in the evening, and I sung a good deal. Paley brought me part of the way home.

14th. Working at my story. Bessy set off in the evening to Buckhill.

15th. Walked to Buckhill at half-past nine: found Bowles waiting for me, and Bessy, and I, and little Tom

set off with him to Bath. Dressed at Elwyn's, and he and I and Col. Houlton went together to the Anacreontic dinner; forty-four persons at table; the glees rather dull. Got next to my old friend Sir W. Keir; sung two songs with much applause, and got home to Elwyn's early. Bessy slept at Mrs. Branigan's. E. showed me among Arnault's Fables a comparison of an Egoiste to a Colimaçon, which is very good. Story of the Frenchman worrying Alvanley with praises of Wilberforce. "But," says Alvanley, "W. was the greatest *roué* existing in his young days." "*Quelle espérance pour vous, milor,*" replied the Frenchman. The French military coxcomb to Talleyrand: "*Nous appelons* péquin *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*" Talleyrand's answer; "*Et nous, nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas* civil."

16th. One of the Duncans to breakfast; said it was the principle of such men as Lord Eldon *μη καινειν.* Is there any such a word? there is *καινουργειν*; but *καινω*, I think, is to kill.* Mentioned a French poet who boasted of having written all his verses in seclusion and solitude. "Yes," said some one to him, "it is easy to see they are *vers solitaires* being *plats et longs.*" Talked of "Bubb Doddington's Memoirs;" nothing so likely to make a man a republican. Houlton knew Wyndham, who published them, and who was much blamed for doing so, he being a relative of Doddington's. Took down the book and looked at the passage where he describes the different statesmen deceiving each other, "and all for quarter-day." This is capital; *tout pour la tripe.* E. mentioned what Pepys says of the Duke of Lauderdale, "a cunning man, and has the ear of the king," as applicable

* There is *καινοω*, to make new.

to the present Lauderdale. In talking of the present pecuniary crisis, turned to Swift's verses about the "run on the bankers" in 1720; full of very elaborate wit. Joined Bessy at Mrs. B.'s; walked about with her; went to see the giantess and the dwarfs. The giantess a very fine girl, with very feminine manners, and at least seven feet high. Went to Upham's to look for "Rameses," an Egyptian romance, lately published. Said I believed, from what I had heard, it was but little asked for. Promised to send me a copy. Dined at Mrs. Branigan's: a children's party in the evening, with the intermixture of two or three rather pretty young marriageables. Danced a quadrille with Anastasia, to her great delight, and not a little to my own; was almost the only beau, therefore in great requisition, and danced all night. Back to Elwyn's at twelve.

17th. Set off back again with Bowles (the same party) at one o'clock; arrived at Buckhill at four, where we dined, and I walked home afterwards, leaving Bessy and Tom to sleep there. Bowles told anecdotes on the way, of the steps by which several of our bishops were advanced. Mentioned some lines by John (?) Warton (which I must ask him again to repeat), "Hasten on, hasten on, my bonny grey pad; I have seen the day when thy haste would have made my poor heart glad." Quoted on the subject of resigning *livings* an old monkish couplet —

> "In omnibus tuis cogitationibus
> Semper caveto de resignationibus."

In talking of the music of Dryden's poetry, Bowles brought as an instance the grand march of the line, "And glittering temples of their hostile gods," coming after the broken and *scintillous* verses that precede it: quoted, also

(from his "Virgil" I believe), the line so expressive in its sound, where describing the archer drawing the string of his bow,

> "To the head he drew,
> And almost bent the horns of his tough yew."

On my return home found letters from Barnes and Lawrence; the latter saying, that there will be no difficulty in procuring the loan for me, if I can wait about three months, when he is sure of having money to that amount at his disposal. Barnes's letter was to thank me for my last contribution, and to say that, "in return for my golden notes they had nothing but thanks and Threadneedle Street rags to offer," and had, accordingly, ordered a hundred pounds to be placed to my credit with Locke and Co. This answers to the account I have always heard of the liberality of the "Times." Happen to have another *jeu-d'esprit* on the anvil for him, which I wrote several verses of in walking about Bath.

18th. Walked after breakfast to meet Bessy, and rejoice her dear heart with the god-send from Barnes, which will enable her to pay some of her bills.

19th. Sent off the squib to Barnes, "An Ode to the Goddess Ceres."

20th and 22nd. Wrote to Lord John Russell, to Sir Walter Scott (to express, as well as I could, what I feel about his late calamity, and to thank him for the books), and to Jeffrey, to tell him he might expect an article from me this next week.

23rd and 25th. Wrote some of my article for the "Review:" wrote, also, a squib for the "Times," "Dialogue between a Sovereign and a One-pound Note;" and two songs, to French airs, for Power, viz. "Smile as You

used to do," and "If Thou wouldst have this Heart pronounce Thee fair."

26th. Walked over to Bowood to consult "Sully's Memoirs." Received a letter from Lord John Russell, full of kindness; expresses his regret that I am not so well off in the world as I ought to be, and then says, "If you write (*if* I write!), write poetry, or, if you can find a good subject, write prose; but do not undertake the life of another reprobate. In short, do anything but write the 'Life of Lord Byron.'" This is too worrying; the only work that would enable me to surmount my difficulties is that which (with too much reason) all are against my undertaking.

March 1st. Dined with the Mayor and Corporation of Devizes to celebrate Watson Taylor's election!! My health drunk with much applause. Made a speech which had a good effect. Said that "some years since (staunch Whig as I was) I should have felt myself misplaced in that company; but that at present, under a ministry, who by the liberality of their government at home, and the truly English front which they presented to the other nations of the world had conciliated the suffrages of liberal men of all parties, the partition between Whig and Tory, if not removed, was considerably diminished. If there does exist any wall between us, it is like that which of old separated Pyramus and Thisbe; there has been made a *hole* in it, through which we can converse freely, and even sometimes (as we see in the Houses of Parliament) *make love to each other*." William Salmon afterwards applied this rather skilfully: speaking of W. Taylor, he said, he "would be the last man to narrow that hole, which (according to his friend Mr. Moore's beautiful illustration) had been opened between Whig and Tory," &c. &c. Watson Taylor told me

a parody he had lately made with reference to Crabbe, Bowles, and myself, as the three poets of Wiltshire:

> "Three poets, at three different ages, born,
> Wilts' happy county did at once adorn.
> The first in energy of thought surpast,
> The next in tenderness, in both the last.
> The force of nature could no further go,
> To make *one Moore*, she joined the other two."

3rd. Sent off my article to Jeffrey.

4th to 6th. Worked at my Egyptian story: had half a mind to give it up, and write "Travels of Captain Rock, Jun., in Search of a Religion." A capital subject, but full of perilous matter. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Expostulation to Lord King." Mrs. Branigan and her four children arrived to pass the week with us.

7th. Sent to Power Jeffrey's bill of exchange for 100*l.* towards taking up my last draft on him for 120*l.* Working away at my story.

9th. Dined at Phipps's, all of us, to meet Trevanion, who is come on a visit to them for a day or two.

10th. Trevanion and Mrs. Phipps dined with us: a salmon from Power in the morning came very seasonably. * * * Trevanion's son lately married to Lord Byron's niece, Miss Leigh.

11th to 13th. Wrote two songs for Power, "Good bye, my Youth, good bye" and "'Tis not where Lights are shining." The former, my own air; the latter, a Spanish air, to which I shall, some time or other, write different words, as these are too gloomy for the character of the music. Wrote, also, a squib for the "Times;" not very good, though there are one or two comical points; but I took a larger canvas than I had time to fill up. By the bye, Lord King has alluded in the House to my last verses.

"I have been entreated," he said, "both in prose and verse, to give up exertions on this subject," &c. &c.

15th. Wrote a joint letter to our dearest Anastasia, on her birthday, which will be to-morrow. Called her "my dearest Sheelah," which, by the bye, is the name she was very near being christened by, the 16th being Sheelah's day.

16th to 18th. At work at my story.

19th. Sent off a squib to the "Times;" pretty good; called "Memorabilia of last week." Wrote at the same time to Barnes, to say (which is the case) that I find this diversion of my mind to fun and satire draws me off too much from my other tasks. Every newspaper I read starts a crowd of whimsical thoughts and jokes, which, till I *lay* some of them with my pen, haunt and teaze me as the little devils did St. Anthony; so that I fear I must soon give it up entirely. Dined with Dr. Starkey to meet Mr. Smith, who comes to do duty for Prowse. A letter from Jeffrey, to say that he means to give an account of my "Life of Sheridan" in the next "Edinburgh;" and asking me whether I had any explanation or information, which I should like to take this opportunity of communicating.

20th to 24th. Our dear Russell not very well; had King to him. Asked King to dine with us on the 25th, the anniversary of our marriage. A letter from Barnes, saying they will miss me sadly, and hoping it will not be for long.

25th. The Phippses, Miss Bailey, King, and Hughes: a very merry day. Heaven send us a long series of such!

27th. Sent off two songs to Power: "I would tell her I love her," and "Spring and Autumn." Mrs. Branigan arrived with our dearest Anastasia to stay till Wednesday.

28th. Went to the Devizes ball with Bessy and Mrs. Branigan. Home between two and three.

April 8th. Head full of pains and much depression. Have worked this week at my Egyptian story. Received a present of Erskine's speeches from Lord Lansdowne, beautifully bound. This was in consequence of my having said the night before he left Bowood, that I had not this collection in my library. Very kind and thoughtful. Says in his postscript, "I never read a better dialogue than the 'Sovereign and Pound,' and all *selon les principes*, to which poetry is not often tied." Rather nervous to find that these squibs are taken for granted to be mine.

9th. Much better. Sent off a squib to the "Times," "A Hymn of Welcome after the Recess."

10th. Wrote a song for Power and sent it off. "Fair One, choose between the Two."

11th. At work at my story.

12th. Received the "Quarterly Review," which contains the long-threatened cannonade against my "Sheridan:" more noisy and less effective than I expected. Has added but little to what was in the "Westminster." Sent off another squib — "All in the Family Way."

13th to 15th. Bowles called. Thinks what is said in the "Quarterly" about the King "plausible:" this is what it was meant to be. Wrote to Lord John Russell about his reception at St. Ives. Benett called on the night of the 15th on his way to Phipps's, and sat some time. Pressed us both to go up to town to his house, which (from his wife's illness) he will have all to himself.

16th. Heard from Power that Rees means to pay us a visit in a few days. Wrote to Rees to tell him we were going to Bath on Tuesday for two or three days. Have

somewhat changed my mind with respect to the "Quarterly," and think it will be as well to take some notice of it. Wrote to Charles Sheridan on the subject.

17th. Wrote to Dr. Bain to beg of him to give me an attestation under his signature to the correctness of my account of the 200*l.* sent by the Prince through Vaughan, he and Vaughan being my authorities on the subject. He cannot, I think, refuse, and I shall thus be able to throw those fellows completely on their backs. Have been a good deal idled these few days past.

18th. A letter from Lord John: thinks I had better make some reply to the reviews. Says, "your verses in the 'Times' are excellent, but you must not let them appear too often." This, I dare say, is in consequence of my last, which was not so good as the others. I made a mistake of idiom, too, throughout it, putting "all in *the* family way" instead of "in *a* family way." Clutterbuck's gig came for us at twelve, took me to Harnish (Hardenhuish): walked about the grounds with him and his pretty wife; showed me the church where Ricardo lies buried. After luncheon Clutterbuck and I set off in his carriage for Bath. Took up my quarters at Monkland's; called on Anastasia and found her well. Dinner at Monkland's: company, Simpson, Clutterbuck, Blood, &c. Company in the evening, Tom Bailey's intended wife and himself. Sung a good deal, with much success: also some good glees by Blood, Broadhurst, Williams, &c. Slept at Monkland's: read before I went to bed a pamphlet by my old acquaintance Maugin, entitled, "Letter to Thomas Moore, esq., on the subject of the 'School for Scandal.'"

19th. Paid some bills; made calls. Took Anastasia to Mrs. Branigan's, and on our way were overtaken by Bessy, just arrived with Bowles. Left Bessy to her

shopping. Called upon Maugin; on Lady Burdett; on Young, to ask him to dine with the Anacreontic to-day. Forty-one or forty-two sat down to dinner. Lord Blayney at the right of the chairman and I at the left; Young next me. Day very agreeable. In talking of nervousness Young said it was but within the last four years he has been able to get rid of it on the stage, and that any one who had observed his acting closely, would observe the great change there has been in that interval. My imitation of Curran, he said, was the most perfect mimicry he had ever witnessed. My health given in a most flattering speech by the chairman, and applauded tumultuously for some minutes: returned thanks with much success. Some good glees by professional men, and a Mr. Hallet, an amateur. A song of Tom Bailey's written for the club, rather happy. I sung: very ill the first song, but redeemed myself in "The Watchman," and produced great effect. Received a letter from Lady Burdett, regretting she did not see me to-day, and asking me to call to-morrow; fixed half-past one. A note also from Col. Napier, who had followed me hither from Sloperton, on the subject of Battle House (at Bromham), which he wishes to take. Had to answer both notes from the table. Left for the fancy ball at 10 o'clock; too late for Tom Bailey's epilogue. The *coup d'œil* as usual here beautiful; the details, as far as women went, not so good; two or three, however, very pretty; Miss Stuart, a daughter of Admiral Stuart, whom I had my full fling of staring at, till some one told her who I was, when she turned the tables on me.

20th. Breakfasted at Mrs. Branigan's with Bessy. On my way thither met Ethel Benett, who I found had been *incog.* in the gallery last night, looking down on her

sister beauties, and wishing herself among them. Went with Upham to the Literary Institution to look through some books for particulars of Trajan's pillar, at the request of Hughes, whose son is about to write on this subject for a prize. Turned over Grævius with the assistance of the useful index in the catalogue of the Royal Institution; also Montfauçon, &c., but found nothing. Ciacconius was the work I wanted. Thence to Lady Burdett's, where I staid a short time; they are going to the Continent this summer. Went to Young at Mr. Winsor's, in order to hear Miss Winsor sing: nothing could be more charming or more full of the true feeling both of words and music. The things she sung were Bishop's, from my "Loves of the Angels," and, as she gave them, exquisite. "By those impassioned eyes" was spoken just as it ought to be. Went at four with Bessy to hear our sweet Anastasia attempt the harp, which she has been learning but a fortnight: a very good promise.

21st. Breakfasted at Monkland's. Bessy left Bath with Bowles at twelve, and I afterwards in the coach at three. Got to Buckhill at six, where I found Bessy. Had a chaise and home. The "Edinburgh Review" does *not* contain the article promised me by Jeffrey.

22nd. Immediately after breakfast Colonel Napier arrived to look at Bromham House; an able man; is employed in writing an account of the campaigns in the Peninsula. * * * * Mentioned what old West said of the people of England, that they judge of music by the eye, and of painting by the ear. In talking of phrenology, said that the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude or resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character. I mentioned having

heard that the only time the Duke was hit, which was by a spent ball, the blow affected him very much and made him very sick. Napier said he himself was by at the time, but the blow was a very severe one, and that instant sickness is a very frequent effect of such a wound. I said it was rather against phrenology that *I* should not have the organ of music, as if there was any feeling more strong than another that I had, it was that for music. He agreed I had but little of it. The Duke of Wellington, it appears, has it very strong, and this is so far borne out (Napier says) that he is a passionate lover of music. Walter Scott, it seems, has *not* the poetic organ, and Napier appeared to think he had no right to it. Wordsworth, he says, has it strongly. What stuff is talked on this subject! Liked Battle House very much, and if Dr. Starkey is agreeable, will take it. Received Dr. Bain's answer, with the note, on the subject of the 200*l.* as I desired.

23rd. Called upon Dr. Starkey about the house for Colonel Napier. Walked with Bessy in the evening to drink tea at Phipps's.

24th to 27th. Employed chiefly in drawing up my answer to the "Quarterly," which I mean to put in the form of an extract from my intended preface to the fifth edition of the "Life," and insert it in the "Times." Wrote also some verses for the "Times," in which there is, I think, a good deal of fun. "The Canonization of St. Butterworth." A long letter from Barnes, telling me that he keeps the secret, but that they are generally guessed to be mine.

28th. Sent off my verses to Barnes.

29th. Wrote a verse of a song for Power, "When Night brings the Hour."

30th. Copied out my article on the "Quarterly," and sent it off. A letter from Benett to say that he will have every thing ready for me at his house in town on Wednesday; has been very anxious that Bessy should come up too, as he has his house all to himself, but the dear girl is wise enough to stay where she is. Trevanion called after church with the Phippses; is going to town on Tuesday, and would have taken me in his carriage with him if I had not engaged to go in the coach with Locke on Wednesday.

May 1st. Walked to Spye Park. Wrote a verse of a song for Power, "Oh Death!"

2nd. Busy in preparing for my journey. After dinner set off (with Bess and little Buss to see me part of the way) for Locke's. The evening delightful, and, after we separated, both parties stopped often to have one more parting look of each other. Drank tea at Locke's; listened to his girls playing the "Preciosa," and the overture to "Tancredi," and then to bed.

3rd. Up at seven; got to Devizes before ten, and had to wait some time for the Emerald. Had, in the meantime, some conversation with an intelligent young farmer on the consequences of letting out the bonded corn, &c. Journey nothing remarkable; Locke and I gossipped about our neighbours the whole way. Arrived at Benett's at eight.

4th. Not at all well. Found notes on my arrival last night from Lord Lansdowne and Lord John. The former to ask me, "before I should be swallowed up," to dine with him on Monday; the latter sending me a note of Lady Jersey's, begging me to leave out Lord J.'s name (in my next edition) among the attendants at Sheridan's funeral, as he was *not* there. Lord L. in his note says, "The

statement in the 'Times' is *very* satisfactory." A note this morning from Rogers asking me to join Lord John and him at breakfast; sent word I should come after breakfast. Found there, besides Lord John, Milman and his very handsome wife, old Crowe, and Miss Rogers. Rogers's story of Dean Shipley getting into his carriage with about a dozen children, and giving a sixpence to a beggar-woman as he went in. "God be with you," said the beggar-woman. "God forbid, my good woman," said the Dean; "there's quite enough of us already." Both Rogers and Lord John seemed to think my answer to the "Quarterly" quite conclusive. Went from thence to Lady Donegal's; she still confined: sat with Barbara and Miss Godfrey sometime. While I was there Lord Clifden came in, full of the last squib in the "Times," "Butterworth's Canonization," which he produced, cut out of the paper, from his pocket; looked as if he had but little doubt it was mine. I volunteered to read it. Miss G., while I went on, charged me with it *direct*, but I denied as well as I could. Went to call on Mrs. Purvis: met the Speaker on my way: asked him to let me come under the gallery to-night, to hear the Corn debate. Said, with great pleasure. Dined at Lady Donegal's; thence to the House of Commons; no Corn debate, but Hume entering upon an interminable speech. Resolved to try another place of amusement, Astley's; but found it almost as dull as the House of Commons.

5th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called in Paternoster Row; some talk about Lord Byron's Life. Told them of my correspondence on the subject with Hobhouse; promised to dine with Rees. Thence to Power's. Dined with Rees, and both went together to Covent Garden to see "Oberon." Not much pleased with it; the music in

general more odd than agreeable; and, when pleasing, not very new.

6th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Talked of my Sheridan Life; regarded in general, he says, as an attack upon the Whigs. Lady Grey urges Lord Grey to leave on record his own statement of the circumstances in 1811. Lord Grey himself takes it very quietly. Said that it was evident I was not a Whig; for, though my views were strongly on the side of liberty, they were not modified by those constitutionalities and legalities with which a Whig fenced round his principles. Seemed to consider my remarks on Coalition as an instance of this. Lord Holland says it is plain I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Fox in any thing, and that it is not likely I should. This is surely unjust. Lord John thinks there is nothing on record more honourable to Mr. Fox than the letter which I have produced relative to the Catholic petition in 1805; but is still of opinion that my book does not leave the reputation of Mr. Fox altogether so high as it found it. A note from Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, sending me an Opera ticket for to-night; Lord Belgrave himself called afterwards. Dined at the Artists' Benevolent Fund, of which I was a steward; the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the chair *: sat near Campbell; Shee on the other side of me. Was told yesterday that my name was on the list of toasts, but found now there was no intention of giving it. Many messages sent to Shee to request he would propose my health: at length, just as Robinson was leaving the chair, Shee rose, and in a long speech gave the healths of "Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell." Received with acclamation. Pre-

* Mr. Robinson, now Lord Ripon.

vious to this the feeling of the company had been shown towards me by the enthusiasm with which they received and encored "Sing, sing," sung by Broadhurst. My speech, in returning thanks, very effective. Robinson made the *amende honorable* before he went, by thanking the gentleman who had given the healths of the two "eminent individuals," and praising us for our "eloquent and glowing speeches."

7th. Called upon Rogers: found him in high good humour. In talking of Miss White he said, "How wonderfully she does hold out: they may say what they will, but Miss White and *Miss*olonghi are the most remarkable things going." Called upon Lady E. Belgrave, Lord Lansdowne, and Lady Cawdor. Dined at Lord Listowel's; the Beechers, Newton, and their own family. Sung in the evening. Asked by Edward Moore to dine with him on Tuesday to meet the Catholic Lord Stafford and Lord Fingall.

8th. Breakfasted at home with Benett, who is all kindness and hospitality. Went at eleven to the Royal Institution to hear M'Culloch's lecture, having met him since I came to town, and promised to do so. A very kind note from Lady Jersey, in answer to one I wrote her asking for some tickets for the Spitalfields' ball, which she has sent me. In the evening to Lady Jersey's: a little nervous to see how my Whig friends would receive me; all as usual. A cordial shake by the hand from Lord Grey. The Duke of Wellington looked as if he was inclined to renew his acquaintance with me, but I was not courtier enough to avail myself of the inclination. Lord Hertford too bowed graciously to me, but as I knew it must be by mistake, I met it with a profound reverence, and on raising my head again I saw that he looked disconcerted: was never at any

time acquainted with him. Heard to-day that when Canning's speech the other night threw all the country gentlemen into consternation, Bobus Smith said, "a brand among the bullocks." On one of the country gentlemen saying, "we must return to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked, "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney. Lady Cawdor asked me to dine to-morrow to meet the Marquis of Stafford and Mr. Grenville, but am engaged to Lord Auckland. Curiously enough, have been asked likewise to meet the other Lord Stafford at Moore's. Walked home with Fielding.

9th. Lady Listowel and Lady Ennismore called to take me to the Exhibition. Left them at two to go to Bishop on music business. Found he had done nothing, but gave him some ideas with respect to the airs he has to compose for my Greek work. Was to have gone with Trevanion to call upon Mrs. Ames, a great admirer and singer of my music, but was prevented by my engagement with Bishop. Dined at Lord Auckland's: Baring Wall, and Miss Barnet, the company. From thence to the Opera: had bought a ticket in the morning, but brought from home and gave instead of it a card, "Marchioness of Lansdowne at home," insisting to the man, when he questioned it, that I had bought it at Eber's in the morning. Was obliged to pay again, he promising to return me the money when I should bring the right ticket. Went first into Lady Cowper's box, where there was only Lord Sefton. Saw the second act in Lady Farquhar's box.

10th. While Benett and I were at breakfast, M. Alexandre, the conjuror (who has brought letters of introduction to me from Ireland), paid me a visit, and amused us very much by some specimens of his ventriloquism. Went to the General Post Office for a letter; then to

Longman's. Dined at the Literary Fund, having in vain endeavoured to extricate myself, but Rees made it a point that I should go. The Duke of Somerset in the chair. On the "Poets of Great Britain" being given, there was a general call through the room for me, but as Sotheby and Croly were present, I resolved not to take upon myself the task of returning thanks. After a long interval Sotheby rose, and began by an eulogium upon me, in which he said my "prose took the colour of my poetry" (some people would have added "too much so"). I was in hopes that I had escaped a speech, but Sir J. Malcolm soon after proposed my health alone, praising "Lalla Rookh" most abundantly. My speech in returning thanks even more successful than that at the Artists' dinner.

11th. Called upon Bowles in my way to breakfast with Newton; took him with me. Sat to Newton after breakfast. Wretched reports of my speech in all the papers. When I was leaving the dinner yesterday evening, a young reporter of the "Times" addressed me, and said I would do him the greatest favour if I would assist in some points of my speech, which he had not caught correctly. Told him he could not do *me* a greater favour than not to attempt to report my speech at all; praise what I said as much as he pleased, but not make any attempt to give it. The "Times," accordingly, has done what I wished. Went with Benett to Deville's, in the Strand, the phrenologist and collector of casts; called for Sir Francis Burdett in our way at Brookes's. After having explained to us the principles of the science, he proceeded to examine our heads. Had some suspicion who Burdett was, but did not know me in the least. Found no poetry in my head, but a great love of facts and clearness in argument; humour, love of music, strong feelings of friendship (this Spur-

zheim too, I remember, remarked when I met him at Paris), a facility in parting with money, and "not being very particular as to the securities" (his very words, which amused the standers-by not a little), and the organs of combativeness and destructiveness as strong as ever he had witnessed them in any one. On Benett's asking him, whether he discovered in my head any particular talent, said, that he had seldom seen a head with "so active and general an organisation," and that whatever the person possessing it attempted, he would most probably succeed in. Told Burdett some things which he seemed to think true; among others, that his first perceptions of subjects were slow and rather confused, and that it was not till after some consideration he mastered and saw his way through them. A sense of justice and impatience under oppression was one of the features of Burdett's head, which he found also in mine. Went all together to the Exhibition. Burdett's criticism on Lawrence's picture of Canning, that it is "like an actor standing before a glass rehearsing his part," rather just. Forgot, with all this, an engagement I had made to Barnes. Dined at the Donegal's: poor Lady D. herself not able yet to see me. Thence to the Opera, Lady Farquhar having given me a ticket: saw the greater part of the opera in Lady E. Belgrave's box; Lady Wilson there. Went thence to the Countess St. Antonio's, where Lady Burghersh was, and sat some time. A new "Romeo and Juliet" arrived, composed by ——, I forget the name. Lady B. trying to persuade Pasta to introduce some of the music of it in the old one. Went afterwards to Lansdowne House, where there were some new beauties: Lady Clifton, Mrs. Napier (with whom, as Miss Benett, I played shuttlecock, two or three years since at Bowood) pronounced to be the prettiest woman of the season.

12th. Went to Lord Radstock's sale; thence to British Gallery with Bowles. Called with him upon Sir George Beaumont, who showed me his portraits of Garrick (in a scene of *Lethe*) and of Parsons. Dined at Longman's: M'Culloch, Newton, Kenny, &c. &c.

13th. Lady Listowel called to take me to the Water Colour Exhibition: a very pretty picture there from "Lalla Rookh," by Stephanoff. Dined at A. Baring's; his purchases from Lord Radstock's collection just brought home. The Titian (Herodias's daughter), price 1800 guineas; and a Giorgione, 700; the latter a charming picture. Company, Agar Ellis and Lady Georgiana, Lord Lothian, &c. Some anecdotes of Grattan. On the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried said, "What shall we do? we'll get very drunk." Ellis described him, on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of oranges, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech. Wilberforce was at one time in the habit of eating and drinking in his place in the House.

14th. Have exchanged visits and some notes with Hobhouse, but did not see him till to-day. Found him full of kindness, and inclined much more to assist than to thwart me in my design of writing "Byron's Life." Mentioned Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne, which Lady Cowper has still in her possession, and which he thinks more likely to contain passages fit to be extracted than any other of B.'s correspondence. Disclaimed ever having had the idea of writing the "Life" himself; thinks there are no materials to make a life, which I fear is but too true. Talked of Burdett's opinions on the corn laws, on the present distresses, &c. Said I thought them

very vague and adrift. Thence went to Barnes, with whom I had made an appointment between two and four. A good deal of conversation. Sounded him on the probability of an advance of 400*l.* being made to me by the proprietors of the "Times." Said he had little doubt it would be done. Dined at Chantrey's; had been engaged to Fielding's, but was let off on a promise of going early in the evening. Company, Henry Joy, a Mr. Thompson, and too others. Talked of phrenology; Spurzheim's mistake at Chantrey's, in pronouncing Troughton * from his skull to be a poet, and Sir Walter Scott a mathematician. Chantrey at first inclined to believe in the science, but from seeing, from his experience, that there were clever heads of all sizes and shapes, lost his faith in it. An intimation of phrenology in Shakspeare's "foreheads villainously low." Went to Fielding's early; found there Mrs. Ames, for whom I sung, apparently to her very great delight.

17th. To Power's on business. Called upon Lady Cowper; said she had for some time thought of giving those letters of Lord Byron's back, and would now, as soon as she could get them from the country, put them into my hands or Hobhouse's; said she thought it very possible that there were many passages in them that would do for publication. Called upon the Houltons; desperate wet weather; drove out with Mrs. Houlton and Mrs. Shirley, who is looking in high beauty. Having to dine with Rogers to-day at six (an Ancient Music party), meant to have dined with Lady Davy *afterwards*, to meet Sydney Smith; but Rogers would not have me,

* The well-known maker of philosophical instruments: himself a mathematician of high order.—Ed.

he said, upon such terms; "there would be an indigestion produced." This being the case, tried my chance of a ticket for the Ancient Music, by leaving a note at Lord Darnley's. Mrs. Shirley undertook to change my voucher at Almack's, while I went home to dress. Company at Rogers's, Miss Stephens and her niece, Sir G. Beaumont, Sir P. Codrington, and Sir G. Warrender. During dinner a ticket came for me from Lord Darnley, an order to "admit Signor Mori" (a foreigner's ticket, which the directors are privileged to give); the selection very dull, and the room oppressively hot. Had some talk with Mrs. Boddington, and her very pretty little daughter, and then home to refresh my toilette for Almack's. Had heard that the fancy quadrille of the "Twelve Months" that was danced at the Spitalfields' ball last week was to be repeated to-night; but the sister of Miss Crofton (one of the months) has died since then, and it is given up. The quadrille of "Paysannes Provençales," however, was danced. Some pretty girls among them; a daughter of Lord Talbot's, Miss Duncombes, &c. &c. Mrs. Sheridan's second daughter strikingly like old Brinsley, and yet very pretty. Some anecdotes to-day at dinner of the Duke of Wellington: battle of Toulouse the most remarkable of any. The movement by which he won it determined on in consequence of his trying by chance a glass that was recommended to him, and, in looking at Soult, seeing some motions of his hand which showed in what direction he was about to act.

18th. Met Hobhouse, and went with him to call on Sir F. Burdett, who is laid up with gout. Went afterwards with Benett to the Houltons, to take them to Deville's; dreadfully wet weather, no end to the rain. Called on Bowles in our way, and took him with us. Deville's

examination of the heads of the girls very interesting, particularly as he made them let loose their long hair, which added not a little to their beauty. Bowles, at first, a good deal unsettled by the sight of the castes after death, and was, with much difficulty, persuaded to submit his head to inspection: some good guesses of Deville's about him soon put him in good humour. While we were there a mother came with her little boy to have his head examined; and Deville told us he has had since he began about seven hundred mothers in the same way, bringing their children for the purpose of ascertaining what course of education their organs were best suited to. Dined at Lansdowne House: company, the Agar Ellises, the Cawdors, Sydney Smith, Mr. Portman, Macdonnel, &c. A party to hear Pasta in the evening. Sat with Lady Cawdor and Lady Wilton most of the night; Lord Grey and his daughters very kind. Found a note from Mrs. Coutts on my return home, full of anxious inquiries as to the death of Lady Scott, which is mentioned in the evening papers.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Coutts: found her breakfasting at the top of the house, in consequence of the preparations below stairs for her great ball next Monday. Showed me all over her house, bedrooms, closets, every where. Called upon the Storys, who are but a few days in town. Went at three to a lecture at the Royal Institution, the consequence of a promise I made to Gen. Thornton; the subject, music. Have a great mind to lecture myself; Lord Spencer many a year ago wanted me to do so; Houlton wrote to sound me on the subject before I left home; and now both Thornton and the secretary of the Institution renew the request: it is, at least, worth consideration. Had some business in the evening, therefore dined alone at the Bedford coffeehouse. Afterwards

dressed and went to Mrs. Cunliffe's child's ball, where there were some very pretty children. Thence to Mrs. Baring's grand ball, which was full and splendid.

20th. Went to Agar Ellis's at one, to meet Lords Lansdowne and Cawdor, and Sydney Smith, a rendezvous fixed the day before yesterday, in order to go all together to Deville's: his explanations of the principles of his art, and some of the facts he produced, very striking to us all: instances where the organ was considerably increased by the exercise of the faculty connected with that organ, &c.: but his guesses at the characters of the new subjects I brought him (none of whom he knew) egregious failures. For instance, said that Lord Lansdowne gave his opinions without deliberation! In Sydney Smith the chief propensity he discovered was a fondness for natural history, and for making collections of the same. Altogether this was the worst exhibition I have seen him make, though very amusing from Sydney Smith's inextinguishable and contagious laughter, which I joined in even to tears. Was to have dined with Ponsonby to-day, but went, instead, to Sir S. Raffles: asked to sing in the evening, but between could not and would not, did not: my cold very bad; got home early to bed.

21st. Called upon Lord John after breakfast: mentioned my having some idea of reviewing his "History of the Affairs of Europe" for the "Edinburgh," notwithstanding that I had often resolved never to review the work of a friend, as it was always a ticklish, and generally turned out a thankless task. Proposed to me to go and see Lord Kinnaird at Hammersmith: agreed, and went with him to leave his excuses at Lady Jersey's, with whom he was to have gone to the private exhibition at Somerset House. Had luncheon at Mrs. Purvis's (where

I found Lord Auckland), and rejoined Lord John at three, when we set out in his cabriolet for Hammersmith. Shocked beyond description at the appearance of Lord Kinnaird, whom I had not seen since his paralytic attack; such a sad instance of premature decrepitude, and the liveliness of manner which he still preserves, makes it only more frightful: was evidently very glad to see me, which made me feel happy that I had come. Lord John and I got back about five. Dined at Boddington's: company, Sydney Smith, Dr. Wollaston, Sharpe, Henry Webster, &c. &c.

22nd. Forgot to mention that when I last saw Hobhouse, he asked me whether it was "upon the cards" that I should make up with Murray: said that Murray had often talked to him on the subject, &c. I answered that I should have no objection; that I had always felt that I had committed a mistake originally in refusing the overtures of reconciliation which he made on the day when he offended me: that I ought (as Rogers often said) to have gone into his shop as usual, and not conferred upon him such importance as to make him an object of my resentment: I was therefore very ready, I said, to go with either Hobhouse or Rogers to his house to proffer him my hand, and let there be no more of it. I afterwards spoke to Rogers on the subject, who quite agreed with this view of the matter, and said he would go with me some day to Murray's. This morning, as I stood at Power's door, saw Murray go by; and it occurred to me that, as the thing was to be done, the shortest and manliest way was to do it at once myself, without any intervention. Accordingly sallied out after my man and accosted him. He seemed startled at first, but on my saying, "Mr. Murray, some friends of yours and mine

seem to think that you and I should no longer continue upon these terms, I therefore proffer you my hand, and most readily forgive and forget all that has passed;" he soon brightened up into smiles, and we walked on together very amicably. On our parting at Charing Cross he shook my hand, reiterating, "God bless you, sir! God bless you, sir!" and hoped I would call and see my portrait at his house in Whitehall. Had not time for much to-day, as I was obliged to dress early for Lord Belgrave's. Lord Lansdowne sent his carriage for me at twenty minutes before five; when I came to take him up, found that Lady Lansdowne could not accompany us, her sister was so ill. Company at Lord B.'s, the Cawdors, Mr. Grenville, and ourselves. To the play: "Paul Pry;" very amusing, but had heard too much of it: many of our party had seen it before, and still laughed heartily, which was no small tribute. Came away after the play: left at home by the Cawdors, and sallied out again for Mrs. Shirley's assembly: heard Isabella Houlton play her wild Spanish air; and came away with the Wilsons, who set me down at Lady Jersey's, where I did little more than make my bow, and then set off for Mrs. Coutts's ball, where I found quadrilles going on in one room, and Braham and Miss Stephens singing in another.

23rd. Breakfasted with Newton, and sat to him: went together to the National Gallery, from thence to West (the American painter) to see Lord Byron's portrait: had only the copy at home, which did not strike me as like. Met Lord Lansdowne, and heard from him that there is but little hope of Lady Charlotte. Dined at Rogers's; Lord John having called for me in his cabriolet: company, Barnes, Kenny, Lord Lansdowne, Sharpe, Brougham, Lord John, and myself: very agreeable: Brougham's tone

a good deal subdued (as it has been, I hear, all this session), but social, natural, and agreeable as usual: went home early.

24th. Went to join Rogers at Lord Stafford's gallery: introduced to Danby, the painter: *ciceronied* very agreeably round the rooms by Rogers, upon whose taste I have more dependence than on that of any of the connoisseurs that are about.

25th. Breakfasted with the Donegals. Obliged to dress early for the anniversary dinner of the Madrigal Society; a scrape (as it turned out) which I was brought into by Bowles, who long ago made some agreement with me to go, and now left me in the lurch: never was there any thing so bad; three-and-thirty fellows bawling away for the bare life at old exploded madrigals, and singing them all wrong into the bargain: attempted to perform a madrigal of Wesley's, who was present, but they had not proceeded three bars before the author exclaimed, "Oh! for God's sake, gentlemen, no more, I cannot bear it." Tried one of poor Linley's too (my inviter), and produced the same sort of explosion from the author. Got away as soon as I could; glad to have seen a new instance of the strange whimsical things that are going on in London, but determined never to repeat the experiment. Went to Miss White's, where I was so early that the ladies had not come up from dinner. Left my card at Murray's to-day.

26th. Went to breakfast with Barnes, from whom I some days since received a letter to say that the advance of the 400*l.* would most willingly be made: told me that last year, when we had the same sort of agreement in contemplation, Walter could not be altogether brought to understand that it was *tanti* to the paper; but that now, since he perceived the sensation which my late

contributions had produced, he was quite convinced of the importance of my assistance. This was gratifying to hear. Talked of the French newspapers. The "Journal des Débats," he considers, altogether, one of the best conducted papers in Europe: Bertin one of the proprietors: vast expenses attending it; thirteen or fourteen people employed on it (I think, he said) at an average of 12,000 francs, annually, each. Barnes was the college competitor with Matthews (Lord Byron's friend), of whom Byron speaks in a note. Went afterwards to Longman's: mentioned to them my conversations with Hobhouse and Rogers, and my reconciliation with Murray (who, by the bye, has not yet taken any notice of my visit to him). On my mentioning what Hobhouse said of the possibility of a coalition between Murray and their house in publishing the life, Longman said, "Do not let us stand in the way of any arrangements you may make; it is our wish to see you free from debt; and it would only be in this one work that we should be separated: put us, therefore, out of the question; nor let us in the least degree fetter you in the business." This I felt to be most liberal and considerate; and such, I must say, their conduct to me has been throughout. Dined at Sir George Beaumont's; taken by the Bowleses: company, they, Mr. and Mrs. Sturges Bourne, and Ottley. Sturges Bourne, in talking of Canning, rather agreeable. The translation of Jekyll's "Sage Chiankiti" was by Canning and Lord Grenville; *vos inumbrelles video* is the only good point in it; the rest any schoolboy might have done. Sturges Bourne repeated some more of Jekyll's verses, but there is nothing in them near so good as those I already know, with the exception, perhaps, of

"You'll please to remember
Your month called November,
Which *we* call Hum-Sang, is rheumatic."

Went in the evening to Lady Dacre's. Sturges Bourne, by the bye, told of Canning, that at a dinner at Eton last year, after "The Ministers of Eton" had been given as a toast, Canning gave, in allusion to Tom Tyrrwhit, who was present, "The *Rods* of Eton."

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord Cawdor, G. Fortescue, and Warburton. Smith full of comicality and fancy; kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist. Said of some one, "He has no command over his understanding; it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up." Left Rogers's with Smith, to go and assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte: found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious way, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply: this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture: said, in his gravest manner, to Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?" Went with him from thence to two pianoforte makers: chose one at Broadwood's. Left him in the Strand to call at Power's. Called upon Rogers before dinner, and walked in the Park with him. In talking of my situation with the Longmans, he

said, "The fact is, the Longmans, having you in their power, are resolved to make a slave of you ——." Here I stopped him, and begged, before he went any farther, he would let me tell him what passed between me and Longman yesterday; upon hearing it, he said, "I retract every thing that I was going to accuse them of; it is, indeed, very fair and liberal of them." Dined at Lord Fortescue's: company, the Granville Vernons, Adair, Lady Mary and her husband, &c. &c. Went from thence to Miss White's; Mrs. Sheridan there and her pretty daughter.

28th. Newton called, and went with me to Stevens's, where I breakfasted. From thence went to call upon Hobhouse, who told me that Murray had, immediately on my visit to him, come to know from him (Hobhouse) on what terms he and I were with respect to the "Life." Hobhouse told him all that had passed between us, and suggested that the "Life" written by me should be prefixed to the quarto edition of "Byron's Works" which Murray meditates. Murray had originally proposed to Hobhouse to edit the work. I now mentioned what Longman had said to me a day or two before, which Hobhouse appeared much pleased at; and said it would facilitate the object of us all considerably. Suggested (what is also my own idea) that the "Life" should consist as much as possible of extracts from Byron's letters and journals, making him tell his own story. H. praised Count Gamba's book. Has never read a line of any of the letters he has in his hands as executor. Dined at Lord Cowper's: Rogers, who was going to dine with the Attorney-General in the same street, dropped me at Lord C.'s. Company: Mr. Grenville, Lord Auckland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord and Lady King, Lady Carlisle, H. Pierrepoint, &c. Very agreeable. Mr. Grenville

said that the city of Edinburgh ordered a bust of his father in the year 1764, to be executed by Bacon; but Mr. Grenville being turned out of the Ministry soon after, the bust was left upon Bacon's hands.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton for a final sitting. On my return home found Murray's card, with a message that he would be glad to see me any time to-day. Called upon him between one and two: entered at once on the subject of the "Life:" told him what the Longmans had said as to leaving me free; and added what I felt and thought of the handsomeness of their conduct altogether to me. He replied, that he had no doubt they had behaved very well, but that I ought to consider they had profited by me in return. He then mentioned, with some degree of soreness, their having got "Sheridan's Life" away from him. I said, if a coalition between him and the Longmans was practicable in this new work I should prefer it. He seemed, however, to think such an arrangement not feasible; and repeated, two or three times, that the "'Life of Byron' was his birthright." Said that the materials in his own possession would go near to filling a quarto volume, without including (as I understood him) the journal given to Mrs. Leigh, of which he has a copy: difficult to say, however, how much of all this could be retained: hoped that Hobhouse would not be too fastidious as to the extracted matter; would not prefix the "Life" to the "Works," but print it separately. Said, *en passant*, that the terms he meant to propose were, that he should discharge my debt to the Longmans, and give me half the profits of the work. (This rather ambiguous; but it is impossible he could have meant that he would give half the profits, *besides* discharging my debt to the Longmans.) I answered that all this must be a subject for future arrangement;

for, as what the Longmans had said, was merely a passing remark in conversation, I could not proceed upon it without ascertaining that they seriously and deliberately meant me to take them at their word; and that I, therefore, must again consult them, and would let him know the result. Left him to call upon Mrs. Ames, according to a promise made to her at Lord Ashtown's; found Trevanion with her; sung to her, and brought the tears pretty abundantly; in which Trevanion, in compliment to her, joined. She sung to me my own "By the Feal's Wave," with a good deal of passion. Called afterwards (in consequence of another appointment) at Mrs. Sheridan's; the sky pouring torrents all day. Sung for and with Miss Sheridan, who looked quite as pretty as at night: promised I would go and see the quadrille of the "Months," at Almack's, on Wednesday, she being the *August* of the party. Dined at Lord Dacre's. Dinner at six, for the purpose of going to the French play; only Mrs. Brand and her daughter and Lord Lynedoch. Potier in the "Centenaire" admirable.

30th. Called at S.'s lodgings, and left word that he would find me at the Athenæum till twelve; did not come. Went to Power's; and while there my excellent friend, Joseph Strutt, came in to inquire my address; greatly disappointed to find that I cannot go to Derby to preside at the Leicestershire dinner, as they expected: will not have the dinner till I can go. Went together to Longman's, where he left me, having fixed next day for me to take him to see Rogers's house. Found Longman and Rees together, and told them all that had passed, since I saw them both, with Rogers, Hobhouse, and Murray. Longman repeated what he had said before; and added, that he was rejoiced the affair now seemed likely to be put on such a

comfortable footing for me; that I should now have materials from all quarters; and, by the concurrence and assistance of all Lord Byron's friends, be relieved from much of the trouble and responsibility I should have incurred in undertaking the task alone. On my questioning them as to the practicability of a coalition between them and Murray, Rees seemed rather inclined to it, but Longman was decidedly of opinion that it would not be for the comfort or interest of either party. Drew bills upon Power for 400*l.* at six and eight months, which they cashed for me. Forgot to mention that I met Lawrence one of these days, and told him that I should be able to raise the supplies without troubling him in the manner I had proposed. From Longman's went to Power's, and gave him two of my 400*l.*, to take up some drafts of mine upon him that will soon become due. Thence to Newton's, where I had appointed to meet Hume, my old and odd friend, on the following business. Chance threw us together about a week ago (as it does once in every three or four years), and a day or two since I had a letter from him, inclosing a draft for 20*l.*, and saying, as he knew no one who could do an act of gallantry better than myself, he begged I would choose and purchase some trinket with that sum for my *amantissima conjux*. Answered that I felt most gratefully his kindness, and so would she; but that her habits and tastes were so unambitious, that a fourth of the sum he sent would be more than enough for a present that she would think quite splendid. Wrote accordingly to Bessy, who would have nothing at all to do with the matter, and begged me not to buy anything for her. In order, however, not to offend him, I said that as she was a great visionary about lotteries, a couple of sixteenths would give her a few weeks of dreaming, and make

her happier than anything. Our meeting to-day was for the purpose of going to choose the numbers; he, and I, and Newton went out together. After buying the tickets, went to the engraver who has Lord Byron's portrait; cannot think it like; Newton of opinion that the fault lies in the smooth, marblish, effeminate colouring. Dined at Agar Ellis's: company, Lord and Lady Harewood, the Archbishop of York, and his wife and daughter; Greville, Lord and Lady Clifton, Sydney Smith, &c. Sat next Sydney Smith, right opposite Lord Harewood and the Archbishop! an odd conjunction of signs. Some demonstrations of aristocracy from my Lord Harewood, in speaking of Marshall, the manufacturer, who is candidate for the county of York; Smith and Ellis stood up for the manufacturer. In the evening, sung a good deal; among other things, my rebel song, "Oh, where's the Slave," which gave rise to a good deal of fun from Sydney, about turning the Archbishop into a rebel. "But it's fast subsiding," he said; "his Grace is relapsing into loyalty; if you don't sing another song you'll lose him." The "Watchman" was what seemed particularly to please both the Archbishop and his daughter. Heard Ellis telling Smith what great delight he had "in showing Moore to Tories." Set Smith at home in a hackney coach. On my remarking how well and good-humouredly Ellis had mixed us all up together, Smith said, "That's the great use of a good conversational cook, who says to his company, 'I'll make a good pudding of you;' it's no matter what you came into the bowl, you must come out a pudding. 'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'wasn't I just now an egg?' but he feels the batter sticking to him," &c. &c. Found a note from C. Sheridan, that he would be at home to-morrow, if I would call upon him. A note also from Lady Jersey,

asking whether I could dine with her the day after to-morrow.

31st. Called upon C. Sheridan on my way to the Athenæum to breakfast. * * * * Called at Power's; Bishop too much engaged about Vauxhall and another opera to be able to do any thing with me; a sad delay this for Power. Found on my return home a note from Barnes, inclosing the promised 400*l.*; wrote him an acknowledgment. Dined at Lord King's. Forgot to mention that the first time I saw Lord King after my arrival in town (it was at Lady Jersey's) he came up to me repeating a line out of the squib I addressed to him in the "Times," — "When you tread on a nobleman's corn how he winces." Pretended, of course, perfect unconsciousness of the source of his quotation. Company, Sydney Smith, Sir J. and Lady Graham, Lord Ebrington, Baring Wall, &c. &c. Sung a little for Lady King in the evening. Went away with B. Wall, and having left him at the Travellers', took his carriage home with me, and having refitted a little, made use of it to go to Almack's; was there too early; waited till the Seasons arrived; got into their wake as they passed up the room, and saw them dance their quadrille; the twelve without any gentlemen. Rather disappointed in the effect; their head-dresses (gold baskets full of fruit, flowers, &c.) too heavy; Miss Sheridan the handsomest of any; most of the others pretty, Miss Brand, the Miss Foresters, Miss Acton, Miss Beauclerc, &c. As soon as I had seen them dance, came away

June 1st. Forgot, I believe, to mention in my Journal of last year, the following circumstance. Being much urged for a sum of money, it was my first intention to raise it by an advance, either from the "Chronicle" or the "Times" (as I have done this year from the latter),

but having unluckily mentioned the idea *both* to Black and to Barnes, and both being much more ready than I expected to come into my terms, I found myself in a situation of some delicacy between them, there being a deadly jealousy (which I was not before aware of) between the two establishments. I thought it safer, therefore, for the present, to have nothing to do with either of them. Just about the time I met Charles Kemble at dinner at Longman's, and he expressed strong anxiety that I should undertake a play of some kind at Covent Garden. It occurred to me, in consequence, that I might be able to raise the sum I wanted through this channel; and I wrote a letter to C. Kemble, having first seen him on the subject, of which the following is a copy: "Dear Kemble, in consequence of the earnest request that you were kind enough to make, that I should undertake to write a piece for Covent Garden Theatre, I beg to propose for the consideration of the proprietors, a plan by which this object may be attained, and a considerable accommodation afforded to me. In consideration of an immediate advance to me of 400*l.* I agree to write, and put into the hands of the proprietors, within the next twelve months, either a comedy or drama, whichever may seem most desirable and practicable; the said sum of 400*l.* to be subject to any future arrangement that, on the completion of the piece, may be agreed on between me and the proprietors; and in case of the failure of the piece on representation, any loss that may be incurred thereon to be made good by me. I also beg it to be understood, that if during the twelve months, either from my own dissatisfaction at the manner in which I perform my task, or from a wish to relinquish writing for the stage altogether, I should be inclined to annul the present agreement, it shall be in my power so to do, after

having previously repaid to the proprietors the sum of 400*l.* with the interest accruing thereupon during the time. Should this proposition meet the views of the proprietors, I hold myself bound by the present letter to perform my part of the proposed agreement. Yours, my dear Kemble, very truly, T. M."

After showing this letter (the limitations and conditions in which all came from myself) to his brother proprietor (Capt. ——), C. Kemble acquainted me that they most cheerfully acceeded to my proposal, and I accordingly received the 400*l.* from the treasurer. During the year that has elapsed since then, I have thought of many subjects for a drama, all of which were rejected almost as soon as thought of. At one time I had some intention of turning my Egyptian story into a grand drama of show and scenery, but neither the descent to the *souterrains* nor the inundations would have been practicable. At last a tolerable subject for a comedy occurred to me; and on my coming up to town now, I told Charles Kemble, that if it would suit him to let me pay but half of the 400*l.* now, and give me till Christmas for the rest, it was highly possible that by that time I might have a comedy ready. This, I confess, I said more from a wish to be convenienced so far, than from any serious expectation that my other tasks would allow me to have a comedy ready at the time. The proprietors too, no doubt, saw that this was my object, as on my calling at the theatre to-day to know what was their decision, the treasurer informed me that, in consequence of the property being in Chancery, and the awkwardness of allowing a sum to appear so long unaccounted for, they would prefer my paying the whole sum now; expressing, at the same time, a strong hope that I would soon return with a MS. in my hand to reclaim it from them. Having

come provided with the 400*l.*, went with the treasurer to his office, and paid him, with 19*l.* interest. Dined at Lord Jersey's; Lord Auckland, Gen. Alava, Lord W. Somerset, Lord and Lady Grantham, Sneyd, &c. &c. In the evening I sung a little; the Duke of Wellington came in while I was singing, sat down behind me, and seemed much pleased. Lady Grantham, who sat beside me all the while I sung, asked me for a copy of the words, "I love but Thee." Came away with Lord Auckland; called in to see his sisters, who were waiting for him to go to Lady Hertford's, and then his carriage set me down at home. Met Murray to-day in the street; had called upon him by the bye, yesterday, to tell him the result of my interview with the Longmans, which left me quite free (as far as they were concerned) to enter into terms with him. He seemed much pleased, and said he should lose no time in collecting the materials. Took Strutt this morning to Rogers's.

2nd. Busy all day in preparing for my departure to-morrow: dined with Edward Moore; just the sort of party I detest. Did not get away till near twelve, fevered, vexed, and full of spleen and champagne. Had to finish my packing before I went to bed. By the bye, got into rather a ridiculous mistake this morning. Having thought a good deal about lecturing at the Royal Institution, as a thing that might be rendered profitable (as well as an undertaking that I should gain credit by), I wished to ascertain before I left town all the particulars with respect to the number of persons the lecture-room would contain; the space that, after the members are accommodated (they being privileged to attend gratis) would be left for my own private subscribers, &c. &c. In order to procure this information I called yesterday at the Royal Institu-

tion (as I thought) to see the secretary; not being at home, I fixed to-day at twelve; saw him, and after having opened to him *confidentially* my object, had the mortification to hear him say, "My dear sir, you have mistaken the house; this is the Alfred Club House; the Royal Institution is next door." A very gentlemanlike person, however, the secretary; took me all round the house, to see the arrangements; expressed great anxiety to have me a member, &c. &c.

3rd. Set off in the coach at a quarter to seven. One of my companions, a particularly pretty girl, just from Paris, where she had been a year *en pension;* and going to join some relations of hers lately established at Calne: made the journey very agreeable. Found all pretty well on my return, but Bessy looking rather pale. Has been, during my absence, visiting at Spye Park and the Hugheses, which has got her over the time pretty cheerfully.

4th to 6th. It takes some time getting back to one's habits and studies after the dissipation of town.

12th. Came into Calne with Bowles to attend the election. Was to have gone to Bath with Bessy to-day, but the members having earnestly begged me to "help them through," put it off till to-morrow. Called with Bowles upon my pretty stage-coach friend, who proves to be the daughter of a new chemist come to Calne. Found her behind the counter reading "Voltaire's Tragedies;" drank some of her soda-water. Took Macdonald there afterwards; all admired her exceedingly; Bowles in raptures, and will kill himself drinking soda-water for her sake. Walked between the two members to the town hall; no pelting, contrary to what we had anticipated; a few slight hisses during a part of Abercromby's speech, but they

soon died away. One of the electors at the close of the proceedings, said they expected to have heard Mr. Moore speak. "So you will," said Macdonald, "if you will come to the dinner;" the Calnite (who was one of the dissentients) shook his head negatively. Abercromby begged of me to write a letter to Lord Lansdowne to say how well every thing had gone off; walked to Hughes's, and wrote my letter from thence. The dinner at three o'clock; furiously hot. My health proposed by one of the burgesses. Made a speech in which I endeavoured to give as popular a complexion to the transaction as possible; did not blink the question of Reform, but said, "However unluckily Calne furnished an example of that anomaly and inequality in our representation which I, in common with all friends to Reform, lamented, yet I could not but look upon it as an instance of that compensating power by which Providence so often educed good out of evil, that Calne should be able to place two members in the House; who, whenever the day of parliamentary purification arises, will be among the first to plead for that great cause; and thus best evince their gratitude to the town by raising her to that rank in the representative body of England which she so well deserved to occupy;" something of this kind. Both Abercromby and Macdonald seemed delighted with what I said; the latter particularly overflowed with praises of it, and made a speech afterwards near an hour long about me. The day altogether went off much better than we could have expected; an unspeakable relief, however, to get away. Drove with the members to Bowood, and walked from thence home.

13th. Off early to Bath; performed various commissions, and brought our sweet Anastasia home.

14th, 15th, &c. For the remainder of the month I must

journalise *en gros*. Resumed my Egyptian story, and worked a little almost every day. Sent to Power, "When night brings the hour" (which I had written a verse of before I went to town), and new words to "'Tis not where lights are shining." Sent to the "Times" some verses on the election at Cambridge, "Bankes is weak and Goulburn too;" also on the Somersetshire election, "Alas! alas! thou Man of Corn." Received from Barnes a letter on the subject of the latter, which he said he felt some compunction at putting in (notwithstanding its pleasantry) on account of the abuse it contained of Hunt. Received several strange letters. One from a lady who calls herself Mrs. ——, full of praise of my Sheridan; gives me to understand that she is in high life; the curricle and deer-cart at the door waiting for her to go to see the stag-hounds thrown off, but could not bring herself to leave my book, &c.: ten years of marriage, she says, have diminished whatever personal attractions she might once have had: the letter altogether clever and lively. An epistle also from a lady at Birmingham, who tells me, among other things, that her heart is like an Æolian lyre, and that some hands have visited it rather roughly, and

"Like the winds of the south o'er a summer-lute blowing,
Have hushed all its music and withered its frame."—(My own lines.)

Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, in which he says that he would have written before, but that an effort to write too soon had already caused a relapse of the gout in his hand. In talking of the elections, he says, "the Cambridge election has given birth to a better song than I could have expected from collegiate manufacture; I hope it did not escape you in the 'Times.'" Wrote an article for the "Edinburgh Review" upon a trifling

French work, "Mœurs Administratives;" had nothing better to work upon; accordingly, *ex nihilo nihil fit.*

July 3rd. Called at Bowood in the evening, the Lansdownes having arrived on Saturday. Lord L. much better; sat with them till near ten o'clock; promised to dine there on Friday (7th). Told me the King had in two instances lately shown his decided hostility to the Catholic Question; one was on addressing S. Wortley on his peerage, in which he expressed his satisfaction with him on every point but one in which he entirely differed with him; the other was in speaking to Duncombe on *his* promotion, when he said how highly he approved of his sentiments on this question. Dined two days at Spye Park.

4th to 6th. On the 6th walked in the evening towards Buckhill to meet Bessy, who had gone there to tea; overtaken by the Lansdownes, who took me part of the way in their carriage. Sent two songs to Power, "The Garland I send Thee," and "The World was hushed."

7th. Dined at Bowood; drove about the grounds with them after dinner; staid till near ten. Showed Lady L. my letter from the anonymous high-life lady.

8th to 10th. Sent a squib to the "Times" on "No Popery: a Despatch from Don Strepitoso Diabolo," &c. Lord L. called on the 10th: told him I should come and drink tea with them in the evening. Did so; drank tea under the tent in the pleasure grounds; went afterwards on the water; Lady Louisa and the little French girl rowed; Lady L. pushed off the boat, &c.; Lord L. and I (to our great amusement) sitting like grand Turks, and reversing Cleopatra's triumph. Very anxious that I should meet them at Lord Cawdor's (as I have been invited to do) on their return from Ireland.

12th. The Lansdownes started from Holyhead; took Miss Ricardo with them.

13th to 16th. Various letters have passed between me and Dr. Bain on the subject of our meditated visit to him; Bessy has for some time given up the idea, and I am to go alone; succeeded in persuading Bowles to go with me. Sent a squib to the "Times" about "Mr. Dodsworth," the man found under an avalanche. Received a letter from a man telling me he has written a trajedy (spelling it thus with a *j*), and begging me to assist him in having it brought forward. Wrote in answer that it would give me great pleasure to be of service to him; but that I trusted he would forgive my frankness in saying that from certain proofs of a neglected education which occurred in his letter, I rather fancied literature was not exactly the line he was likely to succeed in. Had a pic-nic party to Bowood on the 14th, consisting of Mrs. Napier and children, Prowses and ditto, our own little flock, the Phippses, and two of the Hugheses. Dinner laid out on the steps of the mausoleum; the day delicious; walked before dinner through the pleasure-grounds; all returned to tea with us. A letter from Lady Cawdor, inclosing me some airs she promised, and renewing her invitation for me to meet the Lansdownes.

17th. Writing letters. Sketched out the first verses of two songs for Power.

18th. Bowles and Mrs. B. called for me in their carriage at ten o'clock; Bowles all in a fuss about our arrangements with Lord Arundell and Bain. Stopped for some time at Warminster; called with B. on Mr. W. an odd sort of ignorant old fellow with a good fortune, who has passed most of his life in travelling. When some one said to him at Naples, "Mr. W., this is rather a differ-

ent country from Salisbury Downs," he answered, "Yes, but I think this a very pretty country too." Found letters at Warminster from Lord Arundell, saying that he expected us to dinner; one of the letters to me, and brought express, by a man and horse from Wardour. Got to Lord Arundell's a little after five, having separated from Mrs. B. at Hindon and taken a chaise. Company at dinner: Miss Macartney (called Countess as being a Chanoinesse), Mr. Jones, a great antiquarian, Mr. Benson, Lord Arundell's uncle and brother, and the chaplain. In the evening the organist played in the hall, and Lord and Lady A. sung several Gregorian chaunts: had singing afterwards to the pianoforte. Slept at Wardour.

19th. Some discussion before breakfast on a Latin epitaph which Lord A. is about to have set over an old priest at Salisbury. Bowles questioned the propriety of the term *sacerdos*, as applicable rather to a dignitary than a priest (he was thinking of the "Sacerdos maximus"), but it is the word always used. This brought on some talk about epitaphs. The following quoted by Lord A. rather good — upon a man who was very fond of oysters, and died of a surfeit of them; something as follows.

"Tom ——
Lies in these cloisters;
If at the last trump
He should not jump,
Cry 'oysters!'"

We referred to Louth's beautiful epitaph on his daughter,

* * * * * * *

"Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero:
Cara, redi, læta tum dicam voce, paternos
Ejà age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi."

Made them laugh with "Here lies John Shaw," &c. which they had never heard. Story of the barrister making a speech on the wrong side, and when reminded of it by his alarmed client, going on coolly with "Such, my lord, are the arguments that, no doubt, may be used on the other side, but I shall proceed to show," &c. &c. After breakfast read some of a new Catholic work, "Morus," by a Mr. Kenelm Digby, full of learning, and though strongly Catholic, tolerant and amiable; the style, however, longwinded and obscure. At two o'clock set off (Lord A., Mr. Jones, Bowles, and myself) to walk to Benett's; Mr. Benson accompanied us part of the way. Jekyll at Merchant Tailors' Hall being asked by one of that body to translate the motto, "*Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*," said it meant "Nine tailors make a man." A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umpling?" Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and the *gend'arme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, "*Tête de veau; pied de cochon; ça suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*" A French bookseller told Benson, speaking of two books that he had in his hand, "This is bound in mutton, sir, and this in veal." Mrs. Benett not well enough to see us: the place looking quite beautiful. Same party at dinner as yesterday, with the exception of Mr. Benson, who went off to town. Told me he had, among the books he brought with him from Corsica, some translations from me; showed me some pretty things by the Corsican poet, Viali. Music in the evening. On my expressing a desire to see the castle by moonlight, Lady Arundell offered to accompany me,

and she and I and the priest set off together. The night was delicious, but the moon too high to shine through the windows as we wished it.

20th. After breakfast Mrs. Bowles (who is staying with her sister at Knoyle) came for us. Lady Arundell most kind in expressing her wishes that I would soon come again, and that I would bring Mrs. Moore with me: promised that I would. Set off at eleven; drove through a part of the grounds which I had not before seen; all laid out with much taste; the lodges and cottages (Lord A.'s own designs) very pretty. Went to Donhead to a cottage of Bowles's, in which he lived while curate at Knoyle; the grounds all planted by himself. 'Twas to this place he addressed his lines, "Oh no, I would not leave thee, my secret home." Under a tree in the grounds is an urn with the pretty Latin inscription which he has given in the 2nd volume of his works, written on Mrs. Bowles's sister, to whom he was to have been married. Two of Bowles's sisters now live rent free in his cottage. This neighbourhood, between Wardour and Knoyle, very fertile in recollections of eminent men; Lord Clarendon, Fielding, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir C. Wren. The chancel of Knoyle was one of the latter's first works. Went next to Shaftesbury to excuse ourselves to Charles Bowles (B.'s brother), who, we found, expected us to dinner; promised to breakfast with him in the morning. Paid visits afterwards to several of Bowles's friends — the Wrottesleys (Miss Wrottesley turning out to be an old London acquaintance of mine, a Maid of Honour), the Hillyars, &c.; and at last arrived at Mr. Still's (Mrs. B.'s brother-in-law), where we were to dine and sleep. A good quiet dinner; Mrs. B.'s sister a nice kind old lady. Sung in the evening with Miss Still, and walked home through

the fields with my host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who live in a pretty cottage belonging to Mr. Still, and gave me a hearty welcome and a comfortable bed.

21st. Called for by Bowles between eight and nine. Went on to Shaftesbury to breakfast with his brother, who lives in a house that originally belonged to their father, and which Bowles sold for 2000*l.*; Charles has now a lease of it for his life: the trees in the grounds all planted by their father. In walking into Shaftesbury after breakfast, Bowles called to inquire after his old nurse who is still alive (Nanny Freke), and left a *shilling* for her! Went with him to the bookseller's, Rutter, a Quaker, who expressed great delight at seeing me; praised my "Life of Sheridan" abundantly. Just before we drove off from the banker's next door to him, this enthusiastic Quaker came to the carriage-door, and thrusting in a copy of his splendid work on Fonthill Abbey, said, "There, friend, accept that as a mark of my respect for the independent spirit you have shown in your Life of Sheridan." Thence proceeded to Blandford, where we stopped to rest the horses. Bought two children's books at Blandford; saw in a music-shop window the ballad of "Here's a Health to Thee, Tom Moore," and went in to buy it; but while the man was in the act of selling it to me, a lady came out from the parlour, and said that it was by mistake it was put in the window; that she had borrowed it and it must not be sold. Arrived at Bain's just in time to dress for dinner; Charles Sheridan not yet come. Some singing in the evening. The Bains disappointed to find that we do not mean to stay longer than Tuesday.

22nd. Drove to see Lulworth Castle. The wretched taste of the statues in the niches; the chapel on one side,

the church on the other, and the castle (as I told Bowles) keeping the peace between them. A fine opening to the sea from one of the windows. While I was admiring it, Bain told me with tears in his eyes, that it was here his son and Baring went down and were lost; the Miss Bains and Mrs. Baring looking on at the time. He seemed quite overcome at the recollection. Company to dinner, Mr. Bond, a clergyman, and his wife and daughters; Charles Sheridan, too, had arrived in the morning. In talking of absent people, Sheridan mentioned a man who put his watch in the saucepan and held the egg in his hand to boil it by. Singing in the evening; attempted some Italian things with the Miss Bains, but they were too shy to let out their voices. Mrs. Bond an intelligent, agreeable mannered woman, and evidently much delighted with my songs.

23rd. Read after breakfast Plutarch's essay "De Iside" for my Egyptian story; a curious specimen of ancient manners to find this treatise, which is full of horrors of indecency, &c., dedicated to a *lady*. Drove to church three miles off; a small wretched barn, full of dingy, stinking people. Had no conception before that the proud Protestant establishment was ever so meanly lodged; Bowles said he never saw anything like it. Walked back from church. No company to dinner, but some excellent champagne, hock, and claret. Bowles quoted an epigram on Dr.——, who had a very large nose and squinted:

> "The reason why Doctor —— squints, I suppose,
> Is because his two eyes are afraid of his nose."

Sung a little with the Miss B.'s in the evening.

24th. Breakfasted early and set off to Mr. Bond's at Tyneham (I think) on the coast, the whole party. I, with Bain in his pony-carriage, was gate-opener to the

party all the way; dreadfully bad road. Went over Whiteway Hill and descended thence into the wild solitary valley where Mr. Bond lives. Second Miss Bond a good artist; the rooms furnished with oil paintings of her doing. Walked out after luncheon to visit the cliffs; no easy task; Bowles obliged to turn back from his head going giddy. The scene full of novelty for me, as I had never before been on a bold coast; much struck by it; mistook a sail-boat below for a bird. Got home time enough to dress for dinner; two other Miss Bonds (coming to these at Tyneham) our party. Sung for them in the evening. Bowles's carriage broke by the bad road, and will not be ready time enough in the morning for me to catch the coach (as I expected) at Blandford. Shall be obliged to go on with Bowles to Salisbury. Forgot to mention yesterday that C. Sheridan at church lent me a Romaic prayer book (the Church of England service translated into Romaic); and seeing that I took a great fancy to it, made me a present of it. Omitted to mention too that Bain, on my praising his port wine the day before yesterday, said he had more of it than he knew what to do with, and would send me a hamper to Sloperton.

25th. Started after an early breakfast, Bowles, Sheridan, and I, for Blandford; rested there some time and then set out for Salisbury; lunched at the half-way house; arrived at Salisbury between five and six. Called at Captain M'Donnel's before dinner; dined at the inn, the White Hart. Sauntered about afterwards with C. Sheridan; and delighted to have had the opportunity of forming a nearer acquaintance with Sheridan, who improves by being better known, and is a sensible, ingenious, and kind-hearted person. To-day in passing over the Downs talked much of Doddington and the literary men with whom he

lived. Windham of Salisbury had a number of MSS. of Doddington's, which Bowles had looked over (some most indecent poems among them); believes that Windham destroyed them. There is also a journal of Glover's among these papers, kept in the year 1745, which Bowles says is curious.

26th. Bowles and C. Sheridan determined to set off for Southampton; and I, finding that the Devizes coach does not start to-day, thought I could not do better than go, first to the race-ground (Bowles having bequeathed his carriage and horses to me for that purpose), and then take a chaise home. The race-course very gaily attended: met Macdonald there, and Baker, who pressed me to remain over to-day and dine with him: met also Locke, and his brother-in-law, Powell, who urged me to join their party at the house of the latter, and stay for the ball on Tuesday, Locke offering to bring me home on Saturday; was obliged however to refuse. Saw one race and returned to the inn, where I lunched, and then set off in a chaise for Devizes, having bought Price's "Essay on the Picturesque" (a good companion over Salisbury Downs) to read on the way. Got to Devizes between six and seven, and walked home. Found Bessy just returned from Bath, where she had been to leave 'Stasia at school, and expected to meet me there.

27th to 31st. Dined on the 28th (Bessy and I) with the young Starkeys at the Park, the father being away; regaled us merrily with claret, ices, &c. &c. Sent off some verses to the "Times," "The Millennium." Wrote some things, too, for Power; two sets of words to "Early one Morning;" a sketch of a glee, "Hush, hush!" and words to an air for the Greek work, "As by the Shore at Break of Day." Find that the Houltons have been here while I

was away, and made Bessy promise to fix a day for us to go there; more idling! Must give up meeting the Lansdownes at Lord Cawdor's on their return.

August 1st and 2nd. Wrote to Murray to say that I was anxious to know whether he had made any progress in collecting the materials for "Byron's Life."

3rd. Went to Devizes, Mrs. Napier taking me in her chaise. Went to the lecture of a Mr. Wood, who has sent me a free admission for all his course; by no means bad. Called at Vincent's on my way home, and he drove me the rest of the way. Working at my Egyptian story. A letter from Barnes to say that my "Attic salt" would be more than ever welcome just now.

10th to 14th. On the 10th had a pic-nic to Bowood with the Starkeys and Collinses. Met Bowles in the wood, and walked some time with him. Mentioned the story of Dr. Bull, the celebrated contrapuntist paying a visit to a foreign composer whom he did not find at home, but saw a piece of music arranged by him for forty parts; Bull sat down and wrote forty more to it; which, when the composer on his return saw, he exclaimed, "This must be either the Devil or Dr. Bull!" Fixed to go to the Houlton's on Tuesday next. Sent off two things to the "Times;" "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter" and "Ode to a Hat." Sent also to Power words to an Indian air, "Like him who doomed." Wrote to Murray to know what progress he has made in collecting the Byron papers. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne from Kenmare, informing me of his approaching departure from Ireland for Lord Cawdor's, and hoping to meet me there. Received a letter from Houlton, wishing us to put off our visit till Monday week, as he is engaged for Wednesday and Thursday, which would only leave one

day for us to pass with him. Returned for answer, that we were so uncertain for next week, that we would make sure of Tuesday at all events.

15th. Set off in a chaise (Bessy and I, and Hannah and Russell) for Houlton's; stopped to visit our neighbours the Collinses on the way. Called also on Crabbe at Trowbridge, but he was not at home; arrived at Farley about three. Walked in the garden and grounds before dinner. Houlton has had a letter from Sir J. Astley, saying he will come to Farley to-morrow; this keeps the Houltons at home; so we agreed to stay over to-morrow. Music in the evening; Isabella's guitar, as usual, delightful; duets on the pianoforte and harp by her and Eliza.

16th. Set off to call on the Shirleys, to whom the H.s had been engaged to-day. Found there the Lockes who are on a visit for a few days; a pretty place; walked about, lunched, &c. Pressed by the Shirleys to come to them to-morrow; but couldn't; half promised we would come next week. Sir J. Astley not arrived at Farley. Evening very agreeable. John Houlton, among other things, sung *Un tenero amore* from the "Semiramide," with Eliza, whose voice in this is full of melancholy and expression.

17th. Went to see the castle and chapel, and sent for a chaise to take us home. Had music before we went. Sir J. Astley arrived. Started between two and three, and got home about five. Met Benett and Phipps on their way to the Trowbridge dinner.

18th. Benett and Mrs. Phipps called: mentioned that we had some thoughts of going to town, and he offered us the use of his house.

19th to 22nd. Sent to the "Times" the "Petition of the Orangemen of Ireland." They have not yet inserted the "Ode to a Hat," through fear, I suppose, of the par-

sons. Told Barnes from the first that this sensitiveness about the Church would be a restraint upon me in my operations for them. Received a letter from Mr. Upcott, who has purchased the papers of Garrick, expressing his wish that I should undertake the editorship of them, and bidding me name my own terms; wrote to decline it. Received a letter from a Mr. Smith sending me a work (translations from the Greek) by Leopold Joss, together with some original Greek music. In reference to the latter he says, "As lyric monarch you have a right to all such jetsam and flotsam; and they must be worthless indeed if you cannot ennoble them in your "National Melodies." Received a very civil answer from Murray, to say that he had been attending to the arrangement of the Byron papers, and that there was already as much transcribed as filled four cyphering books! A good deal embarrassed by the prospect of being obliged to go up to town to take leave of Lucy Drew, whom we shall not see again for some years; Bessy having set her heart upon going up too, which increases the expense. Wrote to Power and Murray to see whether I could not have from one or the other some pretext of business for my visit; but Power cannot get Bishop to fix a time for business, and Murray is not yet sufficiently ready with the papers to admit of our looking them over together, as I proposed. The "Ode to a Hat" has appeared, but abridged of a stanza.

23rd to 30th. Employed chiefly at my Egyptian tale. Had driven over with our neighbour Collins to Bowood on the 21st, and brought away "Priestley's History of the Church." The Lansdownes arrived next day; walked over there a day or after; met Lord L. on my return. Felt myself rather ill for some days. Lord L. called and walked in the garden with me for some time; said that the

day he arrived at Lord Cawdor's, they saw the steam packet approaching and thought it probable I was on board. It had the longest tail of smoke behind he had ever seen; and he said to Lord Cawdor, "Moore has evidently heard your dinner bell, and bid them put on more coals." Wrote words to one of Mr. Joss's Greek airs, "They are gone;" the prettiest thing I have done for some time. Lord L. asked Bessy and me to come over and dine on Saturday next (Sept. 2.). Fixed to go to town on the 6th. The following is the omitted stanza of the "Ode to a Hat:"

> "Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
> So redolent of Church all over;
> What swarms of tithes in vision dim, —
> Some, pig-tailed, — some, like cherubim,
> With ducklings' wings — around it hover!
> Tenths of all dead and living things,
> That nature into being brings,
> From calves and corn to chitterlings."

Sent up a squib, better than usual, to the "Times:" "A Vision; by the Author of Christabel."

31st. Walked over to Bowood; saw Lady L. and sat with her some time. She said, "What an admirable thing in yesterday's 'Times!'" "What, Coleridge's?" I asked. "Coleridge's indeed!" she answered, with a smile that showed plainly *whose* she thought it. I however denied as well as I could, being but a bad *denier*. Offered to send the carriage for us on Saturday; gave me a long account of their dinner at Lord Wellesley's; Lady W. becomes her station admirably. Lord L. had already told me how well she went through her representation. He had a good deal of talk with her, and she spoke of her pride in being an American; recollected being taken when a child, to see the place where her grandfather burned the tobacco rather than let it fall into the hands of the English;

and remembers and values this more than she would the proudest heraldry.

Sept. 1st and 2nd. Received a note from Barnes full of praise of the "Vision." Col. Napier returned, walked a little with him; spoke also of the "Vision" as wonderfully clever; asked me if it was mine; said *not;* said it was likely to be by Denman, who, to my surprise, he mentioned as a person guilty of many good *jeux d'ésprit.* Company at Lord L.'s; the Ricardos, Bowleses, young Awdrey, &c. &c. A delightful day; sang a good deal in the evening.

3rd. Wrote part of a squib, "News for Country Cousins." Wrote also an air to words which I had already sent to Power, "The Light Bark that goes."

4th. Bessy set off for Buckhill, having borrowed the Gabys' donkey-cart; followed her in an hour or two afterwards; an early dinner at Hughes's. Set off (Bess and I) in the Shamrock coach at twenty minutes past nine; a Bristol merchant our companion; a very interesting man, who gave us a whole account of his life and adventures.

5th. Arrived in Albemarle Street between nine and ten, and found breakfast and a good fire ready for us. Could hardly hold up my head for want of sleep; Bessy much fresher than I; lay down on the bed for an hour or two, while Bessy drove out with Lucy; joined them afterwards, Lucy looking in high bloom. Dined at Power's. Bessy went to her mother's in the evening, while I walked to my tailor's, &c. Met Grattan, who consulted me on the subject of an Irish novel he is about to write. Called for Bessy at her mother's; tea at Power's; and home early, Lucy having sent her job carriage for us.

6th. Driving about all the morning. Called at Miss White's, who wanted us all to dine to-day, or fix some

other time; could not. Spoke of Frere, whom, I told her, we were to meet to-day: she said we should find him very sleepy; "that it did very well to have to say, 'Mr. Frere dined with me yesterday;' but that was all one had for it." Told me that Murray was very unsuccessful of late:" besides the failure of his "Representative" [newspaper], the "Quarterly" did not look very promising; and he was about to give up the fine house he had taken in Whitehall and return to live in Albemarle Street; said that there was to be a canto by Lord Holland in W. Rose's next volume of "Ariosto," which she thought imprudent of Rose, as Lord H.'s was said to be so very superior to his. Pressed us very much to name a day or evening to come to her. Called at the Fieldings', Lady Elizabeth having left her card yesterday; saw them all; Fielding ill with a sort of dumb gout; fixed to call and take us to dinner at Mrs. Montgomerie's. Company at Mrs. M.'s: Fielding and Talbot, Lucy and ourselves, the two Freres, M. Rosetti, and Grattan. Frere rather agreeable. When I mentioned the "aerial potato," of which Dr. Darwin gives an account in his "Phytologia," he said it was like O'Connell's eloquence. Talked a good deal about Lord Erskine; said how odious he thought those verses of his, "The Muses and Graces will just make a jury," when he first heard them; introducing law terms into love-verses. This, however, rather hypercritical. In the evening, M. Rosetti, who has just published a commentary on Dante (proving it, I think, to be a satire), gave us recitations from Tasso, and some Neapolitan songs. One of the latter about a Jew, Barokaba, very good. Repeated also some verses of his own, in which the four following lines struck me as pretty —

"E finita la pace,
La guerra è vivace;
L' affanno rimane,
La gioja s' en va."

Fielding brought us home at night. Called at Longman's this morning; gave me an account of the losses they have sustained from Constable. Sir W. Scott, they say, is in good spirits; says he "has yet twelve good years in him," and has no doubt of working through all his difficulties. Called, too, at Barnes's, but did not see him.

7th. Nothing but rain. Shopping about with Bessy and Lucy; Frederick Montgomerie with us part of the time. Quoted my parody on Horace, "Rosa quo locorum," and said there was more wit condensed in that book of mine than is to be found any where else in the same space. Talked of modern Greek, whether they have the true pronunciation of the ancients; the *equivoque* in the old oracle on Αιμος; their substitution of *v* for *b*, make the cry of a sheep, *va va;* the words they borrow from other languages, Ὁ Καπιτανος του Τριγαντινου. Called at Murray's, and found he was gone off to Chichester. Sent Barnes the "News for Country Cousins." Dined with Lucy at Barbour's; went in the evening to Sadler's Wells, B. having sent to take a private box; saw the pony races first, with which Bessy was much interested. Returned to tea at the Charter House, and then home. The Longmans have sent me Priestley's "Early Opinions," &c. (which I wished to read for my Egyptian work), with a note to say that I must return it on Saturday. Hard work to get through four octavos in that time.

8th. Lucy called upon us at ten to drive out to Twickenham for the purpose of seeing a villa that belongs to Lady Virginia; lunched at Richmond on our way back,

and went to see Lord Lansdowne's house there. Had two volumes of "Priestley" with me, and contrived to skim the cream of them on the way.

9th. The first fine day we have had. Walked about a good deal, after having devoted two or three hours to Priestley, from whom I made a sheet of extracts. Luttrell called. Forgot to mention that I saw him the day before yesterday, when he read me a humorous poem which he has written upon Rome, and which I advised him to publish. Went with Lucy and Bessy to the wild beasts and the British Gallery; found that I could not relish sufficiently Sir J. Reynolds's "Death of Dido;" the face of Dido beautiful, but her arms out of drawing, and the other figures disagreeable. The portrait of "Count La Lippe" very fine. Dined at the Charter House; sung in the evening; and home pretty early to pack for the morning. Saw Lord Strangford this morning; long conversation with him.

10th. Set off in the Emerald at half-past seven, and got home about the same hour in the evening. Found Bessy quite well. Forgot to mention, that while in town I received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he meant to go to Gloucester meeting, and had sent to order beds for him and me.

11th. Walked over to Bowood, and fixed with Lord L. to be with him at eleven on Wednesday morning (13th). Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which the Indian savages are remarkable, said that *that* seemed to bear out the theory of Dr. Davis (I think) in his "Celtic Researches;" namely, that the people we call barbarous and savage are the worn-out remains of civilised nations. This supposition, when we consider the countless empires that have

existed in the world, not altogether improbable; but it is going too far to suppose that the polished manners of such effete nations would survive the rest of their civilisation. Dined with the Napiers, who have Lady Bunbury (Mrs. N.'s sister) with them.

12th. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Incantation of the Bubble Spirit."

13th. Set off from Bowood with Lord L. at half-past eleven; stopped at Malmesbury to rest the horses, and saw the cathedral. Took, to read on the way, the Bishop of Salisbury's pamphlet on Milton's lately discovered Latin work. This brought on a conversation between us on the subject of the Trinity, and the disputes respecting it. Middleton's "Free Enquiry." No monument to him at Cambridge; merely a plain stone with his name inscribed on it. Watson's too, an eye-sore to the Reverends; but on *temporal* grounds. Shabby of Pitt not to promote him. At Rodbury took post-horses and arrived at Gloucester between five and six. Good lodgings taken for us opposite the King's Head; Bowles there already; his bed-room next to mine. Lord L. and I dined and went to the evening concert; the Ricardos there. Lord L. introduced me to Lord and Lady Ducie. "The Last Rose of Summer," by Caradori, very ineffectively sung, and went off flatly. Had to stand a good deal of staring; some talk with Lord Worcester, &c. A ball after the concert; stayed till between twelve and one.

14th. Breakfasted early. Sent off to Barnes my "Incantation." To the cathedral between ten and eleven. Lord Ducie wished us to go to the *Lay* gallery, but we remained faithful to the Spiritual and Bowles: sat with the Ricardos. Some of the selections very good: "In sweetest Harmony," the "Benedictus," the "Heavens are

telling." Dined at the ordinary; some doubts whether I should get a place from the neglect of Bowles in not giving in my name. Ricardo and I got together towards the bottom of the table; ninety persons; twice as many as ever dined before. At the top of the table were Lords Ducie, Sherborne, Worcester, Calthorpe, the Duke of Beaufort, &c. &c. Contrary to my expectation my health was given (proposed by Lord Ducie's son, Moreton); and, still more extraordinary in the presence of so many high Tories, was the only toast drunk with three times three. Some of the honest country gentlemen who sat near me, but did not know me, as soon as their glasses were filled, directed their eyes towards the upper part of the table, and roared out aloud, "Mr. Moore, your health," till Ricardo said, impatiently, "There he is, this is Mr. Moore here amongst us." Went in the evening to the concert; very crowded. Home between twelve and one. Lord L. wanted to pay for all my tickets, saying, that I was "his guest;" but I insisted on his allowing me to discharge at least this part of my expenses. "Eveline's Bower" this evening, by Miss Stephens, very flat.

15th. After breakfast joined Lord L. at Lord Ducie's. The Duciess wish me to pay them a visit at their country house after the Music Meeting, but cannot. Meant to be off early, but was induced to go with Lords Ducie and Sherborne to see the prison and pin manufactory. Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of

these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him. At half-past one o'clock left Gloucester; found Lord L.'s four horses waiting for us at Rodbury. * * * * Had some mutton cutlets and a bottle of sherry at Malmesbury, while the horses rested; and reached Derry Hill between seven and eight, when I got out (it being a delicious moonlight night), and walked home. Found Newton, who arrived the day before yesterday, and had been to dine to-day, with Bessy, at Napier's.

18th. Desperate rain; Newton evidently glad of the excuse to put off his departure from us till to-morrow. Made some pretty sketches in Bessy's album. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me for three or four days this week, but answered that I could come only on Friday. Newton's opinions of Raphael, that though his single figures are perfection there is too often a want of poetry and even sense in his general design; the Transfiguration an instance. The two boys in the Dresden Madonna leaning as on a table; the old saint in the same picture, so discordant with the other figures; the Magdalen here, though perhaps a little coquettish, exquisite.

19th. Walked with Newton on his way to Bowood.

20th. Went (Bessy and I and Buss) to Locke's to dine and sleep; a large party; Napier, the Grossetts, the Warrenders, Amyot, &c. &c. Napier mystifying with his paradoxes at dinner. Sung a good deal in the evening; Mrs. Grossett also sung.

21st. * * * * Walked to Devizes with Bessy and Selina Locke, for the purpose (on my part) of seeing Luttrell; met him on my way to Scott's. Walked with us a good deal; quoted *à propos* of Selina Locke's eyes, the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl, "Lend me your eyes for to-night; I want to kill a man." Said he

detected me in the "Times" yesterday (alluding to the "Incantation"); but I disavowed. Company at Locke's: the Vincents and John Starkey; in the evening, Mrs. Vincent played and sung.

22nd. Walked home with Bessy, and prepared for my visit to Bowood; dreadful idling; near three weeks now *sine lineâ;* ruinous! Got to Bowood about six: company, the Aucklands and Newton (the only inmates), Bowleses, Grossetts, and Heneages. Sung in the evening, "They are gone;" very much liked. Slept there.

23rd. In speaking at breakfast of the custom of the Lords wearing their hats in conferences with the Commons, and the latter taking them off, Lord L. said that the point of etiquette was once contested between them, and public business a good deal obstructed by their dissension; but Speaker Onslow had the merit of settling the matter thus — as the Lords sit with their backs to the Throne (?) they are not, he said, supposed to see it, and therefore not expected to uncover; whereas the Commons with that object before their eyes could not in decency keep their hats on their heads. This reconciled the pride of the latter, and got over the difficulty!* On my describing the way I was situated at the cathedral at Gloucester, Lord A. said that it was plain I was a man more sat upon than sitting: was prepared to be pressed to stay to-day, and made up my mind accordingly. Walked home, and employed myself in transcribing some things from Magee's "Atonement." This is surely an overrated work; its plan desultory; its tone arrogant; and its reasoning weak. No one at dinner but the Aucklands,

* There is some obscurity here. A conference never takes place in the House of Lords; but there may have been a throne in the Painted Chamber.

Newton, and myself. Sung in the evening; Lady L. a good deal affected, both by "They are all gone" and the "Evening Gun." Walked home between twelve and one.

25th to 27th. Sent some verses to the "Times," "A Dream of Turtle, by Sir W. Curtis." Several allusions to the last one (the "Incantation") have appeared since its insertion. Wrote to Barnes to remind him of his promise to come to us. Received a letter from the Longmans (which, though I have been for some time rather prepared for its contents) disturbed me not a little. After inquiring whether I had come to any conclusion with Murray upon the terms which he himself proposed (namely the paying off my debt to them in the first instance), they add that, after their late losses they cannot but say that the payment of this sum would be at this time very welcome to them.

28th. Wrote to the Longmans, and stated the extent of my intercourse with Murray since I had last seen them, amounting to no more than the two letters I received from him in answer to my inquiries as to his progress in collecting the papers; added that if I had had any idea of their being anxious for the immediate payment of the money, I would have pressed that point in the first instance; that I would now lose no time in doing so, and would write to Rogers (who had consented to be my negotiator with Murray on the subject) immediately. Wrote to Rogers, and directed it to town, not knowing where he is. Have received from Power a MS. copy of the poetical part of our Greek work for the purpose of finishing it off as soon as possible. Must suspend my story to do this: altogether feel harassed and uncomfortable.

29th. Plaguing letters, &c. from beggars and scrib-

blers. A Mr. —— sends me no less than a comedy, a set of tales, and a poem (all in MS.) to look over! An anonymous gentleman wishes a recommendation to the Literary Fund; his only qualification a bad novel from the Minerva press. A Major and Mrs. F. write to complain that the Reviews have accused their friend Lieut. S. of borrowing his "Bay Leaves" from me, and seem to expect that I will vindicate the lieutenant from the charge. One of my unknown Kerry cousins sends me a petition, the first clause of which is, "that your petitioner has the honour of being your first cousin;" he then tells me that I gave him 10*l.* four years since, in Dublin (which is a lie); and concludes by entreating me to "resume my generous habits." Wrote to Mr. —— to say, that I hope he will excuse my frankness, but that I have looked over his MSS. and do not think that literature is his line.

30th. Received a letter from the Longmans expressing their regret at having given me so much uneasiness, which was by no means their intention; and inclosing me one of Murray's announcements of his new publications, in which he mentions as preparing for the press, "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Byron" (*without* any author's name). * * * * Had a party to dinner, consisting of Col. Napier and Collins (the two strangers for whom it was given), Dr. Starkey and his son, the two Hugheses, and Prowse; the Miss Starkeys and Mrs. Collins in the evening. Did my best to amuse them, though but little in a mood for mirth. Staid supper.

October 1st. Wrote to Murray; and without mentioning the suspicions his announcement had excited in me, merely asked him to explain the meaning of his change of plan from what we had agreed on together; and to say at the same time, whether any other material change had

taken place in the intentions he expressed to me on the subject of Lord B.'s life, in May last. Wrote also to Rogers, at Lord Lonsdale's, stating what had occurred, and inquiring how soon he could be in town to act as my negotiator with Murray, and to bring the whole matter to some definitive point. Meant to have walked over to Bowood with these letters, but was prevented by the rain; inclosed them to Lord L. with the copy of Murray's announcements, and expressed the anxiety I felt to consult him on the subject. A kind answer.

2nd. Lord L. called and I was out; left word he would come again; and did so. Brought Crowe (the author of "To-day in Ireland") with him; a shy man. In talking of Lord H., I mentioned the uneasiness he was in one day at my making him laugh, on account of a new dandyish wig he had on for the first time, and which laughing disturbed the set up. Lord L. said that the late Duke of Marlborough having been forbid all sorts of excitement (or being himself afraid of it), the invitations of the duchess were always accompanied with a promise that the person invited should not make the duke laugh; if any such effect was likely to be produced, the guest must stay away. The duke at one time did not speak for three years; and the first thing that made him break this long silence, was hearing that Mad. de Stael was coming to Blenheim, when he exclaimed, "Take me away!" Dined at Starkey's: company, the Collins, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Vilet; sung a good deal in the evening. Bessy slept there, and the Collins brought me home.

4th. Sent off a squib to the "Times," "Corn and Cotton, a Dialogue;" a good subject, but spoiled in the execution. No answer from Murray.

6th. Went to dine at Bowood; Bessy walked in the morning to dine and sleep at Buckhill. Company at Bowood, only Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday, and Mr. Crowe. Lord L. told of some one who mentioned at a large dinner, that he had seen that day, in the street, a most extraordinary sight; namely, a very handsome carriage driving about with four monkeys in it. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" said a little Prussian nobleman who was among the company, "*c'étoit moi et mes trois singes.*" Mentioned some one having said of Lord Melville, that he was the only orator who ever forced the House to learn his language instead of his learning theirs. Turned over the new number of the "Quarterly" in which they call me "a sprightly partisan;" was near saying to Lord Lansdowne that *he* would not join them in calling me a *partisan;* but such are the consequences of being honest and impartial. Slept there; promised to stay over to-morrow.

7th. Lady L., who in calling on Mrs. Hughes yesterday had seen Bessy, begged me to prevail on her to come and dine at Bowood to-day, and sleep. After breakfast Luttrell and I walked over to Buckhill. * * * Bessy would not dine at Bowood because this is Tom's day of coming home, and she does not like to lose his company: left Buckhill with us to walk to Spye Park and home. In Sandy Lane met by the Starkeys, who took Bessy home in their carriage; and Luttrell and I walked to Spye Park. Nothing could look more beautiful; a sombre day suits it. Found Jane at home, who gave us luncheon. In talking of my restlessness, Luttrell said (to Jane's amusement) that I ought to be treated as Zephyr is in a ballet called "Zephyre puni et fixé." Luttrell walked to the cottage with me, where I played him over some music; and then both walked back again to Bowood.

Charles Fox and his wife in addition to our party at dinner. In talking after dinner of sailing, &c., Fox was describing the sea as he had once seen it, all in flames round the ship in passing through the Gut of Gibraltar; "an inflammation in the bowels," said Luttrell. Sung in the evening; but my audience very dull.

8th. Lady L. made me promise to stay till after luncheon. Luttrell showed me a pretty translation of his from the German, which I made him promise me to send to the "Times." Read some of "Landseer's Sabæan Researches." After luncheon Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. J——'s saying to him that in going circuit "there was always a floating balance of shirts among us, and I contrived to leave the party one morning when this balance happened to be particularly in my favour." Told him of some one saying Miss ——'s father and mother were "afraid to let her off the premises;" "for fear, I suppose (said Luttrell), that she should come to the *conclusion*." Worked at my Greek subject in the evening.

9th. Wet day. Greek work.

10th. Just as I was settling to business Luttrell arrived; one of the pleasantest interrupters I could have had, but still an interrupter. Had consented too, a little before, to dine at the Starkeys', in the hope of having a long day of work till six o'clock. Talked of the dull audience I had the other night at Bowood: told him I was fool enough to fancy at first that Mrs. F. was crying, but that I found she was only putting up her hands to settle her spectacles. "Ay (he said), you thought it was *nocte pluit totâ*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula*." Repeated me some lines of his about Lord F. B.; one stanza was something as follows:

"'Tis said you're famous at a breach,
Covering yourself with glory;
But when you come to make a speech,
That's quite another story."

Gave me a copy of his translation from Gellert (?) to send to the "Times." Walked with him the greater part of the way to Bowood; was back but just time enough to dress for the Starkeys', who sent their carriage for us. Company, only Mrs. Collins and Col. Keate: sung in the evening; a different audience in every respect from that on Saturday. Wrote to the Longmans to-day "* * * that I had been since I wrote last calculating my own resources, and that I found I should at least be able to settle my account with them at Christmas, so as to leave but a balance of a few hundreds against me, which I could easily work through before Midsummer. That my assets towards them were, 1st, the money of Anastasia's in their hands, and the interest on it, which Bryan, when he told me of his settlement of 1000*l.* on her, suggested that I should devote towards freeing me from my embarrassments, and which I had now made up my mind to do; 2nd, the 300*l.*, which Lord John Russell insisted on leaving in their hands (being the profits of his "Life of Lord William Russell") towards the payment of my last Bermuda claim, but which has never been called for; 3rd, the sale of my three copyrights ("Angels," "Captain Rock," and "Holy Alliance"); and 4th, the produce and copyright of the Egyptian story I am about (deducting from thence a portion which I shall have to call upon them for between this and Christmas). That these different items amounted altogether to a sum which would leave no greater balance against me than I could with ease provide for by Midsummer.

11th. Employed at the Greek work. Began in the evening a squib for the "Times." The "Donkey and his Panniers."

12th. Finished my squib and sent it off, together with Luttrell's verses. Employed in the evening on the Greek work.

13th. Sent off the Greek work to Power. Dined with the Napiers.

14th. A most kind letter from the Longmans, saying, with many thanks for the efforts which I proposed to make towards a settlement with them, they were not so pressed for money as to wish to change our relative positions with each other; that they knew how well I could, in more than one quarter, raise supplies sufficient to meet all demands upon me; but that they thought the arrangement I had with them would be most satisfactory to my feelings, as being rather in the shape of *business* than of *obligation*. (I give more the substance than the words of their letter.) * * * Walked with Napier: talked of King William being a coward: quoted Marshal Berwick's anecdote of the difficulty of finding William during the action, when he, the Marshal, was taken prisoner and they wanted to conduct him to William; and of their at last finding him in a retired valley in such a state (Berwick says) as no general ought to be found in. . . .

16th. Set off for Bowood to see O'Driscoll, who has been there some days: met him coming to me and turned about with him. Spoke of the excited state of the public mind in Ireland: thinks that 300,000 men might be raised there at a very short notice, and that there is not a priest but would turn recruiting officer. While he was with me Bowles came, full of the verses in the "St. James's Chronicle;" nothing was ever so clever or so witty. Played off

the same ignorance of the poem, and indignation at the use of my name as I did to the Lockes, and with the same success. "Then it must have been written by Luttrell," said Bowles; "no one but you or he could have done it." Worked in the evening at my Egyptian story.

17th. A letter from Barnes, and some remarks in one of the leading articles of "The Times," upon the unjustifiable step of the "St. James's Chronicle." Worked at my Egyptian story.

18th. Working. Elwyn called while I was out; is coming to Bowood on Monday, and will bring Anastasia home for Tom's birthday.

19th. A letter from Rogers saying that he is in town, and that if I mean to go up before he goes to Bowood, I must go immediately. Another from Power to say that Rees will be leaving town in a day or two, and that he wishes me very much to see Sir W. Scott, who is now in London on his way to Paris. Resolved to start to-morrow morning; wrote to tell Lord L., who called while I was out. A kind note from him in the evening to express his regret at my going away just now, as a number of friends were coming in the course of the next ten days, and hoping that I should be able to return with Rogers. Met Charles Fox at Napier's this morning; he and O'Driscoll are also going to town in the morning.

20th. A chaise to Calne early, in order to be time enough for the first coach; was lucky enough to get a seat in the York House with Fox and O'Driscoll. Fox happening to have the "Memoirs of Berwick" with him, I referred to the passage about K. William, but found it not quite so strong as Napier had represented it; it *was*, however, a valley *très eloignée de l'action*, and from which William could neither see friends nor foes. Our whole day

rather amusing; Fox's mimicry very good; and I dosed them plentifully all the way with Irish stories, to the no small amusement of a lady fresh from Antigua, who formed the fourth of our party. O'Driscoll gentle and silent; "gentle, but not dull." Fox mentioned an epigram occasioned by a speech of the Duc de Fitzjames, spoken at the special instance of Chateaubriand, to support their party when it was tottering:

> "Fitzjames a parlé; c'est chose très certaine,
> Voilà Chateaubriand qui fait comme La Fontaine."*

This is as Fox gave it; the metre is evidently all astray. Mentioned a short memoir of his "Own Times," by the old Lord Holland (?), which is in the present Lord Holland's possession; the delight expressed in it at the progress of the King's passion for Lady Sarah Napier. Fox's imitation of the singing of different countries, of the cry of his guide in Asia Minor, &c. &c.; all very good. On our arrival Fox wanted me to go and take a bed at his aunt's house, but Rogers having also invited me, could, of course, accept no other invitation. Went to my lodgings in Duke Street, which I found ready for me. Dined at the Athenæum, and went early to bed.

21st. Breakfasted with Rogers. Told me that after having called once or twice upon Murray without seeing him, he met him a day or two since at Lockhart's; when Murray himself opened upon the subject, and explained the meaning of his announcement by saying that the papers of Lord Byron in his hands had proved so abun-

* The version I heard is —

> "Fitzjames a parlé; la chose est certaine,
> Chateaubriand a fait ce qu'a fait La Fontaine." — J. R.

dant and curious that some friends had advised him to publish them first separately; and then (he added) Mr. Moore is welcome to make all the use of them afterwards that he pleases. R. has been with Southey this summer. S.'s bigoted opinions; Charles I., he says, had but one fault, that of betraying his friend! his admiration of Laud, and his anger against Lord Holland for having called him "that bad man," in one of his speeches. "Only for my knowing Lord Holland (said Southey) I would have twigged him for that;" as if he considered himself the grand protector of all tyrants and bigots, living and dead. A witticism of Foote's: "Why are you for ever humming that air?" "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are for ever *murdering* it." Told him of the state of my affairs with the Longmans, and of the offer I had made to settle with them; on which he very kindly said, "Why not settle with them at once? Lord Lansdowne would, I am sure, lend you a thousand guineas, and I'll lend you another thousand." When I was parting with him, having owned that I sometimes felt fits of despondency at the prospect before me, he said, "No, no, you have a noble spirit of your own, and you must keep it up, you dog." Altogether my conversation with him was very cheering to me. Called upon Luttrell, who walked with me to Power's and to Longman's. Told the Longmans of Murray's explanation of his announcement to Rogers. They read us some correspondence that had passed between them and him on the subject of "Mrs. Rundell's Cookery," from which we learned the curious fact that, after this book had for many years produced Murray seven or eight hundred a-year, 2000*l.* was given by him for the copyright of it. "Gad! one wonders (said Luttrell) that there should be *any* bad dinners going." Had met Sir T. Lawrence on

our way to Longman's, who asked us to call at his house in a couple of hours. Called at Pickering's in Chancery Lane, who showed us the original agreement between Milton and Symonds for the payment of five pounds for "Paradise Lost." The contrast of this sum with the 2000*l.* given for Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," comprises a history in itself. Pickering, too, gave forty-five guineas for this agreement, three times as much as the whole sum given for the poem. It was part payment, I think (?). Went to Lawrence's: always wish I could like the man as much as I admire his works; but (as Luttrell says) "he is oily, and the oil bad into the bargain." On my mentioning that I was to dine with Rogers the next day, he expressed a strong wish to be of the party, and at length bid me say to R. that he would come. Left my name at Lockhart's for Sir Walter Scott, who dined with the King at Windsor yesterday and had not yet returned. Went to dine with Rogers at five; found I had got into a scrape by bringing Lawrence upon him to-morrow. Mentioned the Duke of Portland having once sat for an hour and twenty minutes without speaking when Lord J. Townshend went to him on the subject of the 10,000*l.* which he had subscribed for the Westminster election. "As every body else has come forward with their money, I venture to," &c. &c.; not a word from the Duke: "We do not wish for the whole sum at once, but if your grace," &c. &c.; still not a word; and, at the end of the hour and twenty minutes, he was bowed out silently by the Duke without getting any thing by his visit. R. and I went to Drury Lane, to Lady Spencer's box. The "Devil's Bridge" and the "White Lady." The scene of the White Lady rising out of the fountain, under a sort of bower of water-drops in the moonlight, most beautiful.

22nd. Breakfasted with R.; Luttrell and his son there. Mentioned some one who on seeing an unruly English mob said, "Now, what do these fellows want? it can't be liberty, for they seem to have plenty of that; I rather think it must be property, of which some of them appear to be in considerable want." Dreadful rain: took a hackney coach and drove to Brompton to see L.; afterwards called upon Barnes; spoke to him of Luttrell's poem upon Rome; whether it would be too long to insert in the "Times," as the Longmans think it too short to print separately. Said he should be very glad to insert it, and asked whether I would expect any remuneration for it; said, I believed not. Found a kind note on my return home from Sir Walter Scott, begging me, if possible, to come and partake of his daughter's (Mrs. Lockhart's) family dinner to-day, and, at all events, to come to breakfast to-morrow morning; had just written to him to propose myself for the latter. Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Luttrell and his son, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. L. mentioned some rich city heiress who, whenever any man made proposals of marriage to her, immediately sent for a Bow Street officer. Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that *he* was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him, by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in the behaviour of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's

surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in "Marmion." Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whiskey, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice. He spoke a good deal about Coleridge and Hogg, and recited, or rather tried to recite, some verses of the latter; but his memory appeared to me more wandering and imperfect than formerly.

23rd. Breakfasted at Scott's; Rogers there, and another person, whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in currant jelly, and then covered with feathers; his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, "A bird, by Jove!" Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was very full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and striking his foot violently with his stick, in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) "pelting away" at it again with his stick. "Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;" then taking off his boot, and finding that it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of this story admirable. In talking of their approaching trip to Paris I said, "How

I should like to go with you;" upon which both he and Miss Scott caught eagerly at my words, and with an earnestness that was evidently *real*, pressed me to accompany them. Nothing could be more tempting, and I almost made up my mind to do it. Their departure fixed for Thursday; promised to let them know for a certainty on Wednesday. Scott said, as I was coming away, "Now, my dear Moore, do think seriously of this; you would be of the greatest service to me, and we have a place for you in the carriage; only you must take care and not rumple Anne's frills." Set off, with Rogers, for Murray's. Talked, as we went, of my scheme of going with Scott. Threw a little *blight* over it; said it was an extraordinary frisk, but that it was like me; no body else would think of it; that it never would surprise him (even after hearing me complain, as I did eternally, of pressure of business and want of time), to be told of my having set off on a party of pleasure *any where*, with *any body*. He went into Murray's, while I walked about Albemarle Street. After a short interval came out for me, and he and I joined Murray in his office. Murray then repeated to me what he had just said to R., that his *only* reason for announcing the "Papers of Lord Byron" separate from the "Life," was to give a sort of éclat to his list of publications, and that he had not the least intention of departing from the plan which he, and I, and Hobhouse had agreed upon for the work in my last. Said I was very glad to hear this from him; that if he had but condescended to answer the letter I had written to him, my mind would have been easier on the subject. Both Rogers and I then enforced upon him the expediency of writing immediately, to make the same explanation to Hobhouse, who would be sure to view the announcement in the same light as I did; and who, if alarmed or dis-

pleased at such a departure from the plan agreed upon, might interpose his authority as executor summarily, and preclude both me and Murray from the liberty of publishing any paper of Lord Byron's whatever. I then said that as he must be aware of my situation, and the inconvenience of my being kept in suspense any longer, I trusted he would be able, by the time Mr. Rogers returned to town, to come to some definite arrangement on the subject. Said he would as soon as possible. * * * Called upon Luttrell; will *not* publish his verses in the "Times." Went to the Longmans to tell them of my idea of going with Scott; Longman highly pleased at the plan. Told him I should give Scott till to-morrow to consider of it, as there was certainly some degree of courage (standing in such high favour as he does with the King) in choosing a political reprobate like me for his companion. Longman said, Scott was not a man likely to have any fears or scruples of this kind. "Not if left to himself, probably; but he will meet shabby people enough to put it into his head, and, at all events, I will wait the chance of his changing his mind before I determine." Dined with Rogers at five; was to have gone with him to the play, but got off this, as I am to see the same play to-morrow night. Quoted a good parody of Luttrell's written during the famine and brown-loaf time:

> "Deepens the curses of each hungry oaf,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the loaf."

Talked of my "Sheridan;" gave me great pleasure by saying, that among those who most disliked it, and most differed with me, there was but one opinion as to the honesty and impartial feeling of the work. Adair, he says, feels more than any one the views which I have taken of Fox's career, and will not be satisfied, he thinks, without

leaving some answer behind him. Criticised my manner of telling some of the anecdotes, and, generally, with justice. Told him I regretted having put in those anecdotes at all, as I feared (what I had, indeed, anticipated would be the case) that they were generally thought poor and unworthy of Sheridan's fame. Wrote to Bessy to-day, to tell her of Scott's proposal, and of the disposition I felt to avail myself of it.

24th. On my way to breakfast with Newton called at Sir Walter's; a party with him at breakfast; not a word said by either himself or Miss Scott about my going with them to Paris. Felt how right I was in concluding that, upon reflection (or rather upon the representations of others), he would grow less eager on the subject. Richardson and Dr. Holland among his guests at breakfast. Sat to Newton. After leaving him, in passing through Pall Mall, met Scott. "Well," he said, "it's all fixed; I have sent for your passport." "Do you really mean," I asked, "that I am to go with you?" "Most certainly," he answered; "I have quite set my heart on it." He then said, that he did not mean to stay more than seven days in Paris; that he would refuse all dinner engagements, &c. In talking of going from the Tower (which is the way he has fixed upon) said, "and we shall eat such a hearty dinner when we arrive at Calais!" Left him at his own door, promising to be at dinner at five with his daughters, to go to the play. Forgot to mention, by the bye, that Sir Charles Stuart (to whom he went the other day with Rogers) mentioned (as the two persons most likely to be useful to him in anecdotes of Napoleon), Pozzo di Borgo and my friend Gallois.* Drove with L. to Paternoster

* Sir Charles Stuart mentioned likewise the Count *Daru* as likely to know much of Napoleon's life and government. — J. R.

Row: drew a bill upon Power for 150*l.*, which they cashed for me. Told me they had now succeeded to the whole property of the "Edinburgh Review," and begged me to do something for it. Said I had some idea of reviewing the two tragedies on the subject of "Anne Boleyn." To dinner at Lockhart's at five. Scott and Lockhart stood by while we were dining, as they were engaged to Wilmot Horton's dinner. All evidently bent on my joining them in their journey. Said I should be able to give them a decisive answer to-morrow; but that, at all events, it would not, I feared, be in my power to start with them on Thursday morning, but my intention was, if I went, to follow by the mail on Thursday night, and catch them at Calais, or a stage or two farther. Went to the play (to Mrs. Coutts's box) with Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and Capt. Lockhart. In talking of her father's plans of retrenchment, Miss Scott said, "Papa is a bad hand at economising;" and then added, laughing, "All his great plans of retrenchment have ended in selling my horse!" The play, "Peveril of the Peak;" the third or fourth night. In trying to make out the plot Miss Scott said, "One confuses the stories of those novels, there are so many of them; 'pon my word, papa must write no more;" a proof that the mask is about to be thrown off entirely.

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Note from Lady Listowel to know what day I can dine with her; could not give a decided answer. Met Bishop at Power's at one, to arrange together the Greek work and my set of "Glees." Received, while there, Bessy's answer to my letter; leaves me wholly to my own decision with respect to the trip to Paris. Almost made up my mind to go, but still had a feeling that I *should not;* the idea of taking advantage of Scott's *bonhommie,* and letting him do what

he might afterwards repent of, hung about me still. Resolved, however, to make an effort to start *with* him from the Tower, and, if I could not manage that, not to go at all. Did a good deal with Bishop in the time. Called upon Scott on my way home; told him I meant to make an effort to start with him from the Tower in the morning. He said, "That's right; but what will you do about your passport?" He then expressed his regret at not having my name put down in his, but asked did I not think I might, by taking a hackney coach and driving to Portland Place, prevail upon the secretary there (though it was now past the hour of business) to give me a passport. After some more conversation on the subject, left him. Made up my mind to give up the journey; whether it was fancy or not, thought I had seen a *little* change in Scott's manner on the subject; a slight abatement of his former eagerness for my going. Dined at Miss White's: company, Hallam, Sharpe, Sir B. Hobhouse, Luttrell, Captains Head and Denham, and Miss Drew. While Head was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said the first syllable of it had caught many a man. In talking of the *Eumelian* (?) Club, of which Ashe was the founder, somebody said that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman of it. "Still in its *ashes* live their wonted fires," said Luttrell. In the evening found Sir Walter, his daughter, and the Lockharts (who were all to have dined with Miss White) on going upstairs. All reproached me for having given up my thoughts of accompanying them, which I had mentioned before dinner, and at which Sharpe and the rest expressed their surprise. Gave Scott the letter of introduction to Gallois which I had written for him, Hallam having also written a few words in it. Saw the Scotts (who went away early,

having to start at four in the morning) down to their carriage, and Scott, who all the way downstairs was expressing his sorrow at my not going with him, said in parting with me, "It would be odd enough, after all, if your name *was* in my passport." This struck me as curious, and as a good deal confirming the suspicion that occurred to me to-day. The light that I have been all along expecting to break in upon him (with respect to the imprudence of having me for a companion) was, I have no doubt, insinuated yesterday at Horton's by the colonial secretary himself, who is just the sort of man to have put such a thing into his head. Indeed, though (for Scott's sake) I have not mentioned this suspicion to a creature, I have very little doubt of my being right in it.

26th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Paid some visits; called on Shee. His surprise at hearing that any of my Whig friends were discontented with my "Life of Sheridan." Said that if he himself had been inclined to find any fault with me, it would have been for over-partiality to that party and the aristocracy in general. Called on Croker; talked of Scott; thinks he sees an alteration in him; that he is more absent and *distrait*, and that his spirits have more of effort in them than formerly; ridiculed the idea of his visit of *investigation* to Paris, for eight days only; agreed with me that it was only a journey for the bookseller, to give an *appearance* of research to the work. On my saying how much more agreeable it was, in the long run, to converse with men who give you facts without fancy, than with those who give you fancy without facts, he said he quite agreed with me, and asked me who did I think of all others was the man he would choose as the most agreeable companion on a long journey? The Duke of Wellington, because he had more important

facts to tell than any man of his time, and told them sensibly and simply. Took Luttrell to dine at Mrs. Montgomerie's, Lucy having asked him yesterday. Having some idea that Bessy might possibly come up to town this evening, in consequence of my letter of yesterday, waited to see some of the Bath coaches come in before I went to dinner. On our way I was mentioning that some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat-making) had got engrained into his face. "Yes (said Luttrell), darkness that may be *felt*." * * *

27th. Breakfasted at Lansdowne House with Guthrie, Lord Kerry's tutor. Took him afterwards to Newton's to see my picture, which is now ("positively for the last time of performance") finished.

28th. Went to the Charter House with L.: called upon Bessy's mother. Paid a visit to Lockhart, who proposed to give me a seat in his carriage to Croker's at Kensington, where I dine to-day. Called upon the secretary of the Royal Institution on the subject of my giving lectures there; expressed great anxiety that I *should*, and begged I would let him know my determination before the next board day. Company at Croker's, besides the Lockharts and myself, Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Locker. Some talk of the etiquette to be observed with kings. Story of an ambassador to the King of Naples, who fearing that he should forget the speech he was to deliver, had it written out in his hat, but no sooner had he made his bow to the King, and directed his eyes to the hat, than his Majesty said, "*Couvrez-vous, M. l'Ambassadeur*" (which, it appears, is the etiquette or privilege of ambassadors), and the poor diplomatist was thus deprived of his speech. A circumstance illustrative of this mentioned by Bassom-

pière, of his walking in the gallery with Charles I., with his hat of course on, when the Duke of Buckingham in his familiar way joined them; upon which Bassompière, considering his royal audience terminated by this interruption, took off his hat. Bassompière mentions that the Duke was silly enough to suppose that he took off his hat to him, and rallied him on his formality; a mistake under which Bassompière thought it was politic still to leave him. Sung in the evening. Brought back by the Lockharts. Packed upon my return home. Forgot to mention that one day at the beginning of the week, met Walsh the musician, who has a large musical establishment, and who expressed a strong anxiety to know whether he could by any means become a proprietor of my musical works, or have even a share in them. Urged me strongly to write an opera, and said, if I had any fear in running the risk, he would at once buy it of me, and take the risk on himself.

29th Set off at half-past seven. An odd fellow in the coach, who (according to his own account) was on his way to Ireland for the purpose of demanding an explanation from a man who had struck him in a coffee-house in Paris, and had set out for Ireland next morning, leaving him his address in Galway. This man who struck him was his brother-in-law, and did it in revenge for his having run away with the sister from Cheltenham. Talked very largely of his family, of his travelling with four horses always; and it appeared that he had now taken a packet to himself to bring him from Boulogne, which cost him fifteen guineas; altogether a most prosperous and communicative person. Found all well when I got home. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me over there tomorrow.

31st. Rogers came to see Bessy: very kind to her: said afterwards, "She is very beautiful." Took him across to the Napiers'; saw only her. Walked to Bowood by Spye Park, where we met Napier, who went part of the way with us. Dined and slept at Bowood. Miss Ricardo at dinner.

Nov. 1st. Breakfasted at nine with Rogers, who was to set off in the coach for town. Went with him to the Black Dog, where we walked up and down the road for an hour and a-half nearly, waiting for the coach. Told him something of my Egyptian story. After seeing him off, returned to Bowood; promised to dine there to-day. Walked home and returned to dinner; no one but Baily. Slept there.

2nd. Conversation after breakfast about universities. It tells well for freedom from restrictions that Trinity College, Cambridge, which is the least exclusive of any, boasts the greatest list of illustrious names, Bacon, Newton, Barrow, &c. &c. They have the heads of Newton's lectures at Trinity. Gibbon, Locke, and Swift tell against universities. "*Cæteraque* (says Milton) *ingenio non subeunda meo.*" Turned to Gibbon's fine tribute to Lord North in the preface to his "History." *Quære,* Johnson's reason for quoting Barrow so little (if at all) in his "Dictionary?" Returned home to dinner.

3rd to 5th. Busy for Power: my Greek work and glees. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me to meet the Clutterbucks on Tuesday next, and Lady Morley on the following Thursday: said I would come the latter. Sent to Barnes this week "Ode to the Sublime Porte" and "Stanzas on Wilmot Horton."

6th to 8th. The Henry Napiers come to Bromham; walked with them one day to Spye Park.

9th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lady Morley, her son Lord Boringdon, her nephew, and the Henry Napiers. * * * The following French words, "*Pie a haut nid, caille a bas nid;*" difficult to tell on hearing them, what language they are. Talked of English directions written by foreigners. Mrs. H. N. mentioned, "*Hai par Corné, Piqué du lait,*" for Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly. Sung a good deal. Lady M. sang some comic songs of her own which she had written for the acted charades they had at Saltram a year or two since (for one of which, by the bye, Canning wrote a prologue). Altogether liked her better than ever I did before; she has both fun and good sense in no ordinary degree. Slept there.

10th. After breakfast Lady L. pressed me to stay over to-day, and though I intended to refuse, did not. As it rained hard, ordered the carriage to take me home to tell Bessy. Bessy disappointed, having expected I would dine at home to-day; prevailed on her to take advantage of the carriage and to go and pass the evening with Mrs. Hughes; left her at Buckhill and returned to Bowood. The same party: singing in the evening. Lord L. mentioned a circumstance of the private secretary of Vergennes, on landing at Dover at night (just before the peace with America) finding himself, the instant he set foot on shore, whipped up suddenly in the arms of two men, who, putting a lantern to his face, exclaimed, "'Tis he!" and letting him down again, mounted horses that were near and set off. This was a funding speculation; they had had private information that he was expected, and were on the watch for him. Told an anecdote of the Spanish ambassador, at the time when the King's life was attempted by Margaret Nicholson, taking horse instantly and setting off for Windsor, where he posted himself in the window of the

inn by which the messenger with the account must pass. As soon as the messenger arrived the ambassador accompanied him, and having been a witness of the transaction, was able to assure the Queen that his Majesty was perfectly safe. At the same time taking care to inform her that though his *zeal* had impelled him instantly to set off for Windsor to give her this information, his feeling of *etiquette* prevented him from intruding upon her Majesty till the regular messenger arrived. This mixture of zeal and etiquette was the very thing for the atmosphere of Windsor, and the ambassador (De Campos, I believe) was ever after a great favourite with their Majesties.

11th to 30th. Passed the remainder of this month (with the exception of the Devizes ball on the 14th and a dinner at Phipps's on the 24th) busily at home; occupied in adding to and correcting the Greek work for Power, in writing an article for the "Edinburgh" (a task which I detest, and therefore always do badly), and in furnishing two more squibs for the "Times," — the "Ghost of Miltiades" and "Corn and Catholics." In a letter of C. Sheridan he says of the former, 'The Ghost of Miltiades' *must* be yours, I should think; if not so, I am very curious to know the 'S.' who can so imitate your union of point with power and fun with bitterness." Had a letter also in its praise from Barnes. Sent some epigrams of Luttrell's to the "Times," of which Barnes says: "The epigrams are neat, but appear to me feeble." The same opinion he had expressed to me before of L.'s poetry in general. Received a very kind letter from Sir W. Scott, inclosing me one from Gallois, and repeating his invitation of us all to Abbotsford next summer. Wrote to Murray to know when he would be able to meet Rogers on the subject of the "Life." Saw Lord Lansdowne two or three times

before he started for town, which was on the 18th. Had little Tom's schoolmaster (a good, honest Dissenter) to dine with us on the 21st, and had Phipps, Hughes, and Clifton (Bowles's curate) to meet him.

Dec. 1 to 9th. Correcting the proofs of my Greek work. Bishop having failed at giving my idea of the "Song for the War Dance," I played him a few bars, when in town, as my notion of the sort of subject it ought to be. He took down the notes I played, and when his new setting came I found he had exactly preserved them. The rest of the composition, however, not being at all what I liked, I again suggested a totally different harmony, as well as melody, and he, very good humouredly, adopted it almost note for note; so that the composition now, though under his name, is nearly as much mine as any thing I ever wrote. Received a civil note from Murray on the 9th, to say, the "unexampled abundance of materials sent in from various quarters had embarrassed and delayed him, but that he hoped to be ready for me in little more than a week." Had received letters a day or two before from the Longmans, in which they inclosed an extract from the new list of publications, announcing the "Life" with my name. The letter from Orme, of the 5th, contained a proposal to me to become editor of an annual work which they meditate, on the plan of the "Forget-me-not," "Souvenir," &c. Speaks sanguinely of the prospect of its success, and says, if it turns out as they expect, it would give me an annual income of from five hundred to a thousand a year.

10th. Wrote to Orme, telling him my views *for*, as well as *against*, the plan which he had proposed to me, and leaving him and his partners to decide for me between them. Employed about a squib for the "Times," but

chose too large a canvass, and puzzled myself with trying to bring it within proper compass.

11th. Sent off the verses to the "Times," "A Case of Libel." Wrote also to Barnes on the subject of a letter, which I have received from Luttrell, expressing a desire to have some remuneration for the things he sends, or rather proposes to send, the "Times." Lord Lansdowne returned from town yesterday evening.

13th. Returned to my Egyptian story. Dined at the Vincents': company, besides myself and Bessy, the M'Donalds of Bishops Cannings, and Prowse. M'Donald mentioned Frazer's book, in which he says, that being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be enabled to amuse himself with a copy of "Lalla Rookh," which a Persian, who was in England some time ago, lent him.

14th. Guthrie called: told me of the war with Spain, and that Lord Lansdowne had set off for town again the day before yesterday.

17th. Walked over to Bowood: met Lord L. on the way to meet me. Talked of the probabilities for and against war. Says the Ministers are in great consternation; all so very civil, which is an invariable sign of difficulty and alarm with them. Lunched and walked back again.

18th and 19th. On the 19th had Napier, Prowse, and Clifton to dine with us for the ball. Danced two quadrilles and a country dance with Eliza Houlton, Elizabeth Starkey, and Mrs. Phipps.

20th. At work at my story, which has been announced for "soon after Christmas." The "Morning Chronicle" spells it the "Epicurian:" wrote a note to the L.'s about this. A letter from Orme to say that, in consequence of

my views of the proposal they made to me, they feel convinced I ought not to accept the editorship, and are much inclined to give up all share in the work themselves.

21st and 22nd. Walked over to Bowood this latter day. Company: Miss Fox and Miss Vernon, Mary Fox, and Sir J. and Lady Graham. A good deal of politics. Graham gave a description of the effect of Canning's war-speech on the House. A proof of the excitement he had produced in his audience, their being ripe for such a boast as, "I called a new world into existence." When he said, "I thought of Spain and the Indies," 'twas in a sort of scream. Nearly fainted after he had done.

23rd. Walked home to inquire after little Russell, whom I left suffering a good deal of irritation and fever with the chicken-pox. Bessy, too, a good deal worn out by her disturbed nights with him. Found them both better. Began some thing for the "Times." Returned to dinner at Bowood; the same party. Lord L. spoke of the vigorous state he had found Lord Grenville's mind in the other day, though his body was so evidently and rapidly going. Comparison of Canning's late speech with Pitt's of '93. Talked of Allen's strange and suspicious quotation from Strada against Lingard; Lingard's answer dignified, and like that of a man conscious of his strength. Allen furious against *all* Catholics, for Lingard's sake; attempts to explain the matter by saying that he had copied the passage in pencil, and without stopping it, and that when he came to remedy the omission afterwards this convenient punctuation was the consequence. In talking of light and humorous poetry Graham said, "After the 'Ghost of Miltiades' one gets hard to be pleased in such writing." Slept there.

24th. Talking of Brougham. Graham quoted the ter-

mination of a speech of his at the beginning of the Queen's trial, when, upon his entering on the subject, the Chancellor said, he must confine himself for the present to the time and manner of bringing in the bill. Having got in all he wanted to say, in discussing the subject of the time, he concluded thus, "As to the *manner*, it matters not to my royal client *what* clerk at your lordship's table shall read the bill; whether the second reading shall precede the first, or whether it be chanted, said, or sung." Returned home after breakfast. Finished the verses for the "Times."

26th. Gave a gay dinner, dancing, and supper to the servants in honour of Christmas.

27th and 28th. A very kind letter from Barnes, bidding me consult my own wishes entirely both as to time and subjects; saying, that he thought much more highly of my last (the "Case of Libel") than I seemed to do myself; that though it was from the nature of the subject elaborate, there was thought and wit enough in it for half a dozen poems. A kind letter, also, from Croker, in answer to one I wrote to him, asking his opinion as to my Bermuda situation, whether I should give it up, &c. &c. Advises me not to give it up, and thinks he could procure me a proper person fit to be my deputy. Tells me, also, an interesting anecdote of Lord Byron. Dined on the 27th at Locke's: discussion with V. and P. on Unitarianism, their ignorance on the subject.

29th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Abercromby and his son called upon me in the morning, but I did not see them. Company: the Grahams, Sir J. Macdonald, two Abercrombys, Lord Seymour, Misses Fox and Vernon, and Mary Fox, Okeden, and Leveson Smith. Sung a good deal in the evening.

30th. Okeden mentioned having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet; when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clenching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before at the Opera, by desiring an officer, who sat before them, to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempting to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately, Polidori having, in addition to this punishment, "bad conduct" assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification that Okeden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavouring to tranquillise

his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this. In talking of Erskine's *jeux d'esprit*, Lord L. mentioned four lines he once wrote upon an inn window, on a great attorney, named Terry; thereby losing, as he said, a great number of briefs. Among the inscriptions on the window was one, written by the attorney himself, announcing that, on such a day, Mr. Terry had arrived here from Tenterden, and it was under this that Erskine wrote

> "What can it matter how or when
> Terry arrives from Tenterden;
> For when he's crost the Stygian ferry,
> Who'll ever ask — What's come of Terry?"

Talking of Burdett's having learnt all he knows late in life, and of his exhibiting accordingly all the defects of this kind of education, mentioned Parr's horror of these Οψιμαθεις (as he calls them); his only exception being in favour of Payne Knight, whom, though late-learned, he allowed to be a scholar. Lord L., Okeden, and Leveson Smith walked home with me.

31st. Received a very kind letter from a Mr. Burke, a gentleman of Caius College, accompanying a collection of Spanish airs and saying, "Some of them, I am sure, you will find very beautiful, and nothing is wanting to set their beauties in the most favourable light but a somewhat richer accompaniment, and such words as none can write so well as yourself." He concludes, "with the highest admiration of your talents and esteem for your political character, allow me to subscribe," &c. &c. A letter also from my old friend John Dalby, informing me of a communication he had received from a Major Dwyer, dated Naples, the day after Lord Hastings' death, informing him by Lady Hastings' desire of the event, and begging that he would also communicate it to me.

1827.

January 1st, 1827. Working at my story. Bessy still ill, and obliged to give up all thoughts of going to Bowood to-morrow night.

2nd. My story. Sent for a chaise; and set off, between seven and eight — Napier, his daughter, myself, Anastasia, and little Tom — for Bowood. A large party: Lord and Lady Suffolk and Lady Julia, Lord Duncan, Lord Seymour, &c. and *all* the *neighbours*. Little Tom looking very pretty and exceedingly admired; poor Anastasia but little noticed. The Suffolks very kind: Lady S. expressed great regret at Bessy's not being there, and hoped that we would all come and pay them a visit at Charlton. Supped; danced afterwards, and were not home till three o'clock.

4th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner: company, Lords Duncan and Seymour, Elwyn, L. Smith, Vernon Smith and his wife, Labouchere, Short, Osman Ricardo and his wife. Sung a good deal in the evening. Talking of epitaphs, L. Smith said that Mackintosh thinks that of Gray on his mother the most perfect in the language. Those of Canning on Pitt, and Sheridan on Nelson, not very good. Some wise person's criticism on the conclusion of the former, "He lived without ostentation and died poor;" thought that the words "died poor" sounded meanly, and that it would be better, "died in distressed circumstances." Lord L. quoted some pretty verses of Piron's upon a picture of people skating; the two last something this way:

> "Telle est de nos plaisirs la brillante surface,
> Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas."

Mentioned the epitaph on Addington concluding,

"Politique soi-disant,
Et médecin malgré lui."

5th. A good deal of conversation after breakfast. On my pointing out three or four lines of blank verse succeeding each other in Sandford's lecture (just published), a question arose whether one ought always to reject a sentence however forcible and well expressed, because it happened to have fallen into this metrical arrangement. *Quære,* whether many such lines occur in Milton's prose? Quoted an instance at the end of a famous passage of his (where he has the phrase, "mewing her mighty youth"), "Prognosticate a time of strife and schism." George Selwyn's criticism on Burke's "Reflections." "I could not get on with it; at the end of the first page I had to send for my apothecary to ask the meaning of some allusion to his profession, which I could not understand: at the end of the second I had to send to my carpenter to explain to me," &c. &c. Elwyn quoted what he had himself heard Burke say in a speech towards the end of the Hastings' trial. "You might as well attempt to make a perfumer of a man who was bred on a dunghill, as to think of making a statesman out of this bullock contractor." Before luncheon sung over some things with Mrs. Vernon Smith. In talking of America with Labouchere, it appeared from his account, that though there is no intolerance in the *laws* of that country, there is abundance of it in society; particularly among the northern states, where a man that does not go to a church of some kind forfeits caste, and in any election for a public office would not stand the slightest chance. It seems as if a certain portion of religious malice must exist in every community, and where

the laws are free from it the people take it up. After luncheon, Lord Lansdowne, the two Smiths, Labouchere, and Lord Seymour walked the greater part of the way home with me. Money called upon me before dinner; full of praise of Lady Lansdowne. Told me circumstances that had come accidentally to his knowledge; of her *personal* attention to the poor; of her sitting day after day, reading by the bedside of a poor old man, who was dying of a mortification that had spread half way up his body, the stench of which in the small room where he lay was such as even medical men did not often encounter; her attending to see a poor woman put decently in her coffin, &c. &c.

6th. Walked over to Bowood to get a paper, which I left there, containing a list of books I promised to procure at trade price for Hughes. Found them at luncheon. Lady L. all kindness; said that they wanted me very much; they had got "dreadfully flat." Promised, if I could, to come on Monday. When I went to my bedroom for the paper, found every thing ready; the fire lighted; my things airing, &c., as if I were a regular inmate. Lord Caernarvon, who arrived yesterday, proposed to walk part of the way home with me. In talking of Grattan, mentioned his having heard Grattan say that, when a young man at the Temple, he had been much taken with Lord Chatham's style, and had made it his model. This agrees very much with what I have remarked in the Life of Sheridan. In talking of George R. Fitzgerald, Grattan said he was a very good man for *one* hanging, but not for *two* (alluding to the circumstance of the rope having broken with him, and his cowardice on being brought on the scaffold again).

8th. Wrote to Lady L. to say that I could not come to-day, having some proofs to correct for Power, which would

take me all this evening and to-morrow morning. A note back from her to say that she did not see why I couldn't bring my proofs with me; that I should have a large table and a room all to myself to-morrow morning, and that it was bad for my eyes to work at night; "so pray, come." Did not, however, being unable to spare the time. Began some verses for the "Times," "The Slave."

9th. Finished the verses and sent them off; also some proofs to Power. Walked to Bowood to dinner: company, Lord Caernarvon and his daughter, and the Smiths; sung in the evening. Got the "Edinburgh" this morning with the article on my "Life of Sheridan;" most friendlily done. Slept at Bowood.

10th. Wrote to Jeffrey to thank him. The Caernarvons and Smiths went off after breakfast. Desperate day. Looked over Johnson's review of Soame Jenyns' work on the "Origin of Evil," with Lord L. The application of Soame Jenyns' theory (with respect to the delight of superior beings in mischief) to himself, though too elaborately introduced, able and striking. His image of "mistaking fogs for land," good; but when he comes to "storms of objection," bad and pompous. Stayed luncheon, and they then ordered the carriage to take me home, the weather being so bad. Borrowed the Bishop of Bristol's work upon Tertullian.

11th. Jeffrey having used the information which I sent him respecting the Prince's gift of 4000*l.* to Sheridan, wrote to the Longmans to beg that they would call upon Burgess (from whom Bain, my authority, must, I suspect, have gained the information), to procure any additional circumstances from him that may verify the fact. Worked at my story. Dined with Evans (Tom's schoolmaster) and had a dreadful walk of it to his house. A good many at

dinner; most of them intelligent men, and all had been, I believe, his father's pupils. Talked of Milton's "Arianism;" of the Bishop of Salisbury's late work on the subject, &c. &c. Home pretty early.

12th. Found that Bessy had fixed this evening for Napier to come and read us some of his "History of the Peninsular War." The part he read (being chiefly about the complicated operations of the different Juntas at the beginning of the war) rather confused and heavy, as he himself felt it to be.

13th and 14th. At work.

15th. Lord Lansdowne called, just as I was setting out to call upon him. Bowles, too. Bowles brought James Hughes's translation into Greek Anacreontics of a drinking song of his. The phrase *ου θεατος*, for *invisible*, was (I remarked) not correct; *θεατος* means *spectabilis*, and the word for invisible is *αορατος*. When I said this, Bowles exclaimed, "Bravo! it was not without reason that Parr called you a good scholar." Inclosed 30*l.* to my mother to pay her half year's rent with 20*l.* of it, and divide the other 10*l.* between Corry (to whom I owe 5*l.*) and my tailor.

16th. Walked to Bowood. Met Lord L.; walked back with him. Talked of the man who wrote a book some time since on the "Malaria of London," and who, it seems, keeps a person that is particularly liable to ague as a sort of *miasmeter*, wherewith to measure the degree of badness of the air in different parts of London. He then accompanied me almost all the way home, and I saw him back again as far as the George; making altogether, for me, about eleven miles. Was asked to Locke's to dinner, but refused.

17th and 18th. On this latter day had a party of young

folks to share in our twelfth-cake: Napiers, Prowses, Lockes, and Starkeys. Danced with them all night. Nine and twenty supped in my study.

19th and 20th. Sent some day this week a poem on the Duke of York's death to the "Times," called "The Slave." Had a letter from Luttrell about it. I *must* thank you for "The Slave." Sent me a charade of his own on Cobbett, which I forwarded to Barnes, with two old epigrams of my own.

21st and 22nd. Sent, the 21st, two poems to Barnes, "Affair of Honour in High Life" and "Tout pour la Tripe." Had a letter from him, saying the verses on the Duke of York were excellent, and came most apropos.

23rd to 25th. Went to dinner at Houlton's. 25th, Lord Lansdowne called for me in his carriage at four. Mentioned with great praise my verses in the "Times" of yesterday, "Affair of Honour," &c. Company at dinner, the Shirleys, Elwyn, and Bowles. Singing in the evening. I tried over my glee of "Hip, hip, hurrah!" which is to be sung at the Anacreontic to-morrow; all seemed to think it would have a good effect. Slept at Houlton's.

26th. Conversation after breakfast about meteoric stones; that some of them have come quite near to earth, and then been attracted up again: Davy believes this. The celebrated blades of Damascus are professedly made of the meteoric iron. Left Farley with Lord L. for Bath between eleven and twelve. Talked all the way of theology. Marcion's notion of two Gods, one the author of the Law and the other of the Gospel, very like the Avatars (Lord L. remarked) of the Indian theology. Neither of us could recollect the name of the writer who has left a dialogue on Christianity between a pagan and a Christian (Minucius Felix). On my arrival at Bath went in

pursuit of some of the professional singers to rehearse my glee. Found Manners; played it over to him, and begged him to instruct the others. Borrowed two books at Upham's, "Vanslebio's Egypt" and "Murtadi's," a work on the same subject. Dressed at Elwyn's, and was at the York House an hour before dinner to hear the music rehearsed. A MS. glee of Bowles's also to be sung. About forty-three at dinner: Lord Lansdowne and Lord Liverpool of the party. Got well situated, within one of Lord Lansdowne, and nearly opposite Lord Liverpool; was glad to have an opportunity of seeing a little of the latter. Gave me an idea of a common-minded man; that is to say, a common mind elevated by circumstances and situation as high as it was capable of going. Directed some of his conversation very civilly to me, and asked me to drink wine with him. My glee received most enthusiastically; a distinct peal of applause after every verse, and there were no less than five. Took the pianoforte myself, which put the fellows on their mettle, otherwise they would have sung it sleepily and professionally. In one of the verses there is a toast,

> "To the poet who sings; to the warrior who fights;
> To the statesman who speaks in the cause of man's rights."

And when we were rehearsing it before dinner, one of the singers said to me, "This is particularly applicable to-day, sir, as Lord Liverpool is to dine here!" little knowing, poor man, how much Lord Liverpool's notions and mine as to the rights of man differ. A few of us remained some time after the grandees went away, and I sung two or three more songs. Walked home with Lord James O'Brien, who told me Lord L. had expressed a great wish to have a copy of my glee for Lady L. Slept at Elwyn's.

27th. Dawson, the Orange parson (brother to my friend George), and Duncan and Houlton, at breakfast. Much amused by their talking quietly to Dawson about remoulding the Church establishment in Ireland, getting rid of tithes, &c. &c., he hardly knowing what to answer. Lord Lansdowne came after breakfast. Went to look at Barker's fresco of the "Massacre of the Sciots," and afterwards walked with Lord L. to the White Hart, from whence we set off for home between twelve and one. Agreed very much with the view I took of Lord Liverpool, but said, that, "as a speaker, *pro re natâ*, nobody could surpass him either for clearness or for the tact with which he knew how to avoid what ought not to be said." Dropped me at his Chippenham gate, and I walked home.

29th. Walked to Bowood to dinner; a large party of my neighbours, twenty-one in all; Bailey and Sir John Newport the only inmates. Old Sir John very agreeable after dinner. Talked much of Garrick, whom he used to meet at "old Mr. Wilmot's," and repeated two or three unpublished copies of verses of his; one called "The Prophecy," of which he afterwards told me some additional lines, which (from their containing an attack on churchmen and tithes) he had omitted at dinner, on account of the Member for Oxford and the parsons who were present. Sung in the evening.

30th. Bailey looking for a fine passage in "Pindar," beginning (I think, he said) *θανειν οἱς εστιν αναγκη*. Mentioned the indifference of the ancients to death; the coolness with which Xenophon talks of the deaths of some of his companions. On my quoting a passage from the "Journal des Débats," on the new law against the press, in which (speaking of the age of Louis XIV.), it says, *L'admission de Molière à la table de Louis XIV. était la*

Charte de ce temps là, a question rose whether Molière *was* really so admitted. Molière anxious to conciliate the King in favour of his "Tartuffe;" this evident from speech towards the conclusion, "*Nous vivons sous un Prince ennemi de la fraude.*" Bailey (who is a great traveller, and has been every where) said that Maundrel's was the best account of "Palestine;" Chateaubriand's description of scenery beautiful, but not to be depended on: his description of the "Dead Sea," however, very correct. It is from this Scott has drawn in his "Talisman." Mentioned Sandys as a good traveller; had never heard of Herbert! Lord L. and Bailey walked to the cottage with me and Napier; Bailey then went on with the latter to Bromham, and I took Lord L. back on his way by the valley of Chitway and my favourite well, with which he was much delighted.

Feb. 1st to 4th. On the 4th set out to walk to Bowood to take leave of the Lansdownes: met him just near the cottage, coming over to take leave of us. Walked back with him and lunched. After they went in to chapel, copied out and dispatched to Barnes some verses, "An Ode to Ferdinand."

6th to 11th. At home (with the exception of a dinner on the 9th at Spye Park) and hard at work. Sent back the article on the "Anne Boleyn," which I had had from Jeffrey to make some corrections in. Finished the preface for the fifth edition of "Sheridan," having in vain waited for some satisfactory information from Burgess on the subject of the Prince's gift to Sheridan.

12th. Sent up some verses to the "Times," "Hat *versus* Wig." Had a letter from Shiel, to beg that I would use my influence with the editor of the "Times" to prevent such articles as appeared the other day on the

subject of the prosecution against him, which he thinks unfair, as prejudging his case, and likely to be of material injury to him. Hannah's illness proves to be fever.

13th. Wrote to Barnes about Shiel, Bessy copying out my Egyptian story, in order to be able to take up some of the MS. with me to town.

14th and 15th. Ditto. Dined on the 15th at Napier's: Bessy and myself, Elizabeth and Augusta Starkey. The doctor having advised that Hannah should be removed to her friends before infection appeared, Bessy took her in a chaise this morning to Devizes; left her at her father's, leaving her a provision of fruit, broths, &c., and giving orders to our tradesmen there to supply her with every thing she wants.

16th to 18th. Bessy transcribing. Wrote a long letter to Bryan, giving him an account of my proceedings with Longman and Murray, and telling him of my intention to appropriate the money of Anastasia that is in Longman's hands, to paying off my debt. Wrote, also, to Rogers, to apprise him of my coming.

19th. Transcribing and packing up.

20th. Bessy set off for Buckhill in the Starkey's carriage; followed her at three o'clock. Dined at Hughes's, and slept there.

21st. Started in the coach for town at eight. Party inside, an old Irish gentleman and his grand-daughter, a very pretty girl, just arrived by the Bristol packet. After sounding each other for some time in Irish politics, found that he was a violent Orangeman. Avowed myself of a different opinion; upon which, taking me for an Englishman, he lamented our ignorance in this country of Irish affairs: the girl, too, as violent an anti-Catholic as her grandpapa, which I liked her all the better for: argued

playfully with them both. When we stopped to breakfast found Lord Arthur Hill among the outside passengers; whispered him not to betray me. In the course of the journey owned to them I was an Irishman, and told the girl that when she knew who I was, she would, perhaps, forgive me for being a rebel: offered to put myself in her hands to convert me. Told them quantities of Irish stories, and kept them, and a good sort of Englishman, who formed our fourth, laughing the whole time. Lord A. Hill told me they inquired of him who I was, and he said, a Mr. Johnson. At last, after we changed horses at Hounslow, I gave the girl my card, and declared myself to be the veritable Captain Rock. The girl exclaimed aloud, and the old fellow, in spite of his Orangeism, taking me cordially by the hand, said he was most rejoiced to meet me, and that he had actually, for the two or three last hours, suspected who I was. He then got very adroitly over the difference in our opinions, by saying, "You, sir, take the poetical view of these matters." Proved to be Sir Henry Osborne, once high sheriff of the county of Waterford, and a member of the Irish Parliament: parted great friends. Found, at Albemarle Street, a note from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to dinner to-morrow. Went to the Athenæum, and dined. Weather dreadfully cold.

22nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called on Burgess to make another effort to get the letter he promised me on the subject of the Prince's gift to Sheridan. Told me it was now in the possession of a gentleman high in the confidence of the King, but that he would write to him for it. Said I would delay going to press in the hope of getting it. Saw the picture by Sir Joshua of Mrs. Reynolds which he has, and which Lord L. wished to

purchase of him: said that the sum Lord L. offered for it was a mere nothing; that he has been advised to ask 1000 guineas, but will take 800. Called upon Power, and went from thence to Longman's. Conversation on my agreement with Murray, which I told them I was resolved now to bring to a definite settlement, or else break it off entirely. Met Luttrell and walked with him some time. Mentioned what Grattan said of Provost Hutchinson, that he was always asking for something or another; "little things to be sure, but still they were things." Told me what I had already heard from Byng, of his having submitted his forthcoming poem (Crockford House) to Lord Sefton, Henry de Roos, and P. Greville, to see whether there was any thing wrong (*i. e.* unworthy of a man of the town) in publishing such an attack upon the highpriest of the gaming-table; a deference to society for which society will but little thank him. What is called *the world* knows its own worthlessness too well to respect him who fears it. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Abercromby, Baring and son, Brownlow, two Smiths, and Fazakerley. Abercromby praising Jones's book, expressed great admiration of Curran's public character, and wished not to hear any thing of his private blemishes. Talked of Erskine's speech in defence of Peter Pindar for a libel against Lord Lonsdale, in which he had compared Lord Lonsdale to the devil. Erskine dwelt on the grandeur of the devil as described by Milton, and insisted that it was rather he that should be displeased at being compared to Lord Lonsdale. The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favourite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as "a great celestial statesman out of place!"

23rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Talked of my business

with Murray; said that Murray had told him a day or two since, that he was quite ready for me. I again mentioned (what I had before said to him in my letter) the intention I had, if possible, to discharge the debt to Longmans from my own resources, so as to render myself more independent in my negotiations with Murray. Expressed himself ready to assist me in any way I desired. Lord John Russell came in after breakfast. R. charged him with coming because he knew *I* was there: this not the case. Told Lord John of my intention to dedicate my Egyptian story to him; expressed himself much pleased. R. mentioned Lord Erskine saying of some man who died immensely rich, "A fine sum to begin the other world with." Fuseli one cold day, in standing at the fire at Rogers's, said, with his peculiar accent, "Hell fire, kept within proper bounds, is no bad thing." Went with Rogers and his brother to the Institution, and from thence to Power's. * * *

24th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Luttrell: his story of Lord Norbury,—when the Catholic Petition was rejected in the Irish Parliament in '92 or 3, Burke's son and one or two others who were behind the Speaker's chair, immediately on the decision being pronounced, withdrew; upon which Toler rose and said, "He had but one remark to make. What had just happened reminded him of a cross-reading he had lately met with, 'Yesterday a petition was presented which luckily missed fire, and the villains made off.'" Called upon Lord Caernarvon and sat some time with him; asked me to dine on Wednesday, but engaged. Called upon Lady Cawdor; sang for her my glee, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" From thence to Lady Cowper, with whom I had a good deal of conversation about Lady Byron: said she would again look over Lord B.'s letters to Lady Melbourne, to see if there be

any thing in them that would suit my purpose. Dined early with Rogers, and went to the pit of the Opera to hear Fanny Ayton in the "Gazza Ladra:" rather liked her. Called upon Sir J. Malcolm this morning: his story of an old Scotch officer making excuses for not singing, "D'ye think, if I kenn'd the words of any song in the world, I should be such a damned fool as to be particular about the *coddence?*"

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called at Barnes's but did not find him. Walked about with Luttrell. Called at Mrs. T. Hope's and met there Lord Cowper. A good deal of talk about politics. Luttrell full of praise of my verses in the "Times," but alarming me by saying with what *certainty* people set them down as mine: "Is there anything of Moore's in the 'Times' to-day?" Pointed out Marquis de Salvo to him in the street, and mentioned his once having asked me "to allow him three hours' conversation with me some morning." "He is certainly not *salvo pudore*," said Luttrell. Called on Lord Auckland, who reminded me of my engagement to meet Lady Frances Leveson, and mentioned Friday next, if she should be disengaged. A note from Lady Holland to ask me to come to her to-night. Dined at Calvert's. Went to the Hollands' in the evening; my Lady very gracious; asked me to come and dine on Tuesday, and go to hear "Artaxerxes." * * * Brougham, who was at Lord H.'s, told me that in a letter he had just received from America (from Casey, of Liverpool), he was requested to communicate to me, as illustrative of the natural love of all animals for liberty, a circumstance which had just come within the writer's knowledge. Some young birds in a cage were from time to time visited by the old ones, their parents, from the thicket, who, it was observed, had endeavoured

by every possible effort to widen the bars of the cage, so as to let the young ones out. At last, after various attempts, not being able to effect their object, they brought some poisonous berries, which they placed within the cage, and which the prisoners immediately eat of and died. A strange story to send all the way from America. Read to day in the "Examiner" a curious extract relative to myself, from some late writer on phrenology. The author of the article in the "Westminster Review" on my life of Sheridan, has it seems taken the trouble of calculating that there are 2500 similes in that work, on which the phrenologist remarks that this is all the consequence of my possessing such a large organ of comparison; so large indeed, according to him, that it may be seen at many yards distance! What exquisite fooling, both in critic and phrenologist!

26th. Breakfasted with Rogers, for the purpose of arranging with him what he was to do with Murray; Luttrell at breakfast too. Agreed that they should both go to Murray's and come to me at Albemarle Street, to tell me the result. Called in the meantime at Burgess's about the letter on Sheridan's business, but did not see him. On my return to Albemarle Street, I found Davidson the printer, who had come to me at Murray's request, to show me the sheets of Luttrell's poem, and to request me to prevail upon him not to publish it. Rogers, by the bye, had already told me that Murray had applied to him for the same purpose, saying that Lockhart had read it, and thought that, though elegant, it would not be creditable to L. to have it published. To this criticism Davison now added that his "*Reader* thought it the damnedest stuff in the world." Expressed my surprise at all this, saying, that though I had not read the part about Crockford, I

could not conceive Luttrell writing any thing that was not clever and creditable. Left the sheets with me, and I promised to look over them. Before I had read more than eighteen or twenty pages, R. came; the result of his negotiation with Murray as follows: — "By the advice of friends (again!) Murray has come to the resolution of not publishing the 'Byron Papers' in his possession *at all*, neither those of his own, nor those the family has given him. The opinion both of Mr. Canning and Mr. Gifford, who looked over them, was, that being addressed confidentially to Murray, they could not be published by him, and it was his intention therefore to leave them as a legacy to his children. For a 'Life,' however, written by me, on my own materials, and forming a quarto volume that 'would be considered cheap at two guineas,' he proposed by a written paper to give me the sum of 2,500*l.*, to be paid on the day of publication by bills at six, eight, twelve, and eighteen months." The opinion of Canning and Gifford, upon which he affects to found this resolution, having been, when we last talked upon the subject, made a reason for publishing the "Papers" separately and by wholesale, as conveniently as it is now made a reason for not publishing them at all! Decided at once to have nothing more to do with him. My only plea or motive for leaving the Longmans for him having been the power it gave me of combining the materials of all parties, and this object being now frustrated by the resolution he has taken, I naturally, and of course, resort to them as my publishers. Rogers appeared to be of opinion that I ought to accept of Murray's offer, and when I assured him that, even in a pecuniary point of view, I should be, if any thing, worse off by this arrangement than by continuing with the Longmans, he suggested that I should endeavour

to make Murray give me 3000*l.* My mind, however, was made up to what I saw was my true and only line of conduct, in every point of view; and we proceeded immediately to Murray's for the purpose of acquainting him with my resolution. Retired with Murray into his back-room, and told him my decision; added that I could not blame him for the determination he had come to, with respect to the papers, but that I felt I had a right to complain of the suspense in which he had kept me, and for the disturbance he had produced in all my plans by his very uncertain conduct. He owned it was wrong, but that he had been unable to make up his mind. In the course of our conversation I said, "Well, I don't see how I shall be able to make out a 'Life,' and I think you had better take *any* materials off my hands, and let them go to your children with your *own*." At this hint he seemed eagerly to jump, and said he should be very happy to enter into such an arrangement with me, but I answered (what was true) that I had spoken without thought, and that, as to parting with a paper of Lord Byron's (except to put it in the fire) there was nothing more remote from my thoughts. He then asked me about Luttrell's sheets, and I told him that, on the score of *talents*, he need have no doubt whatever of the work, for, as far as I had read, it was, like every thing Luttrell ever did, full of polish and point. This seemed to satisfy him completely, and he said he would instantly proceed with the printing. Wrote to the Longmans to tell them the result of the negotiation. Luttrell this morning mentioned a good pun of Jekyll's. Being asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said, "I choose to give up his acquaintance; I have common of Turbary, and have a right to *cut Peat*." Rogers told some anecdotes of the Duke of

Wellington; of his saying to him (Rogers), speaking of Waterloo, "It was a battle of giants." His mentioning the effect that the intelligence of Buonaparte's escape from Elba had at Vienna. When told to all the personages there assembled in congress, they burst out a laughing. The Duke sent off a dispatch to the Emperor of Austria with the news, and the person who was the bearer of it said afterwards, "What could there have possibly been in that dispatch; for the moment the Emperor read it, he burst out a laughing." R. mentioned that, after the affair of Cintra, the Duke of Wellington said to Sir J. Moore, "There is now only you and me left, and if you are appointed chief, I will serve under you." Dined at Lord Harrington's, having called upon him on Saturday last, when he asked me: company, Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Lord Cathcart, Lincoln, Stanhope, &c. Very kind, good-natured people, and brought old times to my mind, as this was one of the first houses where I was well received in my boyish days. My cold very heavy in the evening. Went to the Athenæum. Saw Chantrey, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Asked me when I meant to sit for my bust: told him I thought he had given up all thoughts of it. "Not at all," he said; "I am only waiting for some wrinkles to come in your face." "Here they are, then," I said, "in plenty." Voted also for Lord Gosford's son, young Acheson: got home early. Forgot to mention that I called on Croker yesterday, and sat sometime with him. Mentioned that he had already received six volumes, printed, of Scott's "Napoleon." It must therefore, as he said, been, most of it, done at the time Scott affected to go for the purpose of research to Paris. Gallois, indeed, says (as Lord John told me) that Scott did not seem to

wish for any new lights on the subject, and, according to Croker's account, some anecdotes which he himself communicated to Scott seemed rather to annoy him than otherwise.

27th. Dreadfully wet day; expecting all the morning to receive a put-off from Lady Holland for the evening. On coming in to dress, found a note from her, saying she was too ill with cold to go to the play, but would be very happy to see me at seven to dinner; that I should not find them brilliant, as they would be "alone." Was glad to avail myself of this opening for freedom, so answered that, presuming upon being at the theatre this evening, I had fixed to meet Price the American manager at half-past seven, and therefore should not be able to dine with her. Put on my goloshes and paddled off to the Bedford Coffee House, where I dined, and went from thence to Drury Lane, behind the scenes. Some talk with Kean, who was playing Sir Giles Overreach. Asked Wallack the stage-manager to put me into a private box to see the pantomime, which he did. Home early.

28th. Breakfasted at Stevens's and called on Lord John, whom I found at home. Told me that, while at Geneva, he employed himself in translating the "Iliad" into the Spenser stanza, I believe.* Had dined with Lady Holland the day before, which she took care, with her usual *tactique*, not to tell me. People that wish to meet will never receive any help towards it through her.

* There is an inaccuracy here. What I attempted was to translate a single book of the "Odyssey" in the *ottava rima* of Ariosto and Tasso. My reason for the attempt was, that it has always struck me that the "Odyssey" resembles rather the narrative poems of Italy, full of marvels and magic, than the sober dignity of the "Iliad" and "Æneid." The late Lord Northampton published some of my stanzas in a collection called "The Tribute."—J. R.

An excellent person in her way, however, and I should be ungrateful not to record it: full of good parts as well as of *sharp* ones. Walked with Lord John on his way to the House of Commons. Called upon Newton: his picture from "Gil Blas" for the Duke of Bedford nearly finished: remarked on the foreshortening of the elbow of the Prince as not correct. Went from him to Jones, the painter: made me a present of a drawing of his from my poem of the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp." Between five and six went with Luttrell (whom I got asked) to dinner at Longman's. Company: Barnes, Jerdan, Britton, Dickinson, &c. &c. Some talk with Longman and Rees before dinner on the result of my late negotiation with Murray. Longman much pleased with my promptitude in breaking off and returning to them, when the sole condition on which I left them was frustrated: said that it was the very way in which he could have sworn I would behave. No time to be lost in bringing out the work. Offered me, if I pleased, the same terms as Murray, but I preferred taking my chance as we are. L. and I walked home together.

March 1st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Had a note from Lord Lansdowne to say that Lady L. was well enough to see me to-day: called upon her; sorry to find her looking very languid. Met Frankland Lewis going down to the House, and begged him to send my card to the Speaker for permission to go under the gallery this evening to hear Canning on the Corn Laws. Lunched at the Athenæum, and went to the House of Commons: overtook George Fortescue and walked with him. Met Phillips the barrister, who pointed out Cobbett to us: the first time I ever saw him. Found my permission from the Speaker with the doorkeeper: was barely in time to get

sitting room, the place being full of peers. Got between Lord Morley and Lord Clanricarde. After Canning's speech went to the Athenæum and dined at nine o'clock.

2nd. Lord John sent to know would I breakfast with him: went; a good deal of talk about Unitarianism. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, Lord and Lady Francis Leveson and a Col. ——. Like Lord Francis and like her too. In the evening was made to sing in spite of my cold, and they seemed to enjoy it. Lady F. sang a song of Mrs. R. Arkwright's very prettily. Went from thence to Lady Jersey's; only a few there, the Duke of Devonshire, the Ellises, Brougham, &c. Went from thence to Lady Cowper's *ecarté* party; abominate to see nice women giving themselves up so eagerly to card-playing. A good deal of talk with Lord Cowper. On my return home met Rogers at the corner of Albemarle Street, coming from Lady Jersey's, and walked up and down St. James's Street with him for some time. Home about one. Received this morning a note from Lady Holland, saying she was sorry that I could not dine with her to-day, but reminding me that I had promised, in that case, to give her Sunday next instead: have engaged myself, however, to Lord Lansdowne for that day.

3rd. Walking about with Luttrell. Called at the Agar Ellises; found them at luncheon, and joined. Saw Bessy's mother at Power's. Dinner at Rogers's: company, Luttrell, Barnes, Lord Cawdor, Lord John, and Adair. Talked of diaries: Wyndham's very curious. * * *

4th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. Called upon Barnes as I had promised. Told me that Galignani has made a volume of the verses that have appeared in the "Times," publishing them all as mine; among the rest, a long

straggling thing about Marathon (*not* the "Ghost of Miltiades"), as little like me or mine as possible. This is too bad. Mentioned that the King the other day conveyed a message to them (the "Times") through Knighton, I think, saying that he always read the paper with great pleasure, &c. &c., but that he hoped they would refrain from giving any more details about his private life and habits. Said he wished much to become a member of the Athenæum; had heard that any one proposed by Lord Lansdowne would be sure to succeed, and asked whether I would have any objection to request Lord L. to propose him. Answered that I had no doubt, from Lord L.'s great good-nature, he would without hesitation comply with the request; but that I thought, situated as both he and Barnes were, such a public junction of their names would not be quite desirable for either. After a few more remarks (B. saying that it was not as editor of the "Times" that Lord L. might be supposed to set him up, but as Master of Arts of Cambridge and member of the Temple) the subject dropped. Gave him for insertion the verses I wrote to Corry about the Strainer two years since: put a note upon Ewart's name, "a vender of capital old port, Swallow Street." Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord Gwydir, Lord Minto, Lord Auckland, Lord Maitland, Vernon, Brownlow, Stuart, Montron, &c. &c. Home to pack for the morning.

5th. Set off between seven and eight. A very chatty lady my only companion, but there being nothing very attractive about her, preferred my French newspapers, fifteen of which I read through, the lady seeming most heartily to hate the sight of their coming, so endlessly, out of my pocket.

6th to 31st. During this whole month have not had

time to *diarize*, so must record, by wholesale, what I remember. My time wholly taken up in transcribing the remainder of my "Epicurean" for the press, and correcting the proofs of what I gave the printers while in town, the whole concluding part of the book being still unwritten. Had a letter from Barnes soon after my return, repeating still more urgently his wish with respect to Lord Lansdowne's proposal of him at the Athenæum: has evidently set his heart upon it, but the thing cannot be. — 13th. Went with Bowles to Bath to see Anastasia; found the dear child looking very well, though she had that morning suffered a little operation, the spot on her leg having opened yesterday, and the surgeon having found it necessary to enlarge the orifice with his lancet. Dined that day with Bowles at the White Hart, and called on Mr. Tudor, the surgeon, in the evening, but did not see him. Joined Bowles afterwards at a concert at Winsor's, and was much delighted with the music; never heard that delicious composition, "In sweetest Harmony," to greater advantage. Slept at the White Hart. Saw the surgeon next morning, and had the satisfaction to find that he thought the leg was likely to do well. Returned home with Bowles. Before I answered Barnes, thought it due both to him and to Lord L. to try the chance of the latter's seeing the matter in a different point of view from what I did; and, therefore, wrote to Lord L. to tell him how the case stood, and to say that, if he saw the same objection to such a step as I did, I would take the whole responsibility of the refusal on myself, and write just such a letter to Barnes as I would have done if Lord L. had known nothing of the matter. —25th. Received an answer from Lord L., agreeing with me that such an *affiche* of their names was a thing not very desirable, he thought, to either party; but adding, that if

Barnes was proposed by any one else, he would be most happy to annex his signature among the recommenders of the proposal. Wrote accordingly to Barnes, repeating the reasons I had given him in town for not making the request of Lord L. Sent to the "Times" some verses, "I have found out a Gift for my Erin." Received a letter from Lady Jersey, asking me for a copy of "The Slave," in my own handwriting. Answered her that I had merely seen these verses in the paper like other people, and as I always sent my papers to my mother, had no means of giving a copy. Corrected the songs of the 6th Number of "National Melodies" for Power, and sent them up according as I did them.

April 1. to 30. Must dispatch this month in the same way. Still busy at my "Epicurean." Received a letter from Barnes, telling me, in confidence, that the verses in the "Times" of yesterday ("Soliloquy of a pure and virtuous Statesman," a violent attack on Peel) were from the pen of ——. Rather annoyed at this, fearing that, written as they are in imitation of me, they might be taken for mine. Wrote to Croker, saying that, if he had an opportunity, I wished he would (without making too much of the matter) tell Peel that the verses were not mine; that though I by no means affected any good will to his public character, thinking him the greatest enemy, because the most respectable, that Ireland had, I yet respected him too much to make this sort of attack upon him. On the 5th received an answer from Croker, saying he had made the communication I wished to Peel, and inclosing me Peel's letter in reply, which was as follows: — "Dear Croker, I believe I saw the verses in the 'Times' to which Moore has alluded, but I cannot say that they gave me much uneasiness. I never thought enough about them

to guess at the author. They now certainly have caused me more pleasure than pain, since they have induced Moore, from a generous spirit quite consistent with hostility to me as a public man, to disclaim an attack which would have pained me, if it had been an evidence of his personal enmity and ill-will. I am, from long exposure, tolerably callous to abuse, but not to that abuse which would make me despair of improving my acquaintance with Moore. Very truly yours." There is here all the manliness and tact for which Peel is so distinguished. Forgot to mention that these verses contained also a violent attack on Croker, which (as I said in my letter) would be to him a sufficient proof that they were not mine. In his answer he said, that not only that circumstance, but the inferiority of their talent, would have convinced him of it. A letter from Lady Jersey to say she had certainly thought the verses to be mine, and "what other living poet could have written them?" Sent to the "Times" verses on the "Umbrella Question." Received a letter from Æneas M'Donnell, entreating me to write something about the "New Reformation;" answered, I would as soon as I could. Sent up, in about a week after, "Woe, woe!" — 14th. Went to the Houlton's, John having brought the gig for me. Elwyn and Shirley at dinner. Spoke of Lisse (I think) some foreign poet or musician, who got great celebrity by a song called "Portrait Charmant;" and, one day, Houlton being in a coffee-room with him, a little squat Dutch-looking woman came in, leaning on the arm of a man, on which Lisse jogged H.'s elbow, and whispered "Portrait charmant;" this woman being the person he had, many years before, written the song upon. — Next day, 15th, walked into Bath alone to see my dear Anastasia; found her better than I expected; sat with her a great

part of the day. News of the resignation of the Tory Ministry arrived; much consternation, in consequence, among the Bath parsons. Saw Dr. Crawford, who said Anastasia was going on very well. Returned with Elwyn to dinner at Houlton's; my time here always agreeable; the melancholy tones of E.'s voice (which resemble much those of Malanotte, a woman I heard at Venice) brought the tears into my eyes last night, and the "Calascro" of J. on the guitar made me feel as usual. — 16th. Returned home, Houlton's gig bringing me as far Melksham, from whence I walked home. Negotiations going on some days between Lord Lansdowne and Canning. — 20th. Lord and Lady L. arrived at Bowood. — 22nd. Walked over to Bowood; met the Duke of Devonshire in the hall; was shown to Lord L.'s room. "You find me," he said, "in the greatest worry and perplexity possible. He then proceeded to tell me the state of the negotiation when he left town; the great difficulty, the government of Ireland, which the King insists must be exclusively anti-Catholic, as a set-off to the preponderance of Catholicism in the cabinet. In this state of things Lord L.'s wish is to support Canning's government, without joining it; but, of course, his direct co-operation is what Canning wants. Had left town to escape from the conflicting counsels and opinions with which he was beset, having declined taking office without some modification of the proposed government for Ireland. To his surprise saw the Duke of Devonshire at his bedside this morning, who had come for the double purpose of consulting him as to his own line of conduct; and, at Canning's request, of reopening the negotiation with Lord Lansdowne. The Duke very eager for the junction. "What an appearance it would have," said Lord L., "if, in a few weeks after my taking office, the first

fruits of my accession would prove to be the appointment of an anti-Catholic government for Ireland." Agreed with him that this would never do, and that he ought to insist upon, at least, a Catholic secretary. Said he would make up his mind to this as a *sine quâ non*. Seemed by no means, however, to like the idea of joining at all, from the sacrifice of character which, he feared, might ultimately result from it; and said, two or three times, "Do you really then think that, if I were to take office (upon the condition of this concession respecting Ireland), and should, in a few months, see reason to retire again, I should not come out damaged?" Told him, that (acting as I knew he always *would*) the damage would be to those he left, not to himself. After a good deal of conversation I left him, and joined the Duke and Lady L. in the library. The Duke said, "Did you ever expect to see such changes as have just happened? One can hardly believe it." I said I hoped he would not let Lord L. decide against the junction too hastily. "I think he will hardly get me out of this house," he replied, "without a favourable answer." Lunched. Asked their opinion about a name for my heroine, and wrote out a list for them to choose from. Alethe, the one I had fixed on, but it does not look so well in print. *Theora* seemed the only one they both liked; Lady L., too, liked *Clea*. Told Lord L. I should come again on Tuesday. — 24th. Went to Bowood; the Duke had started off at five o'clock on the 22nd. A letter from him this morning; had seen Canning, but nothing could be known till the latter had seen the King. After luncheon walked out with Lord L. Said he had received a letter that morning from a person I should little suspect as offering his counsel on such a subject; "one," he added, "more likely to counsel you than me." This was from Rogers,

who is at present at Dropmore, and writes to say that, thinking it might be satisfactory to Lord L. to know the opinions of Lord Grenville on the subject of the negotiation, and those opinions being decidedly for the junction, he hastens to communicate them. Said I should come again to-morrow. "If you find me gone," said Lord L., "you may conclude all is settled." — 25th. Went to Bowood at half-past one; Lord L. gone about half an hour, in consequence of the arrival of a King's messenger. Had left a note for me, to say that lest, from his departure, I might suppose all to be settled, he thought it right not to leave me under this impression; on the contrary, he had received a decided, though elaborately softened down, refusal to his proposal; but, as his friends thought he ought to be in town during the present situation of affairs, he had consented to go up. Bid me, if I should see William Lamb announced as the future secretary for Ireland, not to conclude any thing favourable from that circumstance, as the appointment would be only temporary.

May 1st to 31st. The whole of this month busily employed in seeing my "Epicurean" through the press, and finishing the last chapters: at it from morning to night. Had Anastasia home, and consulted Brabant about her, who alarmed me not a little by his opinion of her general health.

June 1st to 6th. Bessy's sister in Edinburgh very ill; a letter from Mrs. Siddons giving but little hope of her life: this letter succeeded by others of a more encouraging tendency: endeavoured, however, to prevent Bessy from being too sanguine in her expectations. Received a note from Corry, who is in London, and means to stay a week more.

7th. Having finished all but the correction of the last

chapter and the notes, started for town. A good deal of conversation on the way. Proceeded in the coach to Ludgate Hill, having fixed to pass a few days with the Longmans, for the better dispatch of what remains of my printing. One of my fellow passengers, a lady, who went on with me, expressed her delight at having been "lucky enough to pass so many hours in my company," and introduced me to a young man who was in the inn-yard to meet her. Found a servant of the Longmans waiting for me, and a nice dinner ready on my arrival; nothing could be more kind or hospitable. Walked out with Rees. Went to Power's about a coat I had ordered, having none fit to appear in: found it dreadful, and went to Nugee's, the tailor, who engaged to make me another immediately.

8th. Waked at five o'clock by the dreadful noise of the workmen pulling down some houses opposite. Nugee called with the first *sketch* of my coat to try it on: said he would dress me better than ever I was dressed in my life: "There's not much of you, sir," he said, "and therefore my object must be to make the most I can of you." Quite a jewel of a man this Nugee: have gone to him in consequence of my former tailor being bankrupt. Worked all day at my notes, and did not stir out till after dinner. Went to the Athenæum; looked at lodgings, and fixed to go to 19. Bury Street. The Longmans anxious I should stay with them, but finding Rees had given up his own room to me, felt I should be more comfortable by changing my quarters.

9th. At work all the morning in reading various books of travels, &c. for my notes: added but little to the authorities I already had, which are far more multifarious than they need be. Left Paternoster Row late, and got

to my lodgings time enough to dress for dinner at Lord Lansdowne's, who wrote down to me a few days ago to ask me for to-day and for Thursday next: company, the Lievens, Jerseys, Cowpers, Vernons, Wm. Russells, Duke of Devonshire, &c.: sat next to Lieven. Found a note at home from Barnes, asking me to dine with him to-morrow.

10th. Held communication early with Corry, who is my next door neighbour. After having worked some hours at my proofs, &c., walked out with Corry. Paid visits: among others called upon Lord Harrington, who asked me to dine with him. Not having yet answered Barnes, was half inclined to do so: tossed up a shilling in Corry's room to decide; "heads for Barnes;" it came heads, and off I set to Nelson Square, having tried to prevail on Corry to accompany me. On mentioning this to Barnes, we dispatched a note off to C. asking him to join us after dinner, which he did. * * *

11th. At work all the morning. Dined with the Fieldings.

12th. A letter from Bessy's mother about poor Anne, who appears, by the last accounts, to be all but dead. Dined at the Athenæum alone, and went to see Pasta in "Marie Stuart;" much affected by it: went to the Fieldings' box afterwards, and found both the girls' eyes red with weeping. Great anxiety about the result of the struggle to-night between the Ministers and Opposition, on the Duke of Wellington's amendment. The intelligence brought to the Fieldings' box by Talbot, who had just heard it from Col. French: "We have beaten the Jacobins," exclaimed the wise colonel. Went from thence to Lady Lansdowne, who had a box for the children to-night; found there Lord Lansdowne, who looked fagged and worried. * * *

13th. A letter from Bessy expressing her intention to go to Edinburgh to her sister, in case Brabant thinks it right for Anastasia to travel. Dined with Lady Donegal, or rather with Mary and Barbara, poor Lady D. not being well enough to see me yet. Drove a little in the Park afterwards, and they then set me down at the theatre, where I saw the "Hundred Pound Note" and "Peter Wilkins;" much pleased with both: Corry in the next box to me; joined and went, of course, to sup afterwards: this finishing of the night always necessary to him as it used to be to me, but it now disagrees with me much. Told me a good deal about Plunket, of his amiableness and even playfulness when one comes to know him, notwithstanding that repulsive look and manner of his. Described a merry day with him and the Chief Justice (Bushe) at the Pigeon House: their endeavours to out-pun each other, "Well, that's as bad as his, isn't it?" "No, no; mine was the worst, I appeal to all round." Con Lyne was one of the party, and, on his undertaking to recite something, Plunket said, "Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it; stand up, man, and nobody at least can say that you are *Con-seated* (conceited)." Mentioned Plunket's joke on some one saying, "Well, you see ——'s predictions have come true." "Indeed!" said Plunket, "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

14th. At work most of the morning. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: Corry and I went together: company, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss Ricardo, Orde, Mackintosh, Newton, &c. Supper afterwards at Stevens's. Corry told me of his first interview with Lord Lansdowne on his arrival; Lord L. asked him, among a variety of other questions, how my "Life of Sheridan" was liked in Ireland. Corry told him that Bushe and Plunket disapproved of

the light in which I had represented Sheridan; I had sacrificed (they thought) my hero! Lord L. very truly replied, that I might more fairly be accused of the opposite fault, that of glossing him over too much. Did not get to bed till near two, which is hard work, having to be up, with all my wits about me, so early.

15th. Waked at a little before eight; worked at my notes for seven hours, and then went to dinner at Longman's with Corry and the Knight of Kerry, the latter of whom I begged them to invite: company, Kenny, Dickinson, Barnes, &c. One or two pleasant stories from Kenny. Corry, the Knight, and I, came away together, and after walking down to the House of Commons, turned into a coffee-house on our way back, and committed supper on lobster salad and brandy and water. * * *

16th. Not at all well after my double dose of eating and drinking yesterday, but obliged to rise early to work. Did not continue long at it, but treated myself to a walk, which did me good. Went to dine at Longman's, at Hampstead; took a hackney coach, which was to cost me 15*s.* for the day. A large party: Mr. and Mrs. Carr and daughter, Dr. Thomson, Miss Bentham, the Spottiswoodes, &c. Singing in the evening; Miss Carr, Miss Longman, and myself. Left at a quarter past eleven, and, having refreshed myself by a little change of toilette, got to the Duke of Devonshire's supper about twenty minutes past twelve. All the great world there, and every one full of kindness to me. Sat at supper between Lady Carlisle and Lady Clanricarde; a good deal of talk with the former about the new changes in the Ministry. Forgot my eye-glass at home; but Lady Cawdor lent me hers, charging me to take care of it, as it was a wedding present.

17th. Was to have dined (Corry and I) with Benett to-day; but my old friend Lady Bective having invited us also, preferred it. See the Benetts almost every day, as he receives my letters under his cover from Bessy, and I call there for them. The girls very pretty and lively; want me to take up my abode there, but distracted as I am even in my secluded back room in Bury Street, what should I be among them? Set off for Regent's Park with Corry towards seven; some difficulty in finding the Bectives' house. No one but ourselves and them. Sang with Lady Bective and her daughter in the evening some of the same songs she and I sung together before that daughter existed, I believe!

18th. Received last night a revise of my last sheet, and see many things to re-write in the death-scene. Notes pouring in on me, and visitors momentarily expected: found I could do nothing at home, and determined to fly off to Kensington Gardens with my sheets. Took a hackney-coach at Knightsbridge, and in a few minutes found myself in those quiet gardens, out of the reach of all intruders. Sauntered about and sat alternately, conning over my pages, and touching the style and thoughts into shape, and, after being employed there about three hours, returned with the death-scene much improved in its present form. Dispatched it to the printer. Dined (Corry and I) at Sterling's, one of the proprietors of, and writers for, the "Times;" rather an artificial and affected man but (as I understand from Corry) full of good feeling and kindness. Found among the guests one of my pretty shuttlecock friends (the sister of Mr. Henry Napier) who is married to Captain Light; sat next her at dinner. Some talk with Sterling about Barnes, who, he says, is the "best good man, with worst-natured tongue." Never

heard him speak of any one otherwise than depreciatingly, but the next moment after abusing a man, he would go any length to serve him. The day by no means agreeable; was off to Lady Lansdowne's; found the gallery lighted up, and Pasta and Toso singing. Sorry to see Lord L. looking thoughtful and worried. Had received a card from him to dine on Monday next, but cannot, being engaged to Spottiswoode's: said he was very sorry, as he wished me to meet Lord Grey. Lady L. not well, and unhappy about an old family nurse, who was seized with apoplexy in the morning; neither host nor hostess, indeed, wore a *visage de fête*, which I grieved to see, for my heart warms to both. Lord Auckland asked me for next Thursday, but I am engaged; begged me to call and fix a day with his sisters. Not home till near two.

19th. Up at eight, and from that hour till five o'clock never stirred from my writing-table, being employed in collecting my references for the notes, and putting them into shape. This part of my task done too hurriedly, as I shall not be able to compress one-tenth of my materials into proper form, and must therefore omit them. Between five and six shaved and dressed, and went to dine at the Athenæum; from thence to the Opera, where I promised Sir F. Burdett last night I would join his daughter in her box. Pasta in "Semiramide," very fine. Power has eased my mind on the subject of my bill on him for 120*l.* which is just falling due, and which I was to take up. He will pay it himself, and I shall refund the sum when my book is launched.

20th. Sent my last copy to the printer. Walked about with Corry, who is off to-morrow: introduced him to the Benett girls, whom he thought very pretty and agreeable. Saw Lady D. for the first time; obliged to

be carried down to the drawing-room; a good deal altered in every thing but cordiality and goodness; all raptures, as usual, about my little Tom. Drove out with Barbara and her aunt; got my ticket for Almack's. Dined at Lord Cowper's: company, Brougham, Creevey, William Lamb, &c. &c. Creevey very amusing, drawing out Broofam (as he calls him) on his late speech at Liverpool; reminding him of their former time there, when Brougham, he said, was pelted "with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into their carriage) and he with real ones. Mentioned Brougham's having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say; and on Creevey's remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh, well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, he took particular pains not to leave a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "but I ought to apologise for having so long occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you." Went afterwards to Almack's, and was much amused; the prettiest person among those new to me, Lady Alice Peel. Was asked to-day to Lord Leveson Gower's.

21st. Went to Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. S. Mrs. S. disposed to give me every assistance in my "Life of Byron;" promised to write out her recollections of the Memoirs, which she had read (at least the first part) before he gave them to me; fixed to meet her next Monday at the Exhibition. Walked into town with Kenny, calling in my way at Heath's (the engraver), who has sent me several messages and letters, requesting an interview with me. His object is to get me to become

editor of an annual volume he has undertaken, in the manner of the "Forget-me-not," but on a more splendid scale; proposes to give me 500*l.* a-year, my editorship to commence with the second number, as the present editor is Mr. Ainsworth (I think), the son-in-law of Ebers. Showed me some of the sheets and plates of the first number. Told him that I must take some time to consider of it, and should mention the proposal only to one person. Have no serious idea, however, of accepting it; the 500*l.* a-year would, of course, be welcome, but there are other considerations to be looked to, and the plan altogether is *not* eligible. Dined at Lord Caernarvon's, having been also asked to Lord King's. Company: the Jerseys, Rogers, Baring, the Duncannons, Puseys, &c. Seated the whole time of dinner (without knowing him) next Lord Porchester: at length Lord Jersey, who sat on the other side of me, telling me who he was, lost no time in making up leeway with my brother poet, whose modesty evidently prevented him from entering into conversation with me; a rare quality in a young lord, and imputable solely to his poetry. The dinner dreadfully long; and I felt it the more from my impatience to be off to the "Medea," which I had never seen. Left the table soon after the ladies (Lord Jersey promising to explain for me to Lord Caernarvon) and took coach for the Opera. First act just over; knew not where to find a seat (it being a benefit night) till at last, seeing on the plan that the Countess St. Antonio kept her box, flew thither, and found only the Countess, Miss Gent, and Uvedale Price. Never saw anything so fine as Pasta's acting; the "miseri pargoletti" full of tenderness, and all the rest grand. Promised to meet Miss Gent (who is a firstrate singer and a very handsome person) at the Countess's on Tuesday next. Remained

alone in the box to see the ballet, and then home. Called this morning on Agar Ellis, to ask him to join Rogers in proposing Barnes at the Athenæum, Rogers being of opinion that my name, as one of the proposers, would do Barnes more harm than good, by proclaiming him so decidedly as the "Times" editor. Ellis fixed for me to meet him at Rogers's to-morrow.

22nd. Received the proofs of the "dedication," &c. Went to Rogers's: found Agar Ellis about to take R. and Uvedale Price to see Lord Londonderry's Correggios: promised to call on Agar Ellis after his return. Went to Lord John Russell; showed him the "dedication," and asked his opinion of it, whether there was any thing he would wish altered in it, &c.; said he liked it very much. Thence to Agar Ellis's; found that he and Rogers had been to the Athenæum, and written down Barnes. Anxious that I should dine with him some day, and fixed the first I was disengaged for July 5th. Said he should get the Jerseys to meet me, and added, "Is there any one else you would like me to ask?" On my way from him to Power's, met Lord Lansdowne and Abercromby. Lord L. said, "I never see you now." "No," I answered, "I have *cut* you since you became minister." Went out to pay my first visit at Holland House; found Lord H. riding about the hayfield. Walked beside him for some time; full of mental activity as usual. Talked a good deal of the state of politics. * * * Said Lord Lansdowne was too mild and forbearing to the Opposition, and that he was himself meditating a *sortie* against them. Talked of Ireland, Lord Anglesey's intended appointment, &c. &c. Lady Holland, driving in her whiskey, joined us, and said to me, "At last welcome to these peaceful shades; I thought we were never to see you." Asked me to dine

to-morrow; the very thing I wished, it being the only day I have open for a long time. Lord H. had already mentioned Wednesday next, which I was obliged to refuse. Sat for some time with them in one of the summer houses, Lady H. inquiring, with much kindness, about Bessy and the young ones. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, young Villiers and one or two more. In the evening the Francis Levesons, Mr. de Roos, and a few others; sung a good deal.

23rd. Sent the last of my corrections to the printer; the book may be out next Saturday. Received a ticket from Miss Burdett for the "Medea" to-night; also from the Countess St. Antonio, and from Lady Davy, and from somebody else, but am bound fast to Holland House. At two went to Lady Donegal's to meet some friends of Barbara, who are anxious to hear me sing; Mrs. Hall and her sister. Sung as well as I could, having tired myself with running about. The sister much affected by some of the songs and cried. The Benetts took me out to Holland House after a drive in the Park. Benett had in the morning told me, in confidence, of Lord C. Churchill having proposed for Ethell; the girls too let out a little of the same secret. Company at dinner, the Duke of Bedford, the Whitbreads, Lambton, &c. &c. Sat up till near two with Lord Holland, who took me to his room and read me over some researches of his upon the Dissenters' Bill; also his translation of the 25th canto of Ariosto for Mr. Rose's book, which he had got printed for himself in full, with all the stanzas about Fiordespina, which, of course, are to be omitted in publication. Had fixed with Lambton to dine out for me to-morrow.

24th. Talking of Gibbon after breakfast; whether one would have rather left such a history as that of Gibbon

behind or that of Hume; more men to be found, I thought, to do the latter than the former; such a comprehensive subject, and so completely executed. Those verses on Gibbon which I have heard attributed to Mr. Fox, "Through all the religions of Europe he ran," &c., not his, Lord H. says. Another mistake about Mr. Fox, his admiration of Barrow; Lord H. doubts whether he ever read a line of Barrow. At one Lambton arrived; my Lady, however, having fixed to take me in her whiskey to see Charles's house, Lambton accompanied us. Came into town with Lambton in his cabriolet. What an odd state of politics. I saw Lady Holland yesterday touching Lambton on the knee to keep him from speaking against the Duke of Wellington before the Duke of Bedford; the two Dukes being now, in conjunction with Lord Grey, *opposers* of the Ministry, while Lord Tavistock, Lord John, and Lambton are *with* them. Very little hopes now of poor Anne's life. Dined at Lord Carlisle's: company, the Ponsonbys, the Wilmot Hortons, C. Greville, Planta, Luttrell, &c.; the first time I have met W. Horton since the burning of the MS.; very courteous. Dinner not very bright; too many official jokes between Horton and Planta. After dinner some conversation with the former about Ireland, and found him agreeable and sensible.

25th. Have been sitting some days past to Moore for a medallion. Went to Rogers; found there Lady Davy, Lord and Lady Ruthven, and Newton, who had been breakfasting with him. Told R. I had received a note from the Longmans to say that my book would come out (with Scott's "Napoleon") on Saturday: thought it could be ready, I knew, on Wednesday. R. angry at this; every day, he said, now was precious, and I ought not to allow them to keep me back for that "great humbug, the

Napoleon." All urged me to hasten it, particularly Lady Ruthven. Went to the Exhibition to meet Mrs. Shelley; a good deal of talk about Lord B. and Shelley. Seems to have known Byron thoroughly, and always winds up her account of his bad traits with "but still he was very nice." From the Exhibition went with her to the Panorama of Geneva; pointed out to me the place where Lord B. lived. She and Shelley had a small house near him. At first they lived at Secheron, and she spoke of Byron's singing one of my Melodies, "When He who adores Thee," as he left them in his boat of an evening, and their standing at the wall at the bottom of the garden listening to his voice over the water. Said the three or four months she passed there were the happiest of her life. The story of Lord B.'s saying to Polidori that, though Shelley did not fight, *he* did, is true. Dined at Spottiswoode's, having been obliged to refuse Lord Lansdowne, and also a dinner at Byng's, where I was asked to meet Lord Tavistock. Dull enough at Spottiswoode's, except in the evening, when we had music. A brother of Jeremy Bentham's of the party; rather an odd, quaint person, who expressed himself much puzzled by the peculiar quality of my voice; asked had I any secret charm? &c. &c. Went to Lady Grey's assembly; left it with Luttrell, who proposed to me to go also to Lady Cork's, but I was tired, and home.

26th. Went at two o'clock to the Countess St. Antonio; found her and Coccia at the pianoforte. The new tenor (Ravoglia, I think) came soon after, and sang several things of Coccia's. Told the Countess she must not expect me to sing this morning, as there were foreign professors by; not understanding the words, they never know what to make of my singing. "*Ah, que c'est drôle!*" as I overheard a Frenchman say, after I had been singing "Those

Evening Bells." By degrees the room filled; Lord and Lady Worcester, Lady Mansfield and her daughters, the Miss Gents, &c. The Gents sang two duets beautifully, one of them Vaccai's. The Lady Murrays also sang very well, and with much more feeling than the others. Lady Mansfield invited me to come to Caen Wood in a week or two. Left them singing at near five o'clock. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, Lady E. Vernon, M. and Madame Eynard, George Fortescue, &c. Took Madame Eynard down to dinner; a very agreeable person. Received a letter from Rees this morning, in consequence of my having said yesterday at dinner that "I feared my little cock-boat (the "Epicurean") would be run down by the launch of the great war-ship (Napoleon) on Saturday," informing me, that as I appeared not to like coming out with Scott, they meant to put off the publication of the "Epicurean" till Saturday week. Wrote to remonstrate against this, and quoted what Rogers had said; got an answer back to say, I should be out on Friday.

27th. Dined at Baring's, having been also asked to Frankland Lewis's, and some other place. Company: Charles Fox and his wife, Lord Essex, Rogers, Brougham, &c. Francis Baring, whom I sat next, told me of his having met, during his travels in South America, some Mexican women who had learnt English for the express purpose of singing my Melodies. Corunna formerly called "the Groyne." Fox, in one of his speeches, calls it so. After dinner, in talking of Peter Coxe the auctioneer, F. Baring said, "Didn't he write some poem about 'Human Life?'" (Rogers was sitting beside him.) There was a dead silence. "No," answered Brougham at last, putting his finger up to his nose with a look of grave malice; "no, it was not *Peter Coxe* that was the author of 'Human

Life.'" B.'s look and voice irresistible, and there was a burst of laughter over the table, in which Rogers himself joined.

28th. A note from Power to say that poor Anne is at last released from her suffering; a letter from Murray, too, with the same information. Wrote to Bessy as consolingly as I could on this subject: notwithstanding the long preparation, she will feel it deeply. Dined at Boddington's: company, the other Boddingtons, Mr. Crackenthorpe, &c. &c. Sat next Miss Boddington, who is pretty and amusing. Left them preparing to dance, and went to Lady Cornwall's, where I heard some rather bad amateur music, with the exception of the Miss Gents. Much pressed to sing, but did not till most of the company had gone away.

29th. Taken by the two Benetts to Dulwich, where I have for some days been meditating a visit to Dr. Glennie, with whom Byron was at school. Glennie not at home, but we were shown into a good garden, where we amused ourselves among the strawberry beds. Saw young Glennie, who showed me the memorandums, as far as they are done, which his father is writing down for me relative to Byron. A good deal of laughing in our drive back. Dined at Ponsonby's: company, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Dudley, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Rogers, and Miss Godfrey. Lord Dudley very silent; hardly opened his lips. Found a note on my return home from Lord Essex (who fixed to take me to Boyle Farm tomorrow), appointing the hour at which I am to be with him

30th. Day rather threatening for the *fête*. Was with Lord Essex at two, and started about half an hour afterwards in his barouche and four. Nothing but carriages and four along the road to Boyle Farm, which Lady de

Roos has lent for the occasion to Henry: the five givers of the *fête* being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, and Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. But few come when we arrived; the arrangements very tasteful and beautiful. The pavilion for quadrilles on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite oriental, like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled, the women all looking their best, and scarce an ugly face among them. About half-past five sat down to dinner; four hundred and fifty under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the royal table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and after dinner there were gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c. singing barcarolles, and rowing off occasionally so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos: Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who rowed about in the same manner and sung "Oh come to me when daylight sets," &c. &c. The evening was most delicious, and as soon as it grew dark the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps in various devices. A little lake near a grotto looked particularly pretty, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six and twenty of the prettiest girls of the fashionable world, the Foresters, Brudenells, De Rooses, Mary Fox, Miss Russell, &c. &c., were dressed as *rosières*, and opened the quadrille in the pavilion. Walked about a good deal with Lord King's daughter and the Fieldings. Had agreed to go away with Lord Essex at ten, and as the time approached was rather sorry. The Fieldings offered to bring me home if I would stay, but as they probably would stay till morning, did

not like to run the risk of wearing the thing out, and resolved to go while the enjoyment of it was fresh in my mind, so started with Lord E. about half-past ten, the fireworks on the Thames being the only thing I lost. Yesterday my book came out, and there was a flaming eulogy on it in the "Literary Gazette" of to-day. They have given, however, the catastrophe of the story, which is letting the cat out of the bag most provokingly. Dawson (Lord P.'s brother) said to me at the *fête*, "I never read any thing so beautiful as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already." "Oh, I read it in the 'Literary Gazette.'" This is too bad. The Marquis Palmella, too (the Portuguese ambassador), when he and I and Brougham were standing together, said to me, "This is like one of your *fêtes*." Brougham, thinking he alluded to "Lalla Rookh," said, "Oh yes, quite oriental." "*Non, non, je veux dire*," answered Palmella, "*cette fête d'Athenes dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourdhui.*" Sent Bessy a copy of the book to-day.

July 1st. To Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. Shelley. Gave me, written down, her recollections of the "Memoirs." Told me all the circumstances of poor Shelley's death. Showed me a very clever letter of Lord Byron's to her on the subject of Hunt, who had complained of some part of Lord B.'s conduct to him. She thought it a "hard and high" tone he takes with Hunt, and there may be a little too much of this in it, but it is the letter of a clever man of the world. In speaking of Hunt's claim on his friendship, he says he had always served him as far as lay in his power, but that friendship was out of the question, there being but one man (Lord Clare) for whom he entertained that feeling, "and perhaps

(he adds afterwards) Thomas Moore." Mrs. S. walked into town with me as far as the Strand, where I went to call on Raymond the great French bookseller. Sat some time with him talking French politics: thinks there is a *crise* coming. Said, speaking of Scott's work, that he feared "Napoleon would dethrone Sir W. Scott in France." Dined at Holland House: company, Lady Keith, the Websters, Sneyd, the Duke of Bedford, Lord J. Russell, &c. &c. Reminded Lady Holland of her saying to Lord Porchester, "I am so sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem; can't you suppress it?" "Well," she answered, "I have been reading a work this morning that I should certainly not be for suppressing." "See what you've got by your prose," said Lord Holland; "she was so delighted to find there were no rhymes in your book." Lord John, on the contrary, had told me before dinner that he liked the "Epicurean" very much, but "was sorry I had not made a poem of it." A very flattering article on my book in the "Examiner" of to-day; and it is even praised in that beastly paper the "Age," which calls it "this exquisite work." Allen remarked to-day on the contempt Scott shows for the Highlanders in his novels; always represents them as shabby fellows. "Quentin Durward," Allen said, is the most gentlemanlike of his heroes.

2nd. Have been in correspondence for some days past with Drury of Harrow (whom I rather think I met once at dinner at Murray's) about paying him a visit on the subject of Byron; have fixed to-morrow to come to him. Went to the Longmans, and drew 200*l.* on the account of the "Epicurean," this making altogether near 400*l.* I have anticipated out of its profits. Said to Longman "I hope it will stand that;" and he replied, "Oh, more

than that, I hope." Gave Power 130*l.* to cover the bill he has paid for me, and 20*l.* I have borrowed of him since I came to town. Sent my darling Bess ten of my remaining 50*l.* Dined at Lansdowne House: company, Lord Donoughmore, Abercrombys, Newton, Sharpe, Barings, &c. Sharpe full of praise of my book; said he was "downright in love with Alethe, and could hardly tell why, for she did little more than raise her beautiful eyes and let them fall again." This, as I told him, was what I aimed at; to make my heroine interesting with as little effort as possible, keeping her down to the gentle, simple tone which I myself like in women. Had once an idea of putting, as a motto to the book, two lines from Crashaw's verses on St. Theresa:

> "Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
> She can love and she can die."

But this would have been proclaiming my catastrophe. Spoke of Crashaw's verses; the dialogue between him and Cowley on Hope. Cowley's beautiful "Brother of Fear," &c., and the ingenious couplet,

> "The joys which we entire should wed,
> Come deflowered virgins to our bed."

and Crashaw's

> "Fair Hope, our earlier heaven, by thee
> Young Time is taster to Eternity!"

Lord L. mentioned a letter he had from Ireland, speaking of the "claw of an act," evidently thinking that *clause* was plural. Lady Lansdowne told me she was too late to receive her guests, owing to the "Epicurean," which she had read to within twenty pages of the end. Went in the evening to the British Gallery; met Elwyn there; afterwards to Lady Grey's for a short time.

3rd. Started for Harrow in the coach at three, Miss Godfrey and Barbara having taken me to the Green Man and Still in their carriage. Drury had desired me to ask Hobhouse to accompany me, but Hobhouse could not. Forgot to mention that I had some conversation with H. at the Dandy's dinner. * * * We had some talk there about Byron, and he not only readily complied with my wish to have my letters to Byron back, but seemed every way disposed to afford me every facility in my task. Said he thought that enough of original matter of Byron might be collected to make up a volume of such a size as would spare me the trouble of doing more than merely prefixing a light prefatory sketch to it. He also told me he had looked over the letters to Lady Melbourne, and found they were of so confidential and personal a nature that there could hardly, he thought, be any extracts from them for publication. In one of them B. says, "I am going to write a civil letter to such an one, a gallant letter to some one else, an ambitious one to another, and a sincere one to Tom Moore." Added, that he thought it was the duty of the executors to try and make good Lord Byron's intentions of serving me in every way that lay in their power. Arrived at Harrow about half-past six: no one but Drury himself (who received me most hospitably) and his family at dinner. Dr. Butler joined us in the evening. A good deal of desultory talk about Byron; his quarrel with Butler; could not bear his succeeding Dr. Drury; organised a rebellion against him on his arrival; wrote up in all parts of the school, "To your tents, O Israel!" dragged the desk of the master into the middle of the school, and burnt it. Lived in Dr. Butler's house; pulled down the blinds of his study or drawing-room (?); when charged

with it by Dr. B. and asked his reason, said, "They darkened the room." Afterwards, however, when Butler threatened him, cried and blubbered like a child. Always at the head of every mischief. His lameness, they both agreed, was from an accident, being let fall when at nurse; might have been removed if he had not been obstinate at school, and resisted all the precautions and remedies adopted. Was very idle; learnt nothing. His mother a coarse, vulgar woman. The Duke of Dorset a great friend of B.'s at school; did not know that Clare was such a friend of his. Remarked, very justly, the total contrast in every respect between him and Lord Clare. Spoke of the strong opposition in Harrow to the inscription Byron wished to have over the tomb of Allegra. * * * Drury had some dogs (two, I believe) sent him that had belonged to Lord Byron. One day he was told that two ladies wished to see him, and he found their business was to ask, as a great favour, some relic of Lord Byron. Expecting to be asked for some of his handwriting, or a bit of his hair, he was amused to find that it was a bit of the hair of one of the dogs they wanted. The dog being brought forward the ladies observed a *clot* on his back, which had evidently resisted any efforts at ablution that might have been exerted on the animal, and immediately selected this as the most precious part to cut off; "the probability," they said, "being that Lord B. might have patted that clot." Slept at Drury's.

4th. Started for town at nine o'clock. Met Mrs. Shelley, by appointment, at Power's; sung for her. Called for by the Benetts, and drove about with them a little. Dined at Lady Davy's: company, the Charlemonts, and one of the Lady Clements, the Frankland Lewises, Lord Dudley, Lady Lyndhurst, &c. Lord Dudley very agreeable. Spoke

of Lady Ruthven; the singularity of her going direct from Scotland to Italy and Greece, and when Lord D. first met her she was acquainted with every hole and corner of Athens and Rome, but had never seen either London or Paris. During dinner Lady Lyndhurst said to me across the table, "A friend of mine nearly broke his neck over your book yesterday." It appeared that this friend was anxious to finish the "Epicurean," that he was reading it in his curricle, and the horses were near running away with him. Some more people came in the evening; Lady Jersey, &c. Sung a little. Lord Dudley very comical about my complaint of the people in the other room: "Very good sort of people, I assure you. You calumniate them; but it is thus that inhabitants of remote regions are always calumniated; your own country, Ireland," &c. &c.

5th. Had a note some days ago from the Duchess of Bedford, hoping I was disengaged for to-day, as they were "particularly anxious" I should dine with them. Asked, also, to Lady Clanricarde's (I rather think to meet Canning), but have been engaged to Agar Ellis this fortnight past. Company at Ellis's: the Jerseys, the Carlisles, the Lascelles, Sneyd, Lord Clifden, &c. &c. Ellis told me before dinner that, while he was writing a letter this morning, he heard a violent sobbing behind him, and, on turning round, found it was Lady Georgiana over the "Epicurean." Sung in the evening. Lady Carlisle asked me to come to her on Monday, to meet the Cannings, but I am unluckily going to Harrow. At eleven left Ellis's for Barnes's, a musical party; found them at dancing; danced a quadrille myself (rather than do nothing) with a Miss Jones; very pretty. Playing on the pianoforte, in the bravura style, by a Miss ——, I forget who; and some singing to the guitar by a Russian. I sung also. After

supper the mother of the bravura young lady sung "Alley Croker" at the table! and the Russian sung, pathetically, to the guitar, Goldsmith's "Good people all, of every sort." His "De dog it var dat died, heigh ho!" very ludicrous.

6th. Went out rather early to perform some commissions: returned to dress, and was called for by Lady Davy between one and two. Went to the Ruthvens', and proceeded with them in their open carriage and four to Teddington, to pass the day with the Charlemonts. The Charlemonts' place very pretty: they are but just recovering a little the loss of their daughter, who died, after a long illness, three or four months since. The other girl (a very lovely person) has felt it so much, that they have serious fears about her also. After luncheon went on the water; Lady Meath, with some of the girls in another boat: were to have seen a curious old house belonging to Lord —— (?), but did not get permission. Returned to dinner between seven and eight; a great mistake not to have dined at first, as we had had all the hot part of the day on the water. Had a pleasant drive home, getting to town between twelve and one.

7th. The Benetts took me out to Brompton, where I wanted to call on Lucy's late maid, Mrs. Winsor, whose husband had set up as a miniature painter and drawing master. Dined with Colonel Bailly (Elwyn's friend), having been introduced to him by his pretty daughter at the Dandy fete: company, rather an odd assemblage; Lord Fife, Sir J. Beresford, D. Kinnaird, and my friend, Lord Strangford, whom I was very glad to meet, and who sat next me. Said he thought my "Epicurean" the most delicious piece of prose that had ever been written; had a good deal of conversation with him. In

the evening some talk with D. Kinnaird about Byron; a great deal of the woman about Byron, in his tenderness, his temper, his caprice, his vanity. Chantrey's remark upon this; the soft voluptuous character of the lower part of his face, and the firmness of the upper part. Promised Miss Bailly to call upon her on Tuesday next.

8th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. Mentioned the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his family walking past Byron's house at Pisa to get a glimpse of him, Byron not having gone to court. B. gave Leigh (his brother-in-law) some thousands of pounds; I think she said eight thousand. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's at Wimbledon; Luttrell and I went together having clubbed for a job: found the party out in the grounds, which are very pretty: company, besides ourselves, Lord Alvanley, Montague, Dawson, Miss Fitzclarence, Gen. and Mrs. Macdonald and a very pretty daughter, Lady Clare and her daughter. Did not like the appearance of things at first, so many dandies being a portentous prospect; but got placed at dinner between Miss Macdonald and Miss Fitzclarence, both very pretty and amusing, and enjoyed the time exceedingly: the girls dating their ages and standing by their seasons at Almack's; Miss Macdonald considering herself an old woman from this being her second year at Almack's; Miss F.'s first. Talked of the *rosière* dress at the *fête;* the pattern given by the Miss de Rooses, who said it was to be pretty and cheap, but it turned out neither; cost twelve guineas and good for nothing afterwards: all these details very amusing. In the evening, after a moonlight ramble through the walks, I sung: the Chancellor much delighted, particularly courteous, and begged that if I returned to town during the summer, I would come and pass some days here. Dawson after

dinner mentioned a dialogue he had heard in Paris between two Irish gentlemen. "Are you going back to Westmeath?" "No, indeed." "And why not?" "Sure, the roof 's in." The Rue de la Paix, from the number of English that are always parading it, called "Bullstrode Street."

9th. Started in the coach from Oxford Street about half past nine, and arrived at Harrow at half past eleven. Drury busy in the school. Sat for some time in the garden, looking over "Bentley's Horace," with MS. notes here and there by Drury. * * * After luncheon Drury took me round to show me the school: Byron's name cut in various places around, but only one or two of them by his own hand. The present desk replaced that which Byron burnt in his rebellion. Showed me his favourite spot in the churchyard, where he used to sit, commanding an extensive view; was called "Byron's tomb" by the boys. It was near this he first wished Allegra to be buried, but afterwards he preferred having her laid under the sill of the church door: his reason for this preference appears to be his recollection of an inscription over the door, which he used to have before his eyes as he sat in the gallery during church time, and read over and over. The inscription, tame enough, is as follows:

> "When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred bust,
> Our tears become us and our grief is just;
> Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
> This last, sad tribute of her love and praise."

Saw the books in the library which Byron bequeathed to it on leaving Harrow: Porson's edition of "Hecuba," and the following words written in it by himself, "The bequest of Byron to the library, prior to his leaving Harrow, Dec. 4th, A. D. 1804." After paying a visit to

Dr. Butler's returned to Drury's, and occupied myself in copying out some letters of Byron to Drury, and in collating the rough copy of the two first cantos of Childe Harold (which he gave to Drury) with the printed edition. Company at dinner, H. and his wife and her sister: music in the evening. Had some hopes of materials from H., but he will evidently do nothing for me. H., when in love with his present wife, was in despair of being able to marry her, from the objection her mother had to giving her to a person so much in debt as he was. On his telling this to Lord Byron, "How much do you owe?" said B. "A thousand pounds," was the answer. "Make your mind easy, then," said Byron, and immediately waited on the mother, and informed her that H. was out of debt: he presented him then with 1400*l.* After Byron's death, there were some efforts made by the executors to constitute this a debt; but there is, I believe, but little doubt it was intended as a free gift: Drury is sure it was, and says he had a letter of Byron's that would prove it, but he has unluckily either lost or mislaid this letter. Mrs. H. must have been very pretty.

10th. Off in the morning at nine. After performing some commissions went to Longman's, to meet Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, on the subject of Byron; Mrs. Glennie with him. A good deal of talk about Byron; promised to resume his memoranda as soon as he should return home. A curious proof of the difficulty one finds in arriving at truth is, that while Drury and Butler both assure me that Byron's lameness was from an accident, Mr. and Mrs. Glennie, under whose care he was for near two years (I think), affirm positively that it was a club-foot, and that he was born with it. Sheldrake used to come to put on the iron; the leg, they say, was not wasted, and the iron

went up only a short way. When I mentioned to them his saying to me that he was never altogether free from pain in it, they said he suffered no such pain at that time, and that it must be, perhaps, from his efforts to disguise the deformity that the inconvenience was felt, when I knew him. Byron's mother a vulgar, violent woman; it was she who instilled into him a dislike for Lord Carlisle, with whom she was continually at war on the subject of Byron's bringing up. Made a racket whenever she came to Glennie's; and the other boys used to say, "Byron, your mother's a fool." "I know it," was his answer. Mentioned a schoolfellow of B.'s (while with him), Lowes, I think, who was very clever, and whose example used to stimulate B. a good deal. B. was much attached to this young man, who died very young. B. always said that Lowes would distinguish himself in the world, and Lowes said the same of him. Must inquire more about this young man from Glennie. Glennie did not see much of Lord B. after he left him. Mrs. G. spoke with much feeling about the *good* that was in him, notwithstanding all his irregularities. When G. was at Geneva (it was after Lord B. had been there) people used jestingly to complain of his not having disciplined B. better, and made a better boy of him. Said he found the folks there highly indignant at Byron's conduct; his incivility in leaving a party to themselves whom he had asked to dine with him. This, I believe, is true. Said that B. wrote some English verses when he was with him; this not reconcilable with what B. says in his Journal. Called on Miss Bailly, according to promise. She is, it seems, the model the author of "Tremaine" took for his heroine; at least he said that he had never seen any one who approached his beau ideal but Miss Bailly. Mentioned that when Castlereagh

was a boy, his mother, writing a letter one day to his father, asked him what she should say for him. "Send him this epitaph which I have written on you" said the boy, which she did, and before the letter had reached the father, she was dead. This same epitaph, it appears, is on her tomb. Where is she buried? Somebody, the other day, in talking of Castlereagh's ignorance (which appears to have been extensive to a degree hardly conceivable), said that he always mistook the phrase "joining issue" with a person to mean agreeing with him. This however, I believe, is no uncommon vulgarism.

11th. Occupied in preparing for my departure, having taken my place in the mail for the evening. Went, either to-day or yesterday, to look at the books of Lord Byron's that are on sale at Evans's; nothing remarkable among them. There are some pencil marks of his on the "Prometheus of Æschylus" (Potter's translation) about "dethroning Jove," which I must refer to. Forgot to mention that I had a conversation with Barnes respecting my agreement with the "Times:" asked him how much longer I must go on at my present rate of contribution before the proprietors should conceive that I had done enough for the 500*l.* advanced me; and, in the next place, at the termination of this engagement, how much they could afford to offer me annually for renewing it. His answer was, that the proprietors, he was sure, would not require any thing further from me on the former account, but would consider that *closed;* and that for future contributions (at such intervals as would entirely suit my own fancy and convenience) they proposed to give me 200*l.* a-year. This, I said, was wholly out of the question; it was a task which, but for the convenience of the money it might bring, I would never undertake at all, and cer-

tainly should not think of for so small a sum as 200*l.* a-year. He then asked me to say what I should consider sufficient, and I answered that *if* I entered into a further engagement, which was still a doubtful point with me, I most assuredly could not name a sum less than double what he proposed. He then promptly agreed with me that it *was* as little as I ought to take, and said he would mention it to Walter. A few days after I had a note from him to say that the proprietors were very willing to enter into my views, and repeating what he had before stated, that they required nothing further on the former account. Thus the matter ended when I left town. After having packed up my things, dined at the Athenæum, and started in the mail about eight.

13th to 26th. Employed myself in sorting Lord Byron's letters: looked also over all my other letters and arranged them. Wrote words to an air for the sixth Number of "National Melodies," suggested by some Spanish verses Mrs. Shelley gave me, "Hope comes again." Dined with Lord Kerry and Guthrie at Bowood to meet Bowles: the following week had Kerry and Guthrie to dine with us, to meet the Napiers and Phippses: the same week met the same party at Phipps's. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Dog-day Reflections."

August 1st to 6th. Transcribing most of the time.

7th. Went to Bowood to dinner, and (my paper not having arrived before I started) learned for the first time the hopeless state of Canning: felt more affected by it than by any event of a public nature that has occurred in my time. Bowles to dinner; his ill-disguised complacency at the news very provoking.

8th. Walked into Devizes to dine with the Hughes's, Bessy having gone there yesterday. Scott and old Crowe

at dinner. The evening coaches brought the account of Canning's death at four this morning.

14th. Went to a great *fête* (Bessy and I) at Watson Taylor's, Erlstoke Park; more than 500 people there: the grounds very beautiful, and the arrangements very good. A drenching rain came on just as we were coming away, and the delay and the confusion were beyond any thing I ever saw. Bessy and I, after having been an hour under the shelter of some trees, got to a small room in a cottage, where we remained another hour, and had a dark and rather dangerous drive home. Her fine crape hat, bought for the occasion, put completely *hors-de-combat.*

16th. Bessy and I set off on our visit to Pyt House. Changed horses at Warminster, and arrived between five and six. No company there but the husband elect, Lord Charles, and a young Mr. Jeffries.

17th. Set off early to see Stourhead, in Benett's coach and four; the lovers on the box. Stourhead well worth seeing: some of the pictures good, particularly a Wilson or two, and some Gainsboroughs: the grounds beautiful. Lunched at the inn, and got home between nine and ten at night, when we dined immediately, *sans toilette.*

18th. Went to see Wardour: all new to Bessy; for whom, however, the fatigue was too much. Dear girl! she did not look *herself* at all.

19th. Took Bessy to hear mass at Wardour: the first time she ever saw Catholic service performed. The music as usual (when it is so good) raised me to the skies, but the gaudy ceremonies and the gesticulations of the mass shocked my simple-minded Bessy, and even the music, much as she feels it, could not reconcile her to the gold garments of the priest. Went afterwards to Fonthill and saw the ruins of the Abbey. Beckford evidently never

meant it to last, but wanted only a wonder of the day, of which engravings and descriptions might be made and then — to vanish. Lord Charles took his pretty *future* to church this morning to receive the sacrament, and thought it not decorous to go sight-seeing afterwards. Benett drove Bessy round the grounds of Fonthill, while I took my solitary walk. Endeavoured to cogitate something during my visit here, but could not. Much pressed to prolong our stay till the wedding (next Friday) but cannot spare the time. Bessy a good deal amused with the wedding raiment and trinkets: all splendid.

20th. Having ordered horses yesterday, started for home between one and two, and arrived about six. Received while at Benett's, two packets of Mrs. Shelley's communications relative to Lord Byron, which promise to be most useful to me: had to pay 8*s.* 6*d.* for their overweight.

27th to 31st. Busy transcribing, seeing Lord Kerry and Guthrie occasionally, being all of us anxious about the present struggle between the principles of light and darkness in the Ministry. Sent Power some more things; besides the "Hope comes again" (already mentioned) have sent him, since I came home, words to an air of Massamino, "Why let them come," three or four translations from the Latin and French for our "Miscellany," and part of an Eastern tale (one of my beginnings for "Lalla Rookh") for the same purpose; also "Ah! why that Tear?" to a French air, and "Smoothly flowing," to another French air. Have received within this period two or three letters from Lord John. Received also a letter from Mr. Barry, of Genoa, in answer to one which I wrote to him after my conversation with Hobhouse at Boyle Farm. * * * Have been pestered ever since Lord L. came into

power by people sending me memorials for him to present, and applying for places which they think he can give. A late treasurer of the ordnance wants his pension raised; Mr. —— wants indemnity for his losses in the rebellion of '98. A friend of Mary Dalby's wants a commissionership of bankruptcy; and —— wants his Whig services in the borough of Ipswich remunerated; besides various other wanting applicants, to all of whom I have given the same answer, viz. that I have made a resolution not to apply to Lord Lansdowne on any such matters. God help their wise heads! If Lord L. ever gives a thought to *myself*, it is the utmost I expect, and that but very faintly. Poor Bessy's health far from good; the loss of her sister has sunk deep into her heart, and she is sleepless, nervous, and low-spirited. Dear, excellent Bessy. Received 100*l.* from the Longmans on account of the "Epicurean," making in all 500*l.*

Sept. 1st. Have been over to Bowood two or three times this week, to talk over with Kerry (who is most eager about politics) the present state of affairs, there being every prospect that Lord Lansdowne and his friends will resign. My own wish is most decidedly that they may, if they can make out any good case to justify it; as, with the present constitution of the government, and the feeling of the King on Irish subjects, they will never, I fear, be able to effect the grand objects of their policy. Lord L. was to have come down three or four days ago, and the servants have staid up for him every night, but this negotiation about Herries' appointment (the cause of the present struggle) still detains him. Have employed myself during these visits to Bowood, in collecting some notices for a review. Mean to write on private theatricals, partly with a view to pleasing Corry, and partly to give

Jeffrey the worth of his 100*l.*, though he wrote to me to say that the three articles already contributed had completely settled that account, and that whatever I did in future for him should be not "for money" but "for love."

2nd. Between one and two this morning the Lansdownes arrived. Received a note in the evening from Lady L. to ask me to come on Tuesday for two or three days, adding that Lord L. will stay but a short time, and that I must, therefore, "make the most of him." This looks as if he were still in.

3rd. Walked over to Laycock, and saw Lady Elizabeth: knows no more than myself of the state of affairs, but concludes with me, from what Lady L. says of his stay, that he is still in office, and regrets it for the same reason that I do.

4th. An article in the "Times," stating that Lord Lansdowne was summoned by the King to Windsor on Saturday; that he then tendered his resignation, which the King would not accept; and that Lord L. accordingly consented to remain in office, on condition that he might have the royal authority for stating that it was solely in submission to the express desire of his Majesty he did so. Col. Houlton called, loaded with fruit, partridges, &c. for us. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Saw Lord L., who seemed anxious to explain to me all his reasons for continuing in office. His account of his interview with the King corresponded in substance with that in the "Times." On the King's requesting him to remain in office, rather than dissolve the administration, Lord L. begged that he might have his Majesty's authority for stating that it was expressly at the royal desire he continued to hold the seals, and the King said, "Certainly;

and you may add, that it is in the name of the country I ask it." Lord L. then told me, in confidence, that he had at this interview (as I understood him) stipulated for and secured (what had never before been conceded) an *Emancipationist* secretary for Ireland, in case of William Lamb being called away. I agreed with him that, considering all circumstances, he could not do otherwise than remain in for the present, as the concession made by the King in offering the chancellorship of the Exchequer to Huskisson and S. Bourne (the persons preferred by the Whigs), and the sincere desire he had shown for the continuance of the administration, left no other alternative but obeying his command; there was, in fact, no sufficient ground on which a resignation could be justified. Was a little surprised, I own, to find that the great point of a liberal secretary, at least, for Ireland had not been secured before now. Company at dinner, Fielding and his two daughters (Lady Elizabeth having been kept at home by Talbot's accident), and Mr. and Mrs. Barton. In talking of Scott's corrected edition of his "Napoleon," now announced, Lord L. said he hoped Scott would find his facts as tractable as Benjamin Constant did, who, on some one asking him (with reference to his book on religion), how he managed to reconcile the statements of his latter volumes with those of his first, published so long ago, answered, "*Il n'y a rien qui s'arrange aussi facilement que les faits.*" Music in the evening. Mrs. Barton sang some things of Ariole's and of my own with me very prettily, being, to boot, a very pretty woman. The Fieldings full of delight and enjoyment at music, and we continued playing and trying over various things till near two o'clock.

Collected some notes, after breakfast, from different books, relative to private theatres. After luncheon drove

out with Lady Lansdowne, the Fieldings, and Mrs. Barton; set me down at Sandy Lane, from whence I walked home to see Bess. Returned to Bowood to dinner; the same party, with the addition of the Bowleses. Bowles all rapture about an article in his dearly beloved "Blackwood" on my "Epicurean," of which he had already written me an account, and which he says is the perfection of eloquence, cordiality, fun, and God knows what! Suspect the cause of all this admiration to be, the said "Blackwood" having quoted him (Bowles) as one of the living examples in support of their position — that poets always write the best prose. Bowles very amusing and odd at dinner; his account of his shillings' worth of sailing at Southampton, and then *two* shillings' worth, and then three, as his courage rose. One of the boatmen who rowed him had been with Clapperton in Africa, and told Bowles of their having one day caught a porpoise, and, on opening it, finding a black man, perfect and undissolved, in its belly, the black man having been thrown overboard from some slaveship. After for some time gravely defending this story against our laughter, he at last explained that it was a shark he meant, not a porpoise. In talking of quick transmission of intelligence, Lord L. said that the most remarkable instance, perhaps, ever known was that of the news of Buonaparte's coronation being known at Rome twenty-six or eight hours after it occurred. A number of balloons, containing bulletins of the event, were sent up at Paris to take their chance of where they might light, and one of them, falling in with a fair wind for Rome, performed this rapid flight. It lighted, I think he said, at Bolsena, and was from thence dispatched to Rome. Palmella told him the story, and vouched for its truth. Music again in the evening.

5th. After breakfast made extracts from books. The Fieldings went away. Both Lord and Lady L. made such a point of my staying, that I consented, Lady L. offering to call for Bessy and Anastasia, and take them to Mrs. Hughes's. Lord L. fixed to walk with me after luncheon. Looked over "Gingnéné," "Suard's Mélanges," "Amaury Duval's Naples," &c., and made extracts. Found the Houltons when I came to luncheon; had been at Sloperton; gave me a note from the Houltons of Grittleton, wanting me to pass some days there this next week. After luncheon took a long walk with Lord Lansdowne; found him as frank and communicative on the subject of politics as ever, which was rather more than I expected. Has a high opinion of Huskisson, and looks to him now as the chief stay of the Ministry; a straightforward man, with not a tinge of humbug. Is evidently *bored* by being in office. In mentioning the plague it was to him to be the responsible person, at whom all who thought they had claims upon the Whigs aimed, said, "And, what makes it worse, I have literally nothing whatever to give away except a little Scotch patronage, which must all go in the old channel, and which I am obliged to take the trouble of distributing among the right objects, without ever expecting the slightest thanks for my pains." This (if I had not already been aware of the hopeless state of the case) was a sufficient hint to me of the little prospect *I* have of any thing being done for me. In returning from our walk, met Bessy on her way to Buckhill. Left Lord L. and accompanied her. Company at dinner, the Bartons, and Heneages, and Fieldings. Singing in the evening. * * *

7th to 9th. Transcribing Byron's letters, and writing a little of the article for Jeffrey. Sent Power also some

verses, "No and Yes," and a prose thing about the Père la Chaise for the "Miscellany."

10th. * * * Another application for my interest with Lord L. from ——, who wants some good "legal situation." I dare say he does.

11th. Lady L. called for Anastasia, and, as the day was wet, took me too. Company at dinner, Sir C. Lemon, Oakden, Newton, and Lady L.'s brother, Strangeways. Received this morning an answer from Lord Holland to a letter I wrote him, by the advice of Bowles, to ask his interest with the Warden of Winchester to have my little Tom put on the foundation. Says he has wholly exhausted his interest in that quarter, and that it would be working a willing horse to death to try any further. This is a disappointment to me. I seldom, God knows! ask favours, and such is my luck when I do. Showed this answer to Lord L. who had known of my writing, and promised to keep the subject in Lord Holland's recollection. Lord H. thus alludes to the late events in the Ministry: "The appointment of Herries will, in some senses, be a disappointment of many, and a bad appointment for all. But yet I think it could not have been avoided, and am satisfied that our friend and your neighbour Lansdowne, harassed and beset as he was with difficulties, has decided for the best in point of prudence and policy. That he has done so with the most honourable views and best intentions even our enemies admit." Received a letter also to-day from Barnes, which has crossed my letter of yesterday on the road. Is going on a tour to the North of France. Tells me of some Frenchman who proposes to translate the "Epicurean." In speaking of the late Ministerial bustle, and remarking upon the absurd nature of it, he adds, "Lord Lansdowne has, indeed, come out with increased

reputation; but, in the name of common sense, why was the occasion furnished for such a display of honour and integrity?" Showed this to Lord L. Had a good deal of conversation with him on the hopelessness of the prospect before him; the difficulties he has encountered in effecting the great public objects he has at heart. Am convinced that there never existed in any mind a more disinterested, unostentatious, or sincere desire to serve the cause of good and liberal policy, in all its bearings.

12th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about Lord Dudley; his two voices; squeak and bass; seems, as some one said, "like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward;" his manner of rehearsing in an under voice what he is going to say, so that people who sit near can overhear what he is about to utter to the company. Somebody who proposed to walk a little way with him heard him mutter, in this sort of consultation with himself, "I think I may endure him for ten minutes." Oakden told me not a bad joke of the old Chancellor's. Old Bond (the clergyman, whom I met in Dorsetshire) having said, in conversing with Lord E., "You are now then, my Lord, one of the Ex's." "Yes, Mr. Bond," answered Lord E., "and, in this last instance, I must confess the X's were not Y's" (wise). Oakden heard of me from the Bonds, and of my enjoyment of their magnificent coast. Mentioned that at the little watering place, Swanage, which used annually to be the great resort of *pursons* coming to put themselves in the way of Lord Eldon, there is now but a single shovel-hat to be seen. The Fieldings to dinner. Talked of Porson; one of his *scherzi*, the translation of "Three blue beans in a blue bladder:" τρεις κυανοι κυαμοι, &c. The coolness with which he received the intelligence (which Raine trembled to communicate to him) of the destruction by fire of his

long laboured "Photius;" he merely quoted "To each his sufferings, all are men," adding, "let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again. At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now that I'm drunk." Mentioned his translation into Greek of the "Children sliding on the ice." Sung in the evening.

13th. Conversation after breakfast about Molière; his putting his most keen satire into the mouth of simple, ordinary persons, like Toinette in the "Malade Imaginaire." In talking of the "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," Sir C. Lemon said that this was verified by a man he met at Nice, in whom it was found, after he died, that the heart and liver had changed places. Mentioned the indignation of the *valets de chambre* of Louis XIV. at having Molière made one of their august fraternity. The Duke of Grafton (Junius's) was a great *malade imaginaire;* used to have mutton every day for dinner, and for a long series of years used every day to call up the cook a quarter of an hour before dinner to give the same directions as to the dressing it. It is told that on some brother statesman coming to consult with him on public business, the Duke kept balancing back and forwards all the time of the consultation, which he apologised for, and explained by saying a certain degree of motion was necessary to him. Odd fancies for a fox-hunter. Potiers playing Apollo,

and threatening some one with the *point* (*poing*) *du jour*. Newton, as being fresh from Saltram, full of conundrums, my Lady Morley being much given thereto. Looked over a few more books. After luncheon Napier came to pay a visit, and I "did the state some service" by relieving Lord Lansdowne of him. He walked to Sloperton with me and Newton. N. tried to make a sketch of Anastasia, but did not succeed. Dined at home.

14th and 15th. A letter from one of the editors of the "Foreign Review," requesting me to undertake an article for it. Suggests as a subject the "Life of Molière," and offers 100*l.*, requiring only two sheets. This very liberal, and the subject a delightful one, but have not time for it.

16th and 17th. Working at the article for the "Edinburgh," and transcribing a little.

18th. Finding myself at a loss for books of reference, walked to Bowood. The Bishop of Sodor and Man there; waited till he was gone. Lady L. then pointed out to me the places of the different books I wanted, and left me to myself, Lord L. saying that when I was ready to go home he would walk part of the way with me. Did so. Had brought him Barnes's answer to my communication of his (Lord L.'s) message of thanks.

19th. Houlton's gig came to take me to Farley, but I have already more distractions this week than I can manage with my conscience or comfort, so sent the gig back without me. Surprised by a visit from Edward Moore, who occupied the rest of my day till dinner. After dinner left us for Bath.

20th. Bessy and I and Anastasia dined at Locke's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Powell and daughter, the Scotts, and Collingses. Powell mentioned a truly Irish circum-

stance of T. (who lately rented a house of his); when he was leaving home for some time the servants mentioned that there was small beer wanted for the kitchen. "Oh, never mind," says T., "there is a pipe of port you know in the hall; you can tap that and mix it with water; only take care to make it weak enough." The servants, of course, obeyed all but the last part of the direction, and there was but little of the pipe left on his return.

21st. Transcribing. Walked to Laycock to dinner. and got wet. Company, only the Lansdownes and Montgomery. On my telling Lord L. of the proposal of the "Foreign Review," he mentioned the agreement per sheet of the Abbé Prevost (the author of "Manon d'Escaut") who never wrote a syllable further than the exact quantity for which he was to receive his louis d'or (viz. a sheet), nor ever took up his pen again till the louis d'or was spent. A good deal of music in the evening, the girls and their governess playing very charmingly on the pianoforte and guitar, and I (for a rarity) allowed to act the part of listener. Slept there.

22nd. Passed the morning in music. Went with Lady Elizabeth to Money's, her first visit. Money anxious that I should come on Monday to meet his sister-in-law (a French woman), of whose beauty and agreeableness Lady Elizabeth speaks wonders. Got home to dinner.

24th. Bessy transcribing. Sent an excuse to Money's. The day before yesterday there was in the "Times" a versification of Lord Eldon's joke (X.'s and Y.'s) which I sent up last week; better in the telling than the writing.

25th. Bessy took Anastasia to Bath. Walked over to Bowood: pressed me to stay or to return to dinner; pro-

mised the latter, though almost sure I could not do it. Lord L. and Kerry walked a good part of the way home with me. Asked Lord L. whether I might venture to tell Corry the exact terms in which Lord Anglesey had expressed his refusal to put Verner on his staff, as the Orangemen of Dublin are, I find, insisting that Verner has not been refused. Lord L. said he should see Lord A. in town next week, and would then ascertain whether he had any objection to the exact words being mentioned. On my return home found so much of my article yet to be transcribed as would make it impossible for me to dine at Bowood. Despatched off a messenger to Bowood to say so, and received an answer insisting upon my coming, by way of amends, to-morrow. Worked till near twelve at night transcribing.

26th. Packing up for our journey to town. At between four and five (having transcribed to the last minute) set off to walk with Bessy, she for Buckhill, and I for Bowood. A desperate thunder-shower overtook us on the way, and drenched us completely; my sweet Bess laughing at it with more philosophy than I could. Overtook our man with some of my luggage, which enabled me to change at Bowood, while Bessy proceeded with Mr. Hughes (who came to meet us) to Buckhill. Nobody at dinner but Miss Ricardo. Sat a good while after dinner *tête à tête* with Lord L. talking politics. Offered to send the carriage with me to Buckhill, but, the rain having ceased, walked, with a man and lantern, through the pleasure grounds. Slept at Buckhill.

27th. Started with Bessy at eight in the York House coach: got to Power's at seven: Bessy went immediately to her mother, and I to look after my tailor, &c. &c. Slept at Power's.

28th. Went to the Longmans'; Rees not at home. The fourth edition of the "Epicurean" going off steadily. Called at the "Times" office; Barnes still absent. Called for Bessy at her mother's, where she dined, and went shopping with her. Dined alone at the Athenæum.

29th. Ellis (the Irish Ellis) at breakfast. Corrected some proofs of the sixth Number of "National Melodies," and had some talk with Power about our proposed "Miscellany." Went to Longmans'. Rees says he thinks the "Epicurean" rather gaining ground. Went to the Bazaar (Soho Square) to look for Bessy; was lucky enough to find her, and took her shopping.

30th. After breakfast called upon Lord Lansdowne, and sat some time. Lord Anglesey does not wish the exact words of his letter to be mentioned. Lord Lansdowne going to-day to Cashiobury, and offered to take me if I would go with him. Back with Bessy at one to go to Hornsey to our poor Barbara's grave. Had written from Sloperton to the Longmans to beg they would send some one to have all made clean and in good order there, lest the dear girl should be shocked by any appearance of neglect, and found yesterday they *had* done so. Young Longman kindly rode over twice to Hornsey for the purpose. Walked as far as Holborn, and took a hackney coach from thence. Got to the churchyard about three; and the sight of the grave (in spite of the ten years that have since elapsed) brought back feelings to the mother that could only be relieved by a burst of tears. Home again to the Strand before five. Bessy's mother again at dinner.

October 1st. Up at half-past five to accompany Bessy to the coach, which took her up at the top of Buckingham Street. Went with her to the Gloucester Coffee House,

and saw her off. Meant to have left town myself to-day, but the Longmans having expressed a wish that I should stay to dine with the Sheriffs (Spottiswoode being one of them), I consented to defer my departure till to-morrow. After breakfast called at the Spanish ambassador's to inquire after the Villamils, whom we rather expected from France, and found, to my no small mortification, that they have been in London these three weeks. So provoking that Bessy should not have known it, one of her chief objects in town being to see them, and it never occurred to me to inquire at the Spanish ambassador's till this morning. Saw Mrs. V. and some of the children, but not V. Thought he might like to dine with the Sheriffs, and accordingly posted off to Paternoster Row, and procured a card of invitation for him. At five went to the dinner; introduced to several of the civic personages, Sir C. Domville, Alderman Venables, &c. &c. Denman took me by the arm walking in to dinner, and wanted me to sit next to him, but could not, my place being already "written." Sat next to Longman. Got away between ten and eleven. Villamil did not make his appearance.

2nd. Started in the Northampton coach at twelve; a wretchedly slow coach. Did not arrive at Northampton till near half-past nine. The George an excellent inn.

3rd. Walked about Northampton, and wrote letters till about three, when I started in the Nottingham coach, and arrived at Loughborough between eight and nine. Dined, not having eaten any thing since nine in the morning. Slept there (the Bull's Head).

4th. Called upon Mary Dalby's sister, Mrs. Blunt, before I started for Donington. Had a chaise; passed through Kegworth; saw our wretched old barn of a house, and stopped at Dr. Parkinson's; out walking; left word I

would come over to-morrow. Got to Castle Donington between one and two. Dalby looking aged and rigid, and his two daughters grown into nice young women; near twelve years since I saw them before. Walked about the village; called on the Miss Matchetts. In the evening had music (the Miss Matchetts being of the party), and my old friend Mary did not spare me.

5th. Set off with Dalby after breakfast to the Park. Walked over the house, and felt deeply interested by it; every thing looked so familiar, so redolent of old times. The breakfast-room, the old clock, and the letter boxes on each side of it, all remaining the same as they were near thirty years ago, when I felt myself so grand at being the inmate of such a great house. It seemed as if it was but yesterday I had left it, and I almost expected at every turn to see the same people meeting me with the same looks. But, alas! what surprised me was to find that I had all the *pictures* so thoroughly by heart, for I certainly did not much care about painting when I was young, and knew still less of it than I do now. Yet there was not a figure in any of the landscapes that did not seem to me as familiar as my own face. The portrait of Galileo with his head leaning so thoughtfully on his hand, and seeming to say, with a sort of mournful resolution, *et tamen movet;* the pretty Nell Gwynne, the brawny Venus, professing to be a Titian, &c. &c. Walked round the pond, that hopeless pond! in endeavouring to fill which Lord Moira expended so much trouble and money without success; the water still escaping like his own wealth, through some invisible and unaccountable outlets, and leaving it dry. If any thing was wanting to show the uselessness of experience to mankind, it would be found in what I now witnessed. From 1799 to 1812 I had seen workmen incessantly employed in puddling and endeavouring to staunch this unfortunate

pond, and now, in 1827, I found about a dozen or fifteen robust fellows up to their knees in the mud, at the same wise employment. *Oh curas hominum!* Poor Lord Hastings! I remember Rogers once saying (as he read the inscription on the dial in the yard here), *Eheu fugaces!* "He means his *estates*, I suppose." Joined by Mary Dalby, and walked back to Donington with her; lunched, and set off with Dalby to walk to Kegworth. Dined with Dr. Parkinson at three; a remarkable man of his age; walks as erect as a boy, and is in his eighty-third year. Talked of Anastasia as "his little girl;" he is her godfather; gave us some good claret, and was very cheerful. Dalby said that I had inspired him, and that he had not for years seen him so lively. Walked back to Donington, and drank tea with the Matchetts; had music; after which the girls acted charades very amusingly. A Miss Clayton and young Haydon of Derby sang some old glees with me.

6th. Sauntered about with Mary and Dalby. Mentioned a good cockneyism of some one, who said that the Duchess of St. Alban's, during her late stay at Ashby, "visited all her old aunts" (haunts). Music and charades in the evening.

7th. Walked to Kegworth at eleven, having sent my portmanteau on yesterday. Called and took leave of Dr. Parkinson; went to see the old house we lived in in 1812; sat also some time with Mrs. Ingram. At three, Lord Rancliffe's gig came for me. Arrived at Bunny* between four and five. Had called on the Holcombs on my way. No one at dinner but Rancliffe, Mr. Fellowes of Nottingham, and myself. Fixed to see Newstead to-morrow.

* Lord Rancliffe's country-house.

8th. Set off at ten in a gig, driven by one of Lord Ranelliffe's postilions: stopped at Fellowes's, at Nottingham, and another horse having been sent on in the morning, proceeded with Fellowes in the gig to Newstead: went by a road which took us past Papplewick: must see the history of this place: Ben Jonson, &c. &c. The road bad and sandy. Much struck by the first appearance of the Abbey: would have given worlds to be alone: the faithfulness of the description in "Don Juan;" the ruined arch, the Virgin and Child, the fountain, &c. &c. Col. Wildman out shooting, but was sent for; introduced to Mrs. W. and the ladies in the drawing-room; the ceiling, which is restored, very rich; supposed to be Italian work: Col. Wildman arrived; showed me all over the house; the dining-room which Byron used when he first took possession, the small apartment he afterwards occupied, dinner, sitting, and bedroom; some furniture of his in Wildman's study brought from Cambridge; the monument to the dog; his own intention was that he should be buried in a vault at Newstead, with his dog and old Murray (?); the little oak before the house planted by himself; a plantation at a distance (beyond the lake ?) also planted by himself; picture of "little Sir John with the great beard;" the panels with the heads new painted and gilt by Wildman: imagines that there was some story connected with them, as in all of them there is the head of a female, with a Moor on one side, and sometimes a Christian on the other, gazing at her. Some of Byron's ancestors served in the Holy wars, and W. thinks these figures may allude to their adventures. Found that Wildman's face was quite familiar to me, and reminded by him that we met at Kilkenny and elsewhere: full of the kindest civility, and evidently most anxious that I should come

and pass some time at Newstead, which would be a great object to me, as from his zeal in every thing relating to Byron, he could be of essential service to me, having studied the history of the family, of the place, &c. But an unlucky quarrel, which has occurred between him and Rancliffe, still subsists in full vigour, and I can see that R. would be annoyed if I accepted the invitation: must come some other time. Made an excuse to Wildman, that I was in a hurry to get home, but would certainly return before long to pay him a visit. Told me he had just received a letter from the Duke of Sussex, who says, "I see by the papers that our Anacreon is on his way to you; give him my kind remembrances, and say I hope he will be with you when I come." He expects the Duke at the beginning of November. Returned by the turnpike road. Found Lord Rancliffe at Nottingham, who drove me to Bunny; the evening dark, and his horse most formidably skittish; near running away with us twice; was right glad when I found myself safe housed.

10th. Still wretchedly wet. Employed myself, as yesterday, in correcting some sheets of "Lalla Rookh" for the new edition that is preparing, the first time I have read it since it was published; accordingly, it came quite fresh to me, and more than one passage in the story of Zelica filled my eyes with tears. Company to dinner * * * Rancliffe had tried to get the Chaworths, Mrs. Chaworth having, to my great gratification, expressed a wish to know me; but she is unluckily confined to her bed with illness. Mrs. John Fellowes and Mrs. Pennington all in raptures about the singing of yesterday: told me that, on my shaking hands with Miss ——, she instantly wrapped up the hand in her shawl, saying no one should touch it that night. Sung in the evening.

11th. Left Bunny at twelve, in the gig; and having secured my place in the coach for Derby, lunched at Mrs. Fellowes's. Mrs. F.'s account of Byron's coming down to his mother when dying, and about her son's leg and Byron's; comparing notes with Mrs. Byron; their being afterwards under Sheldrake together. Set off at three o'clock; the John Felloweses had offered to take me in their carriage to Derby, but they went too early for me. An intelligent man joined me in the coach when within a few miles of Derby; had travelled a good deal; rather think he found me out in the course of conversation, as, on my saying I meant to put up at the King's Head, he invited me very civilly to take tea with him. Sent a porter immediately on my arrival at the King's Head to inquire if Mr. Strutt was at home; the answer, "that he was, and would be glad to see me immediately." Went and found sixteen people just seated down to a splendid dinner: joined them as I was, *sans toilette*, and as soon as the dazzle of the lights went off, discovered a set of well-known faces around me, — Wm. Strutt and one of his daughters, Hugginson, old Hadley, Dr. Bent, &c. &c. In the evening Strutt's new picture gallery lighted up. Sung a little to the old well-remembered pianoforte, while Anne Strutt, with her eyes sparkling, said it made her eleven years younger to hear me. Slept there.

12th. A good deal of conversation after breakfast with Strutt's daughter Caroline (now Mrs. Hart), a very nice person. At one started with Mr. Strutt in his carriage for Ashbourne. Got to John Cooper's about four; all most happy to see me; none but ourselves at dinner.

13th. After I had written some letters, all went, in Mr. Strutt's carriage, to see Ilam.* The valley beautiful;

* Ilam Hall, near Dovedale, Mr. Watts Russell's.

the house furnished richly, but in good taste: Mrs. Watts Russell showed us the picture gallery. Talked of Chantrey's "contempt" (as she expressed it) for the old masters, when he hung the pictures there, putting all the modern ones in the best lights: a beautiful Wilson. Went with Watts Russell to look at Chantrey's monument to old Watts in the mausoleum. On our return home found Mrs. Robert Arkwright arrived with a friend of hers, a Miss Holon or Heron. Sat next Mrs. Arkwright at dinner, and was as much pleased with her as ever. In the evening she sang several things of her own I had never heard before, and all charming: "Far from my own bright land," the words by Mrs. Hemans; "The Address to the Sea," too, by Mrs. Hemans, which is too fine for any music to do it justice: sung also her music to my words, "Then bring me showers of roses, bring," beautifully.

14th. While the rest of the party were at church, walked to visit my old cottage at Mayfield, which is inhabited now by the son of the landlord (Shaw) and another farmer; nothing poetical about it but the situation. Went up the walk in the orchard which I had so often paced along in writing "Lalla Rookh:" looked through all the rooms, and thought of old times. Went afterwards to Mayfield churchyard, to visit the grave of our poor little Olivia Byron; the tombstone still stands almost alone. Called afterwards on Dan Smith: the grounds much altered and improved since old Cooper had it, but the house very much the same: remembered our gay suppers, our play-readings, and Selina, &c. &c. After luncheon set off, the whole party (Mrs. Arkwright, &c.), to see a cottage of John Cooper's at Digden, a beautiful, secluded spot, with a fine wooded valley under it. Mrs. R. Arkwright full of praises of my "Epicurean;" said it was the

most beautiful book she had ever read. Took an opportunity, as we walked, of asking her to give me some of her songs for my projected "Miscellany:" said I might have any or all with the greatest pleasure. The Dan Smiths at dinner, young Webster, &c. Singing in the evening: began with sacred, but slid gradually into the profane: a fine sacred song by Mrs. Arkwright to the Bishop of Calcutta's words, "Who follows in their train?"

16th. A long conversation after breakfast: talked much of Hodgson, of whom Mrs. R. A. thinks most highly; says he is "a blessing" in the neighbourhood. Talked of Lord Byron's gift to him on his marriage, which the executors have claimed as a debt: Lord B. evidently meant it as a gift, but Hodgson having (she says, merely to ease his own mind of the sense of obligation, without having the least idea or intention of ever paying the sum) insisted on giving his bond in return, Lord B., from heedlessness perhaps, omitted to destroy this bond, and the executors, in pursuance of the duty imposed upon them, claim the payment of it. She says the sum claimed is 2000*l.* Find that Mrs. Cooper has a collection of old pens of mine, on which there is written, "Pens with which Mr. Moore wrote Lalla Rookh;" preserves also a bit of one of my old torn gloves. Mrs. R. A. mentioned a good *bon mot* of a friend of hers, a lady, who was at a fancy ball, dressed with a band round her forehead, and a veil hanging from it; "Is that a *veal?*" said a vulgar man, addressing her, and mincing the word as I have spelt it. "Yes," she answered, pointing to the band, "a *fillet.*" Sung for me several songs of hers I had never heard before: "What is Love, kind Shepherd, tell?" in which the repetition of the word "repentance" has a very striking effect. Forgot to mention that there arrived yesterday a

man and horse from the Duke of Devonshire with a note for me, inviting me over to Chatsworth, telling me I shall meet "John Russell," and saying how glad he should be to show me the alterations he has made since I was at Chatsworth before. Cannot spare the time, though I should like it. Mrs. Arkwright, who is going there herself, offers to take me, and presses most urgently that I should accompany her; but cannot. Having left several copies of my autograph, and impressions of my seals for various ladies, at about three o'clock started in the coach for Birmingham. Read my Hudibras, and arrived at Birmingham between eight and nine. Dined and slept, contrary to my expectation, very comfortably. N. B. Castle Inn.

Arrived at Cheltenham between two and three. One of the first persons I met, Col. O'Neil: asked me to dine with him to-day at the Imperial; answered conditionally. After dressing, called at Williams's, the bookseller, to inquire after Mr. Malpin, who was to be my introducer to some persons likely to be useful to me, he said, on the subject of Byron: not in Cheltenham, but expected to-morrow. Called upon Lord Ashtown, who wanted me to dine with him, to meet Col. French. Dined with O'Neil; a *table d'hôte;* excellent dinner; more than twenty of the party, and almost all Irish; among others, Mr. Trevor, the son of Lord Dungannon, and Young Plunket, *the Plunket's* son. Mr. Trevor mentioned Lord —— going to a fancy ball at Florence as the hero of his own novel, Sir Something Maltravers, and, as nobody had read the novel, nobody, of course, could make out his character, so that he was obliged to inform them, "*Voyez, regardez, je suis mon livre.*" Plunket told some things of Scott, when he was at his father's; his painful exhibition

in scrambling into St. Kevin's bed. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, "Well, how do you like that gentleman; that's Sir W. Scott, the great poet." "A poet," answered the fellow, "No, no, the divil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half-a-crown." Went for a short time in the evening to Miss Crump.

18th. Mr. Malpin not yet arrived. O'Neil anxious that I should stop over Saturday to dine with his brother-in-law, Prescott: promised to do so. Found that Mr. Scott, one of the persons I came to see at Cheltenham, had gone to London: unlucky this: he is the brother of the Scott I saw with Lord Byron at Venice, and has, they say, a box of letters from B. to him. Dined again at the Imperial with an old college acquaintance of mine, Peacock; not so agreeable as yesterday. Went with Peacock afterwards to a Mr. Stewart's, where some people were to assemble for the ball. Found the Miss Strutts and a Miss R., a pretty, *piquante* little girl, who mixed French and English in her talk rather amusingly. Went from thence to the ball, Miss R. my companion. The Master of the Ceremonies had arranged that the band should strike up an Irish Melody on my entering the room: about 400 people, through whom I had to run the gauntlet as chief lion of the night. Met some very old acquaintances, among others the Belchers, at whose house I slept four-and-twenty years ago at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and have not seen since.

19th. Find that no coach leaves Cheltenham for Bath on Sunday, so resolved to excuse myself to Mr. Prescott, and be off on Saturday. Got hold of Mr. Millet, another of the persons I came to look after; walked with him to his house: his wife, who is dead, was intimate with Miss Chaworth, and saw a good deal of Byron when he was a

boy: said that Miss C. did not like Byron, nor did his wife, nor any of the girls. Showed me a poem in Byron's handwriting, written apparently soon after he left Harrow: doubted at first whether it was really Byron's handwriting, but on further examination concluded that it was: took a copy of it, preserving all its bad spelling. Called with him at Mr. Scott's, in order, if possible, to see Mrs. Scott, but she was ill and could not receive us: sent in an inquiry as to where Mr. Alexander Scott, the brother, was at present; answered that she believed he was still at Venice. A note at my hotel directed "To the immortal Thomas Moore, Esq.;" only think of an immortal *esquire;* expected to hear the chambermaids cry out "Some hot water for the immortal gentleman in No. 18." Dined with Mr. Benson, the member for Stafford, to whom I had been introduced by O'Neil; an Irish party, Lady Stamer, her daughter Lady Smith, and husband, O'Neil, &c. &c.

20th. Started in the coach for Bath a little before nine: arrived, I think, between three and four. Went immediately to see Anastasia, having had some misgivings that she was not very well. Told by Miss Fisher (whom I first saw) that she had suffered a good deal. When the dear girl herself came, was shocked and alarmed by her looks, which seemed to me full of ill omen; so languid and pale. Wrote off instantly to Bessy to come over to-morrow, and see whether we ought not to have her home again. Called upon Dr. Crawford, who was not at home; on Elwyn, who was not in Bath; and on Lord Ashtown, who asked me to dine with him; did so; no one but Lady Ashton, Miss Armstrong, and himself. In the evening went to Crawford, who told me I had taken a false alarm about Anastasia, as he looked upon

her general health to be better than he had ever known it, and her thinness, considering all things, was just as it ought to be. Found Martin and Lady Charlotte Martin (daughter of Lord St. Germain's) there. Slept at the York House.

21st. Went after breakfast to Anastasia; saw her now with rather different eyes, and felt that I had given way to my apprehensive imagination somewhat too easily. Between ten and eleven Bessy arrived with Mary Hughes. On my letter to her yesterday (forgetting that it would reach Devizes at night) I wrote, "Mr. Smith is requested to send a messenger with this immediately to Sloperton." Accordingly he dispatched a man and horse, by whom poor Bess was roused out of her first sleep (the man having brought a horn with him for the purpose), and to her consternation received this unseasonable dispatch. Luckily Anastasia had written at the same time with me, and gave a good account of herself, otherwise Bessy would have come off in the middle of the night. After laughing a good deal at her comical account of her fright (for the dear girl mingles cheerfulness with every thing) we resolved that Anastasia should not be disappointed of her hope of a visit home, and that we would take her back with us for Tom's birthday. Took Bessy to call on Mrs. Crawford, who pressed us to stay dinner, and, at last, I agreed to stay. Saw Bessy off about three, and then walked a little about Bath. Met Elwyn in the Crescent, where we sauntered together. Company at Crawford's, the Martins and Elwyn. Sung a little after dinner. Went afterwards to Winsor's, and took Elwyn with me. Some very good singing from Miss Winsor, particularly Bishop's "Songs of the Angels:" sang also, with much spirit, his setting of "Here's a Health to thee, Tom Moore!"

22nd. Started for home in the coach at ten: got down

at Buckhill, and called at Bowood on my way. Found Rogers and Mr. Grenville: saw also Lord and Lady L., who welcomed me very kindly, and said they had been in great want of me. Lord L. had written to me at Cheltenham, but I did not get his letter. Promised to come over and dine to-morrow. Rogers walked part of the way home with me. Found quantities of letters waiting for answers at home. One from a young lady at Bristol to ask my opinion of a volume of poems of her own, which she sends me: another from Madame ——, full of surprise at my want of politeness in never having acknowledged the receipt of her translation of the "Corsair;" a third, from a gentleman in Wexford, begging me to decide a wager, as to whether I was born in Wexford or Dublin, and so on. All this stuff, too, I have to answer. Communications from my friend the schoolmaster at Aberdeen, and from a Dr. Ewing of the same place, relative to Lord Byron, rather interesting.

23rd. A desperately wet day; cleared up a little towards dinner time, when I set out. Met the carriage coming for me, and got into it. Company, the Fazakerleys, the Cunliffes, Rogers, Mr. Grenville, O'Driscol, and young Romilly. Sung with Mrs. Fazakerley.

24th. Wished me to stay over to-day, but, being little Tom's birthday, was in duty bound to be at home. Rogers walked home with me; very delightful for two-thirds of the way, but then suddenly turned off (as the day did). Found Hughes at the cottage. His account of Bowles's lecture to his curate, on his use of hard words in preaching, very amusing. Summoning up all his servants before the curate, to ask them, one by one, whether they understood the meaning of the word "final." First the cook; then, Thomas. "Do you, Thomas, know what 'final'

means?" "No, sir." Then turning to the curate, "You see now," &c. &c. Walked a little way back with Sam, and then returned to my little Tom, who had his two friends the young Hugheses to pass the day with him.

26th. Towards five started for Bowood: met by John Murray, who had sallied out with Napier (the latter having been paying a visit to Bowood) for the purpose of meeting me. Murray read me a waggish letter he had just received from Sydney Smith. Company, the same as before, with the addition of Murray, Bailey, and Crabbe, whom I was rejoiced to meet. Fazakerley told me after dinner two or three puns of Lord Wellesley's; one addressed by him to *Gally Knight*, when they were on shipboard together, and Knight was looking very rueful with sickness and uncomfort: "Come, come, cheer up; *you*, of all people can't expect to be exempt from annoyances; you know what Horace says,

'—— neque
Decedit ærata *triremi*, et
Post *equitem* sedet atra cura.'"

Lord Lansdowne referred to a passage in Hallam's new work ("Constitutional History," &c.) which he said had puzzled him considerably, chiefly on account of the word "imped," which, it is singular enough, neither he, nor Fazakerley, nor any of the *prose* part of the company ever remembered to have met before. Rogers and I were, of course, familiar with it. On turning to the passage, found that Hallam had prepared for the use of this verb by employing before it the word "soar." He is talking, if I recollect right, of the ambition of the leaders (?), and says, "it would not have soared so high, if it had not been imped by the perfidious hand of parliament." The book however, it seems, is a very able one. Recollecting what

Mackintosh once said to me, that it would be a shame for me, an Irishman, to let Crabbe go out of the world without leaving on record some particulars of his intercourse with Burke, I took this opportunity of questioning him, and am so far glad I did so, as it satisfied me he has nothing to tell. Having kept no notes of Burke's conversation, he has only a vague and general impression of its variety and power, and the recollection uppermost in his mind is that of Burke's great kindness to him. It was in consequence of his having written to B. (without any previous introduction) that he was first noticed by him. B. then asked him whether he was known to any one in London, and, on Crabbe mentioning Dudley North, inquired about him from this gentleman, and then asked him to Beaconsfield, where he passed, he says, three months at a time. Crabbe not liking his profession, which was the medical (apothecary?), Burke recommended him to the Duke of Rutland, who brought him into the Church. Burke criticised some of the thoughts of his poem, but did not (as has been sometimes said) suggest any lines or changes of lines. It was Johnson did this, and Boswell has preserved them (?). Another passage of Hallam produced, exhibiting the same ambition of style. "Silent and sluggish in its fields, like the animal which it has chosen for its type, the deep-rooted loyalty of the English people," &c. &c. The animal here, it is to be supposed, is the bull, but, by the construction of the sentence, it is the loyalty that is represented as "silent and sluggish in its fields," and, in addition to these two unintelligible qualities, "deep-rooted" into the bargain. They talk of the metaphors of poets, but from the metaphors of *prose*-men, defend us! Sung in the evening, and made Lady Louisa's governess (as I afterwards heard) cry most profusely. Two gentle-

men, however, playing at chess, and Mr. Grenville's long dark back turned towards me (as he stood looking at them), formed no very encouraging ingredients of an audience.

27th. Talking at breakfast of Gilbert Wakefield; while in Dorchester gaol he wrote a letter to Lord Holland complaining of his various grievances, one of which was his being asked to dine with the gaoler, a circumstance not only humiliating, but embarrassing to him as the gaoler's "hour of dining *oscillated* between two and five." This sort of oscillatory dinner is a match for Jeremy Bentham's "post-prandial vibration." In Wakefield's defence of himself on his trial (it was, I believe, for his answer to the Bishop of Llandaff) he said, that "being chiefly conversant with the *vituperative* authors, he had naturally fallen into," &c. &c. Lord Maynard was the person who said about the House of Commons, "Is that going on still?" Talleyrand on the Thames (?) with —— and ——; the former exceedingly jealous of his attentions to Madame, and at last asking him, "If the boat was to be upset, which of the two he would try to save?" Talleyrand looking courteously at her, answered "*Mais vous, Madame, vous savez nager.*" Anecdote of the King of Prussia (Frederick) asking, "Who is this Hyder Ali?" and Elliot (I think it was) answering pointedly, "*Un vieux despote militaire, qui a pillé tous ses voisins et qui commence à radoter.*" Frederick saying to some English general (?), "Could any regiment of yours of the same number of men perform such a feat?" "I don't know, Sire (was the answer), but half the number would try." Went with Crabbe into Rogers's room, and had a long conversation. Tried again to get something out of Crabbe relative to Burke, but he evidently remembers nothing of him. Crabbe never saw Lord Byron; they were both in the Sun Inn at Cam-

bridge once together for a couple of days, without knowing it at the time.

After luncheon walked out with Rogers; a good deal of talk about Byron; took the following memorandums, of which some are intelligible only to myself. His capability of making others feel upon subjects on which he did not seem to feel much himself; such as scenery, the arts, &c. Was nine months at Pisa without ever seeing either the belfry or the baptistery (see Forsyth). The same peculiarity (R. says) existed in Madame de Stael. Though living so long at Côpet, she never saw the glaciers, nor any more of the scenery than what lay on the road between Côpet and Paris. In talking of B.'s being in love so early, R. said that Canova once told him that he (Canova) was in love at five years old. R.'s account of the old hag of a woman that was servant at Byron's lodgings in Benett Street. "When he moved to Albany, the first day I called upon him, the door was opened by the same old woman. "Why (said I to him), I thought she belonged to Benett Street, and that in getting rid of those lodgings you also got rid of the hag." "Why, yes," said Byron, "but the poor old devil took such an interest in me, that I did not like to leave her behind me.". Well, in two or three years afterwards Byron was married, had a fine house in Piccadilly, two carriages, &c. &c. I called one day and (the two carriages and all the servants being out) the same old woman appeared at the door, dressed out very smart, with a new gown and a new wig. Was once going out of the Opera or some assembly with Byron, and a link boy lighted them along, saying, "This way, my Lord, this way." "Why, how does he know you are a Lord?" said Rogers. "How does he know!" answered Byron, "every one knows it; I am deformed." His great shyness

of women. * * * The day Lord B. read the "Edinburgh Review" on his early poems, drank three bottles of claret. Some friend coming in said, "Have you received a challenge?" After writing twenty lines of the satire, got better; after a few more lines, better still. Must not forget the dinner at Lord Holland's in Pall Mall. * * * Rogers mentioned being with Byron at the church of the Santa Croce, and though there were Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and others to engage his attention, B. continued to stand before the tomb of Galileo, saying, "I have a pleasure in looking upon that monument; he was *one of us*," meaning noble. Talked of the first day R. had him to dine to meet me. R.'s consternation when he found that he would not eat or drink any of the things that were at the table; asked for biscuits, there were none; soda water, there was none; finished by dining on potatoes and vinegar. It was upon receiving a letter from Miss Milbank (in answer to one in which he said, that though her father and mother had often asked him to their house, she never had), containing the words, "I invite you," that he sent in his second proposal for her. Used not to dine with Lady B.; had a horror of seeing women eat; his habit of offering presents; giving Rogers the picture; had given it, in the same nominal way, to two or three other people. Mentioned the letter he wrote to Murray in consigning to him the remains of little Allegra: sent the invoice, "Received two packages; contents unknown," &c. &c. Directions about the place of burial; said *first*, under the tree, and then, "on second thoughts," in the doorway of the church. Must inquire of all this again from Drury. The objection to the original inscription being put was that the date proclaimed it to be a child born in adultery. (Is there any inscription now?) Took it into his head before

he went abroad, that he had *not* sold the copyright of his works to Murray; reference made to Rogers, when it appeared that he *had* regularly sold them to him and his heirs for ever.

Same party at dinner with the exception of Crabbe. What the Prince de Ligne said to a person, who had been trying unsuccessfully to make a piece of water in his grounds, and who told him there had been a man drowned in it, *C'était un flatteur.* In talking of dogs a case mentioned, where a man in going to bathe, left his clothes in care of his dog, but on his returning out of the water, the dog, not knowing him, would not give them up again. Spoke of "Boswell's Johnson:" Boswell asking him about some passage in Pope, "What does he mean by it?" "I don't know, sir; I suppose he meant to vex some one."* Boswell complaining of the noise of the company, the day before, making his head ache. "No, sir; it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect on the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it." Boswell mentions Johnson saying to him one night when they were sleeping in the same room and conversing, "If you don't stop talking, sir, I will get up and tie you to the bedpost." "I mention this (adds Boswell) to show the faculty he had of placing his adversary in a ridiculous position." Dunning once being asked how he contrived to get through his business, answered, "I do a little; a little does itself; and the rest is undone." Fazakerley mentioned that he was in company with Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo the evening the

* The passage was, I think,

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

account of Buonaparte's death arrived (I, myself, dined in company with Pozzo di Borgo that day). Talleyrand frequently said, in speaking of him, *Homme prodigieux.* Pozzo and Napoleon were brought up together, but afterwards quarrelled; they belonged to the two opposite factions by which Corsica has always been agitated, and in which, it is said, the old Madame Mere took, to the last, more interest than in all the grandest affairs of Europe. Forgot to mention, as an instance of the treacherousness of the memory, that Rogers mentioned to me, among the remarkable things he remembered of Lord Byron, that it was he who came to him the evening of Percival's assassination to inform him of the event, whereas (as I soon brought to his recollection) it was *I* that called upon him that evening with the intelligence, and found him sitting with Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont, who had dined with him. I rather think both our stories are true. Lord L. pressed me either to stay over to-morrow, or to come on Monday; engaged for the latter day to the Heneages, but he prevailed upon me to sit down and write them an excuse, Rogers and Mr. Grenville (he said) meaning also to stay over Monday.

28th. Found that Rogers and Mr. Grenville are to be off to-morrow morning; resolved to recall my apology to the Heneages, and, though pressed with much *douce violence* to stay over to-day, got away, and walked through a most desperate storm home. A very civil letter from Lord Shrewsbury (whom I never saw in my life) regretting that he was not apprised of my late visit to Derbyshire, as he should have been happy to "pay his homage to genius and patriotism," and expressing a hope to see me at Alton when I should next be in that neighbourhood.

29th. Lady Elizabeth called for me to take me to

Heneage's; found that the Heneages had been puzzled by my two notes, and thought the apology had been written last. Slept there.

30th. Found Miss Scott employed in copying out for me an air of Spohr's, which I admired; a pretty girl. Left, with the Fieldings, between eleven and twelve. Found that Hobhouse is at Methuen's. Wrote to him a few days ago about the papers he promised me, and expressed a wish for the very sort of opportunity of conversing with him which his visit now so near me supplies. Lady E. offered, if I would come to her to-morrow, to take me over to call at Methuen's.

Nov. 1st. Walked over to Laycock, intending to proceed with either Lady E. or Fielding to Methuen's, but found they had gone to Bath, and the girls told me they had understood Hobhouse was gone. Returned home to dinner, found —— in much anxiety and fuss, having posted off to me, on hearing of Lord L.'s appointment to the lieutenancy of the county, to beg I would put in a word for his being made clerk to the lieutenancy. Promised that I would see Lord L. on the subject in the morning.

2nd. Went to Bowood immediately after breakfast. Saw Lady L.; mentioned —— to her. Lord L. afterwards came in, and when I expressed sorrow for interrupting him from business, said, "It is rather a pleasanter interruption than one which I have just had." "What is that?" "A man coming post from Salisbury to ask to be made clerk of the lieutenancy." "Why, that's the very business I'm come upon." Not able to decide any thing yet upon the subject, being himself totally unacquainted with the nature of the office. On my expressing my pleasure at his appointment to the lord lieutenancy, he said,

"Why, it is an addition of trouble, and I think I have accepted it, as I did the other office, more to please other people's opinions and wishes than my own." Said, if I would wait a quarter of an hour for him, he would walk part of the way home with me; did so. Talked of the difficulties before him with respect to Ireland; a requisition for the Insurrection Act already from the magistrates of Tipperary; but, unless the disturbance seems likely to spread, is quite against acceding to the demand. The Roman Catholics, if they should ask him to present their petition this session, will readily do it, but neither wishes to do it, nor to avoid it. I said it often occurred to me that he might, at no distant period, make a good ground for resigning, by taking some strong and decisive step on this question. "I must do nothing (he answered) for my own convenience, that is likely to injure the question itself, which that might do." I said, however, that I thought more good might be done to the cause by breaking off thus with *éclat*, than by remaining in, perhaps, inefficiently. Told me the manner Canning was thwarted by his colleagues at the time of the invasion of Spain by the French, that messages were sent underhand, "and from the highest authority," to the French court, telling them to persevere, and that the English nation would not oppose them. When he had walked with me nearly home, I turned back and accompanied him beyond Cuff's Corner. Begged me to come and dine with them before they go to town; fixed Sunday.

4th. Went to church at Bessy's particular request; would go oftener but for the singing. Towards dinner walked over to Bowood; met the Fieldings coming from it; told me that Hobhouse did not leave the Methuens till yesterday, and Fielding dined there to meet him the day

before. No one at dinner, but us three, Lord and Lady L. and myself. Sat a good while with him in conversation after dinner, the evening altogether very agreeable. On my asking him whether he thought Lord Althorpe, Milton, &c. were continuing staunch to the present state of things, he said, "Yes, he believed, as far as they *ought;* that it was *right* they should keep, to a certain degree, a distrustful watch on the government." Such is the fair and candid tone of his mind on every subject, and there is nothing more to be admired, because there is nothing so rare. Pointed out to me (as just and well put) the remarks of Hallam on the situation of William after his accession to the throne, and the sort of reaction which always takes place against new governments from the over expectation that had been beforehand attached to them. Seemed to feel how applicable these remarks were to the present order of things. In talking of the close *rapprochement* which long-lived individuals establish between distant periods of history, he said, as an instance, that he himself had been acquainted with Sir Edward Baynton, who knew Sir Stephen Fox, who had been on the scaffold with Charles I. I mentioned, as another instance, William Spencer having, when a boy, played on the sofa with his grandfather Lord Vere, who had done the same thing (played on a sofa), when a boy, with Charles II. Lord L. remarked how curious it was to think that, by this sort of *links,* the number of *persons* necessary to carry tradition down from the time of Adam to the present day might all be contained with ease in the room we sat in, calculating them at a rough guess, about seventy persons. As an instance of confusion between history and romance, he mentioned some old lady, who always used to be talking of Sir Charles Grandison, having persuaded herself that she had known him and

danced with him when a young girl. In talking of the probable line that Lords Althorpe, &c. might take, I hinted that it would be still more desirable to anticipate, by a well managed break-off from the Ministry, such a state of things as would leave him unsupported by those who formerly acted with him. "This must depend (he answered) upon whether I think them right or wrong in their reasons for withdrawing their support." "Very true," I replied, "but I own I should be sorry to see such a schism take place." Slept at Bowood.

5th. Lord L. proposed to walk with me, and came as far as the lodge of Spye Park, where I wanted to pay a visit to Starkey. Soon after my arrival at home, Methuen came. * * * brought me a poem of his own "To the Sea;" wonderful from him, and good from any body; it tells, however, but little for the art itself. Made me promise to arrange with Bowles for a dinner soon at Corsham.

6th to 8th. At home, and at work. Have sent to Power this last week, a sketch of a trio, "Steal gently, my dear," from an air given me by the Fieldings. A note from Lady Elizabeth to claim my promise of meeting Lord Auckland and his sister, who come on Friday (the 9th), and go away next day.

9th. Walked over to Laycock; met the carriage on its way to fetch me. No one at dinner but Lord A. and his sister. Delighted with their tour in Ireland, and full of commiseration for the ill-used Paddies. Said that W. Scott did not seem to have left any very favourable impression behind him in Ireland; but there is no trusting some of my Whig friends about Scott; they have such a horror of his politics. Lord A. renewed his promise of communicating to me during the next parliamentary cam-

paign any anecdotes he might pick up that could be turned to account in the way of squibs.

10th. The Aucklands started after breakfast for Lady Ilchester's. Lady Elizabeth proposed that I should go with her to make a visit to the Lockes: did so. On the way a good deal of talk about ——, whom Lady E. saw a good deal of at one time. Lord Byron *did* endeavour to make her think that he had murdered some one: never would give her his right hand; wore a glove on it, &c. &c. This at first alarmed ——, but when she came to know him better she saw through his acting. * * * Must inquire more about this. The Lockes not at home. Set me down on my way back. Dined at home. Lady E. described to me Byron's house at Genoa, the Albaro, which she visited, and brought away a sprig of arbor vitæ out of the garden as a souvenir. Lady Westmoreland lived in it after Byron. *Crede Byron* on all the beds.

27th. Went to Bath to hear Pasta, Bessy with the Napiers and I with Bowles. Bowles spoke (for the first time I ever heard him acknowledge it) of his famous song; wrote it when he was about twenty. Said how odd it appeared to him many years afterwards to meet with L., one of his boon companions of that time, as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; become a grave and staid personage, never making the slightest allusion to their early doings, but seeming to have forgotten even the possibility of them. Found Anastasia with a little cold, and thought it prudent not to take her to the concert as we intended. Dined with Bowles at the White Hart; paid my share of the dinner and a pint of Madeira, but allowed the rich poet to treat me to a bottle of claret. Called for Bessy and Elizabeth Starkey at Miss Fisher's in the evening, and proceeded to

the concert. Pasta very charming, as usual, but "shorn of her beams" when not acting.

28th. Bessy set off home, having refused to dine with the Fieldings, whither Bowles and I proceeded. Met Lord Duncan in Bath, who was all kindness, and expressed a great wish that I should come and dine with him some day. Called for Mrs. Bowles at Hartham, and arrived at Laycock about five. No one but ourselves; very agreeable. Music with the girls in the evening. Slept there.

29th. Fielding and the girls walked part of the way home with me. Found a letter from Hobhouse, accounting for the long delay of his answer by the circumstance of *my* letter having lain at his lodgings all the time he was absent.

30th. Wrote to Hobhouse, saying that if I had been (which I feared very much) unfortunate or troublesome to him on the subject of Byron, I begged he would forgive me, and I would plague him no further; that it was possible some expressions of mine relative to his kindness, &c. might have been construed by Barry and others into a boast of his sanction and co-operation, but that it was by no means my intention to produce such an impression, and that I would do my utmost to remove it; that, indeed, the simple fact of my work being likely to appear without a single contribution of either paper or anecdote from any one of Lord B.'s immediate friends or relatives, would, of itself, sufficiently absolve them from any share of the responsibility attached to it. The only favour, I said, which I had now to ask of him was that he would endeavour to procure for me the letters of mine addressed to Lord Byron in Italy. This I should consider a real service, and with many thanks for all his kind intentions towards me, wishes, &c. &c.

December 2nd. At work. Sent off to Power lately words to an air of Spohr's "Rose of the Desert."

3rd. To Bath, having promised Anastasia (who was disappointed of it the other evening) that she should hear Pasta to-night; had also promised to dine with Crawford. Walked to Buckhill, where the Bowleses took me up. The people at the York House told me that Pasta had begged them to inform her when I should arrive, but it was now too late. Took Anastasia to dinner at Crawford's: company, Capt. A'Court and a Miss Broderick. Performance at the theatre, a scene out of "Tancredi," and the last act of the "Romeo." My little girl delighted with Pasta.

4th. Between twelve and one started with the Bowleses, who set me down at Buckhill, from whence I walked home.

5th. At home. Sent off to Power words to an air of Carelli, "Come, list, while I tell of the Heart-wounded Stranger." Forgot to mention that I also sent him lately words to a Spanish air, "Tell me, kind Seer, I pray Thee."

6th. Walked over to Laycock to dinner: company, Lord Caernarvon and Lady Harriet. Music in the evening. Slept there.

7th. A good deal of conversation with Lord Caernarvon after breakfast on the present appearance of politics. Is not at all pleased with the state of the Ministry; the supremacy of Lord Goderich, the powerless position of Lord Lansdowne, and the hostility of Lord Grey, all appear to him full of distrust and discouragement. Nothing, he said, but his attachment to Lord Lansdowne, and the conviction he felt of the honesty of his motives, could induce him to continue his adhesion to such a government. Spoke of the impolicy of their not trying to conciliate Lord Grey,

on the first appearance of his discontent, when it would have been easy, he thinks, if not to win him over, at least to neutralise him. Lord Holland, he said, told him that he himself had gone twice to Lord Grey's house at that time for this purpose, but unluckily did not find him, and, immediately after, Lord Grey left town. What was wanted now, among other things, was somebody that could manage and (when necessary) *bully* the King. Lord Liverpool, with all his kingly propensities, could do this upon occasion; but it could not be expected from Lord Goderich. The King, in fact, has it all his own way. Lady Elizabeth very anxious that Mrs. Moore should come and dine here on Monday. Said I should make her, if I could. Passed the whole day in conversation and music, and very reluctantly came away between three and four to dine at Dr. Starkey's; Bessy, who went yesterday to Buckhill, having come from thence also to dinner. * * *

9th. A note from Anastasia to say that the measles had appeared in the school. Alarmed not a little by this intelligence from the unfavourable time of the year, and the still delicate state of our dear girl's health. Decided to bring her home immediately, and having sent for a chaise Bessy set off with little Buss for Bath between twelve and one. Between three and four had a visit from Fielding and Lord Auckland, bringing a note from Lady Elizabeth begging that I would return with them to dinner; could not however. Sat some time with me; talked of politics. Lord A. thinks it not unlikely that we may see Lord Lansdowne in his proper place of Premier yet. Forgot to mention, by the bye, a good anecdote which Lord A. wrote down to the Fieldings some weeks since. Lord Dudley, it is well known, has a trick of re-

hearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to *debiter* to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter he muttered forth in his usual soliloquizing tone, "I think we must *go out* all together." "Good God! you don't say so!" exclaimed Lady ——, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present Ministry in power. "Going out all together" might well alarm her. [A man once (not very remarkable for agreeableness) proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travellers' Club with Lord Dudley, who discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, "I don't think it will bore me *very* much to let him walk with me that distance."] On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, "Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?" It is said that the fellow-traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the same sort of tone, "Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?" Bessy arrived with Anastasia, who seemed pretty well, except for a cold in the head.

10th. Bessy doubtful whether she should go to Laycock to-day, but Anastasia showing no appearance of measles, thought she might as well. At three the Field-

ings' carriage came for us, and Bessy, Mrs. Napier, and myself set off in it. No one at dinner but ourselves. Lady E. more than usually agreeable, and full of the most marked kindness to Bessy, which, with me, goes further than ages of kindness to myself. A good deal of music in the evening. Slept there.

11th. Music again after breakfast; came away in their carriage about two. Found, on arriving at home, thirteen covers of Hobhouse's, inclosing the letters which I had asked him for, and which he had, contrary to his expectation, he says, found among some papers deposited at Kinnaird's. Returns to the subject of my unlucky remark upon him in one of my letters to Byron. "However," he says, "I forgive you; but, in the true spirit of the Gospel, I will heap coals of fire on your laurelled head by telling you an anecdote. Gamba's memoir of Lord B.'s last residence in Genoa was put into my hand, and therein I found it recorded that when Lord B. was in Cephalonia, he received a letter from you, in which you said something that incensed him very much; so much that, after various threats, he said he would write a satire against you. I struck my pen across this story, and requested Gamba not to let it appear." * * *

13th and 14th. Anastasia in the measles, full of anxiety about the dear child, but they appear as yet of a very mild sort. * * *

16th. My dearest girl going on as favourably as we could desire. Dr. Brabant thinks she is over the worst of it. Sent Power this last week the legend of "The Hunter," "The Hunter once in this Shade reclined."

17th to 19th. Employed in reading and collecting notices for my "Life of B." Have resolved not to attempt a regular biography, but to call it "Letters and Journals

of Lord Byron, with Biographical Illustrations (or Notices of his Life), by T. M." Received a letter from Corry, inclosing one he had just got from the Chief Justice Bushe, on the subject of my article in the "Edinburgh," "Private Theatricals." The following is an extract: "I have already read, with much gratification, the entire article you refer me to. So much curious information, conveyed in a manner so fascinating, leaves little doubt as to that hand which *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, at least, only as much as Erasmus felt when, after reading a work of his times, he exclaimed something to this effect, *Aut Morus, aut Diabolus.* As to you, I must congratulate you upon that high pedigree by which private theatricals have been traced from a remote antiquity through kings, queens, popes, bishops, nuns, beauties, &c. &c. to my Kilkenny friends. Certainly you may say of the profession (if you will now submit to so humble a name for your high calling, what, in an old ballad, was formerly sung of something else, which I now forget —

"If it wasn't dainty,
The ladies wouldn't have it;
If it wasn't saintly,
The clergy wouldn't crave it."

20th. Sent Power a "Legend," "The Indian Boat." Received an answer from Barnes to a proposal I sent him last week, that his brother proprietors should give me 200*l.* for *half* the number of things I furnished them with last year. Most readily accepted. Answered an application from the Secretary of the Royal Institution, communicating the wish of the directors that I should lecture there this year; said that my present occupations would prevent me from complying with their request.

21st and 22nd. At home, reading, &c. &c.

23rd. Walked over to Bowood. Lord L. arrived last night; asked me to come and dine to-morrow. The Foxes there. Met Fielding on my way back, full of *doléances* on the state of the Ministry.

24th. Walked to Bowood late. Company at dinner, Charles and Mrs. Fox, Misses Vernon and Fox, and Major Keppel, Lord Albemarle's son. A good deal of talk with Lord L. in the evening. On my remarking that Barnes, I believed (as well as other of his (Lord L.'s) friends) wished him well out of his present connexion, he said, "Yes, yes, but it would never do to give up at a moment like this when there are such difficulties to be faced. So far from it, that were I even to be left alone in office, I would sooner hold all the seals of all the departments, if that were possible, than resign at a juncture so full of difficulty as the present." Mentioned, with surprise, the extraordinary information the "Times" contrives to get; thinks there must be somebody else besides —— to give it them, as they sometimes show a knowledge of things that —— himself could not have been acquainted with. They do incalculable mischief by these disclosures, and *have* done so very lately. Slept there. Danced to the Chippenham band in the hall after dinner.

25th. * * * Lord L. proposed to walk part of the way home with me; and, between twelve and one, he and I and Keppel started together.

26th. Walked into Devizes to get some money. Called upon Brabant. Found, when I returned, that Lord John Russell, Kerry, and Keppel had been while I was out.

27th. An invitation from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy to dine at Bowood on Monday and go with her to Mrs. Heneage's ball. After a long discussion with the dear girl, in which I in vain endeavoured to persuade her to

get a new gown for the occasion, she consented to go if I would allow her to go in the old one, which, she assured me, was quite good enough for a poor poet's wife. Took her answer (accepting the invitation) to Bowood, where I dined. Same party as before.

28th. Lord John and Keppel walked home with me, and sat some time with Bessy. Saw them back again a great part of the way. Met Lady L., who wished me to come to dinner on Sunday next, but I offered to-morrow instead. Lord L. off to town this morning. Dined at home. Lord John, in speaking of the unambitious spirit Lord L. has shown, said, "After all, it is a fine thing for a man to have taken such a plain, honest, and disinterested course as leaves him, so far as he himself is concerned, no fear or anxiety with respect to the result. If Lord L. was occupied, like others, in little efforts and intrigues of ambition, we should not see him so unembarrassed, and in such cheerful spirits." This is all most true and just.

29th. Dined at Bowood. The Macdonalds added to the party. Told some Irish stories after dinner that made them laugh. Heard Lady Macdonald sing in the evening for the first time, some German things; very pretty. Sung a good deal myself.

30th. After breakfast Lord John and C. Fox walked with me; the former left us half-way to go back to prayers, and Fox came on with me. Staid some time with me at the cottage.

31st. Bessy decided to go: carriage came for us between three and four to take us to Bowood; Abercromby added to the party at dinner. Set out for the ball a little after nine; Bessy with Lady Lansdowne, &c. &c., and I with I forget whom. The whole thing very splendid, and my

sweet Bess (though sadly under-dressed for the occasion) looking very handsome, and enjoying it all as much as if she were covered with diamonds. By a change in the arrangements for returning, Lord Kerry was to be taken home by us; waited for him till near four. Bessy danced a country-dance with Lord Kerry. Did not get to our beds at Bowood till just six.

1828.

JANUARY 1st, 1828. Down to breakfast between ten and eleven. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Elizabeth all kindness to Bessy. Left Bowood for home in the carriage before one.

3rd. Russell in the measles. A note from Lady Lansdowne expressing her hopes that Bessy, Anastasia, and Tom, would be able to come to her dance to-night; offering beds to all. Lord Kerry also called with a message to the same purport: but Bessy unable to leave Russell, and Anastasia forbid by Brabant. In the evening, half-past seven, the carriage came for me and Tom, who was as happy as a prince. Rather a small ball, but very agreeable. Caroline Fielding looking very pretty, dressed in the costume of a Roman peasant-girl, and her sister as a Swiss *paysanne*. Danced with the former; danced also with Mrs. Fox, Miss Ricardo, &c. Had received a note from Lady Elizabeth in the morning, asking me to dine to-morrow, but Lady L. insisted that I must come to Bowood, as it was to be the last day of their company. After a good deal of playful contest on the subject, agreed to dine at Bowood. At half-past one the carriage was ready to take Tom and me home; Tom not at all understanding why we should go before the dancing was over.

4th. Walked to Bowood to dinner: company, Lord Duncan, Elwyn, the Macdonalds &c. Miss Fox, in

speaking to me of the extracts she had seen from Hunt's book, said she quite agreed with him as to my cordial, "Yes." Sang a good deal in the evening.

5th. After breakfast Lord L. walked home with me: much conversation about his position and prospects in the Ministry. On my mentioning the opinions of some persons, who regretted that he did not assert his own claims to the station he ought to hold, he said with earnestness, "I cannot be ambitious." Talked of the early information the "Times" had of the first resignation of Lord Goderich; thinking where they could have got it.

10th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. had started for town in the morning, and bid her tell me ("what he knew would give me pleasure"), that the administration was virtually broken up, in consequence of a difference about the Finance Committee, and that the Duke of Wellington had been sent for to Windsor. Walked over to Laycock. Found they knew nothing about the matter, and therefore attributed the hopes I expressed as to the breaking up of the administration to some hints which I said had been sent me from town. Went to dine at Joy's; Fielding, Talbot, Montgomery, and myself. Company besides, the Poulett Scropes, the Bowleses, &c. Returned to sleep at Laycock.

11th. My pretended speculations confirmed by the arrival of the "Times." Fielding gave me a letter to his housemaid in town to have his bedroom and study ready for me, in case I go to London first. Walked home, and with much difficulty, from the extreme slipperiness of the snow; took near twenty minutes getting up Bowden Hill, and was as tired on my arrival home as if I had walked twenty miles.

14th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that

Lord L. was expecting a letter of congratulation from me. Wrote to him. Preparing for my departure to-morrow.

15th. Left home in a chaise for Bath between two and three; Prowse went with me: a starting horse in our chaise that was once or twice near upsetting us; some delay from this. The snow falling rapidly. Dined at Lord Duncan's: company, Elwyn, Sir W. K. Grant and his wife, the Kays, Sir Hutton Cooper, &c. A good deal of talk with Lady Grant about Lord and Lady Hastings. Music in the evening; two young ladies sang, and *anche Io.* Grant asked me for to-morrow, but Elwyn had already engaged me to—I don't know who. Slept at the York House.

16th. Desperate day. Called on a second-hand bookseller, with whom Bessy has some negotiation for exchange of wares, being about to barter some bran-new poetry which I have given her (all presentation copies, and most of them, alas! uncut) for some second-hand literature of a better quality. Fancied myself unknown, but was wofully undeceived when the poor man asked me, with much humility, to hear and pass sentence on a singing daughter he had got, and on whom he had laid out much more money than he could well afford, to accomplish her for a public performer. Took me up to a small wretched room, where in two seconds the young lady was at the pianoforte. Praised her playing, which I could with a clear conscience. Called upon the Crawfords, who expressed themselves disappointed at my not having taken up my quarters with them. Walked about with Elwyn and then with Lord Ashtown. Dined at a Mr. Watson's (I believe) a friend of Elwyn's, with whom and Dr. Crawford I went. Company, Ellis, Col. Page, &c. &c. Went afterwards to the theatre;

joined Lord and Lady Duncan in their box, and was rather amused.

17th. Off in the coach for Birmingham; a naval captain, one of my companions, amused me with an account of the *saintly* part of his profession, and of the mischief they do in the navy. On my arrival at Birmingham found a letter from Wildman, to whom I had written to know whether he was at Newstead, and disposed to receive me for a day or two. His answer most hospitably in the affirmative. Slept at the Albion.

18th. Set off at nine for Nottingham; found my old neighbour Flack, of Cavendish Bridge, and Phipps (the husband of Dr. Parkinson's niece) to be my fellow travellers; our journey agreeable. From the late thaw and rains the waters everywhere out: Tewkesbury like a seaport town, and at Tamworth the water up to the body of the coach. Anecdote of Newton, showing his extreme absence: inviting a friend to dinner and forgetting it: the friend arriving, and finding the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner brought up for *one:* the friend (without disturbing Newton) sitting down and dispatching it, and Newton, after recovering from his reverie, looking at the empty dishes and saying, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined." In passing through Donington sent up to Dalby's, and he and Mary came down to the inn. Arrived at the White Lion at Nottingham a little after five, and finding no note or message from Alfred Fellowes, to whom I had announced my coming, dined at the inn. Dressed after dinner and went to the Circus, but found it, from dirt and darkness, intolerable, and betook myself forthwith to the Fellowses, where I found them in most good-natured consternation at my having taken up my

abode at the inn, a bed being ready for me at their house these two days past. Slept at the White Lion.

19th. Walked about the town with Alfred Fellowes: Lord Rancliffe engaged at home with a shooting party. Visited the reading-room and library, &c. Told me that when Gally Knight was first introduced to old Dr. Denman, the Doctor said, "I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Knight before." "I do not remember (rejoined Gally) having ever had the honour of meeting you." "The truth is, young gentleman," said Denman, "I was the first person that *ever* saw you." Received a most sweet and touching letter from my affectionate Bessy, in which, alluding to a sort of will I had written in the last page of this journal before I left home, she says it has haunted her uncomfortably ever since we parted, and that she regrets having asked to see it. Between three and four started in a chaise for Newstead; very kindly received by the Wildmans. No one at dinner with them but her sister and his cousin Richard. Gave me some port which, he said, had been put in the cellar (as he understood) the day Lord Byron came of age. Mentioned many curious particulars of his school days with Byron, which I have noted down elsewhere.

20th. After prayers had some conversation with Nanny Smith (an old woman long employed about Byron's family), of which I took notes. Mrs. Byron's death hastened by a fit of passion, into which she was thrown by reading Brothers's (the upholsterer's) bills. Company at dinner: General Need and his wife, and the Felloweses. Singing in the evening.

21st. Had some conversation, after breakfast, with Rushton (the Robin of "Childe Harold"), who now is master of a free-school some miles off. Gave me two

letters of B.'s, confirming what Nanny had told me of Lord B. having sparred with him (Rushton) during the time of his mother's funeral. Set out, the whole party, to see the church at Hucknall, the Wildmans riding, and I in an open carriage with the sister and Mrs. Fellowes. Told me of the immense concourse of people there were at the funeral; the man who joined it near Hucknall having the appearance of a half-pay officer who had served much abroad; his profound grief; nobody seemed to know who he was. Fletcher also loud in his sobs during the whole time. Hardly any person of respectability attended, except Rancliffe and a few of the corporation. When we arrived at Hucknall the clerk could not be found, nor the key of the church. At Mrs. Wildman's suggestion took a pane out of one of the windows, and by this means opening it, put a little boy in, who opened the door for us. During all this time I felt but little affected by our visit, but suddenly, as I stood over the vault where he lies, the picture of what he *had* been, and what he was *now*, presented itself to me, and at once a sort of flood of melancholy feeling came over my heart, which it was with difficulty I could conceal from those around me. Wrote our names in the book of the visitors, where it was curious to observe how many signatures there were of persons in humble station, weavers, &c. Walked back with Richard Wildman by Annesley, an interesting old place; the terrace; the hall thought to be the "Oratory" of the "Dream." The Pearsons from Nottingham to dinner. Music in the evening.

22nd. Set out for Southwell in Wildman's carriage, accompanied by Pearson, who was to be my introducer. Drove to the Rev. J. Beacher's (Byron's old friend), and found him at home. Asked us to dinner, which was what

I speculated upon. Told me some anecdotes of B.'s early days, of which I have taken notes. Showed me a few letters, the others in his possession not being, he said, producible. Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who were equally friends of Byron in his youth. Their reception of me most cordial and flattering; made me sit in the chair which Byron used to sit in, and remarked as a singularity that this was the poor fellow's birthday; he would to-day have been forty. Produced a number of his early letters and poems, and without the least reserve offered any or all for my use, offering to copy out for me such as I should select. Deferred the reading of them till we should meet in the evening at Mr. Beacher's. On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine intelligent old lady, who has been bedridden for years, she kissed my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron she valued and loved me. Her affection, indeed, to his memory is unbounded, and she seems unwilling to allow that he had a single fault. No one at dinner but Mr. B., his daughter, Pearson, and myself. Miss Pigot in the evening with his letters, which interested me exceedingly; some written when he was quite a boy, and the bad spelling and scrambling handwriting delightful; spelling, indeed, was a very late accomplishment with him. After reading the letters we had music, and as there was no lack of enthusiasm in my audience, I sung my best. Slept at the inn.

23rd. Took an opportunity, before starting, of seeing the cathedral and its brass eagle, which was found at Newstead Abbey, and is now converted into a reading-desk. Some time after it had been found an opening in the breast of the bird was discovered, and a number of papers found hid within, which proved to be the original

writings of the various grants made to the abbey. Wildman has some of these in his possession, and one of them contains a full pardon granted to the monks for every possible crime (and the whole catalogue of crimes is gone through) that had ever been committed, or was likely in future to be committed by them. Started at nine in the coach for Nottingham. On my arrival Mrs. Fellowes lent me her carriage to go to Colwich. Shown into the drawing-room, and told that Mrs. Musters would be with me presently. Felt (though I had never seen her) that I should like to take her by the hand as an old friend; and while I was debating whether it would be quite decorous to do so, she entered and did exactly so herself, giving me her hand as if we had known each other for years. Her countenance, in spite of time and ill health, still interesting, and took me more than that of her daughter, youthful as it is. But this was more the effect of imagination, which brought back the former face as it looked when Byron gazed at it. Had not time for much conversation before Musters himself joined us. Fixed to dine with them on Sunday the 4th. Dined at Mrs. Fellowes's; no company but the John Felloweses and Mrs. Burnside. Slept at the White Lion.

24th. Set off at half past six in the coach for Stoke. At the first stage obliged to go outside in consequence of some mistake in the booking of passengers; a most blowing drive over the Derbyshire hills. Found Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. J. Cooper, and Hodgson waiting for me at the mill, and walked up with them to the house. Before luncheon Mrs. A. whispered to me that there was a lady in her house as governess, who met me many, many years ago, and as she knew it would annoy her if I did not recognise her, she thought it right to prepare me. This was a Mrs. ——,

whom I saw for one evening (and about half an hour next morning) near five-and-twenty years ago; whom I danced with, sung to, and made love to in that short space of time, and who has been a sort of dream to me ever since. Was sorry to see her again; her beauty was gone; her dress was even prematurely old and mob-cappish, and, in short, I'm sorry we have met again, for she will never be a dream to me any more. The only company at dinner the Hodgsons, Mrs. J. Cooper, and her son and daughter. In the evening, singing, and the best and most touching of all singing, Mrs. R. Arkwright's.

25th. Mrs. Arkwright, who has been full of anxiety as to my finding Hodgson in a mood to give me the assistance I want from him, put us, after breakfast, in a little room together; where he with the utmost readiness and kindness placed a number of Byron's letters in my hand, as well as extracts from others of a more confidential nature; and left me alone to look over them and select such as might suit my purpose. After I had done so, had some conversation with him relative to Byron's loan or gift to himself, of which I did not conceal from him that I already knew most of the particulars. Detailed to me the whole transaction; Byron's having long promised to do something for him; his taking him to Hammersley's one day, without H. having the slightest idea what he was going about, and then telling Hammersley to place to his (Hodgson's) credit 1000*l.*: had already had from him 400*l.*, part of which though was for another friend. He then described Byron's going with him to the mother of the girl he wished to marry (his present wife), in order to do away the objections that lady had to the marriage; their travelling all night. B.'s tractableness to criticism, but his horror of retaining any thing that had been suggested by others.

"If you don't like it, say so, and I'll alter it; but don't suggest any thing of your own." Affixed a note to one of the extracts he gave me containing an acknowledgment of his gratitude to Lord B.; but on my seeming to think it too vague and insufficient (particularly as the nature of the service Lord B. had performed towards him was pretty generally known), he expressed himself most anxious to make the acknowledgment, not only "sufficient" but abundant. Left this matter for further consideration. Mrs. Arkwright, when I last saw her, mentioned a letter Lord B. had written to somebody on the subject of religion, and which Mrs. —— had a copy of. Promised at that time to ask her for it; told me how she had learned from Mrs. —— that it was already published. * * * Birch and a Mr. Middleton added to our company at dinner; the Miss Birches in the evening, and singing (both from Mrs. A. and myself) without end.

26th. After breakfast, closeted with Hodgson for two or three hours on the subject of Byron; found none of the reserve in him that Mrs. A. apprehended, but the fullest cordiality and confidence. Walked with him afterwards to Middleton Dale; fine rock scenery; the Delf very grand. Mrs. J. Cooper and Eliza gone this morning, which was a sad loss to our party. Hodgson very agreeable at dinner: Mrs. A. said she had never before seen him so happy. He had determined upon going home before dinner (thinking it right that a clergyman should pass his Saturday evening at home), but was prevailed to stay till night. Some amusing stories of Scrope Davies. His epitaph on Lord L——.

> "Here's L.'s body, from his soul asunder,
> He once was on the turf, and now is *under*."

His verses on the Swallow, a boat or yacht they used to sail in. Two of them as follows: —

> "If ever, in the Swallow, I to sea
> Shall go again, may the sea swallow me."

Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was asked to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner, with a Dr. ——, who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack either on myself or my poetry, which, though he is quite sure I knew nothing about it (as is really the case), makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire, and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to-day, but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and, some of them, beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield. Has lately, they say, issued some rather absurd speech or writing, in which he upholds this said Sheffield as little less than the Athens of England. This is what it is to be, the *Coryphée* of a set of provincial blues! After singing and singing over and over again, we saw Hodgson and his wife off in their chaise for Bakewell. My song, "And doth not a meeting like this!" brought tears from both singer and hearers.

27th. After breakfast set off to church (Bakewell) with Mrs. Arkwright. A good deal of conversation about the Duke of Devonshire; the great disposition he had to like me, though he did not, she says, at first; his having felt, as I did, the barrier there is between us, from his tallness and deafness combined. "Besides (he added), Moore is not the sort of man to stand on tip-toes to a

duke." Hodgson's sermon very good. We again conquered his resolution, which was decidedly *not* to dine from home; but he yielded. Mrs. A., indeed, said that he seemed quite another person since I came. The dinner again very agreeable.

28th. When I was packing for my departure, Mrs. A., who had promised to let me have copies of some of her songs, sent me up her whole precious book, and said I might do what I pleased with it. Hodgson went down with me in the gig to the place where I was to meet the coach (his wife having put into my hands before I came away a paper, which she said I might read at my leisure), and, after a most cordial parting, I started about twelve o'clock on my way for Newstead, Wildman (who is in town) having given me leave to return there for a few more inquiries among the old servants. Had written to the butler to apprise him of my coming, but arrived before my letter, and found every thing in a most monastery-like state of gloom and cheerlessness. The servants, however, partaking of the hospitable spirit of their master, soon lighted up good fires both in drawing-room and bed-room. Cold meat, cutlets, and good Madeira were my fare; and the quiet, thoughtful pleasure I enjoyed in passing an evening *alone* within those walls, was exactly what I anticipated it would be. I felt as if on a visit to Byron's spirit, and remembering his frequent threat, poor fellow, of appearing to me after his death, thought that I could hardly have given him a better opportunity. Found that the paper Mrs. Hodgson gave me contained some kind and flattering verses Hodgson had written on my visit and departure. Slept well, the repose of the whole evening being a relief to me after the state of excitement in which I had been keeping myself and — every body about me.

29th. Set off for Nottingham in the coach. Found letters, and before I had opened those from Bessy, was just boasting that everything went on with me exactly as I could wish, when on reading their contents I found that our poor Anastasia's lameness had got so much worse, that Dr. Brabant advised her being taken instantly to town for surgical advice, and she was perhaps now on her way there. It is impossible to describe the sweetness, the considerateness, the fortitude that breathed through every line of my dearest Bessy's letter. Resolved to give up my dinner with the Musterses, and set out on Friday for town, the public dinner at Derby being an engagement I could not well get over. Received a letter too from Murray (sent on to me from the cottage), in which he says that the late book of Leigh Hunt has induced him to change his mind with respect to the publication of Lord Byron's papers, and that he has submitted a proposition to Mr. Rogers, which, he is authorised by him to say, meets with his entire approbation. Offers to come down to me in case I should not be immediately coming to town. Answered to say I should be in London in a few days. Called upon R——, who had been sometime tutor to Lord Byron; have taken notes of what he told me. Went out with Fellowes to dine at Lord Rancliffe's: company, Dr. Holcombe and his son George, and an attorney, whose name I forget. Returned to Mrs. Fellowes's at night.

30th. Walked to Colwich to make my excuses to Mrs. Musters; away from home. Called with Pearson on various persons, who knew something of Byron. Set off in the coach at three for Derby: found a large party at Strutt's waiting dinner for me, had to dress in a hurry: company, the John Coopers, &c. &c. Music in the evening; sung a good deal. Got from Higginson the list of

the toasts for my office of chairman to-morrow. Slept at Mr. Strutt's.

31st. Breakfasted in my bed-room, and took a few hours to myself to think over what I should say in my speeches to the Lancastrians. Walked about with the Coopers afterwards. The company at the dinner larger than ever they have had at any public dinner in Derby before; at least so they told me. About a hundred sat down, all good Whigs, I took for granted; good materials for Whigs, certainly, being chiefly dissenters, unitarians, Nottingham editors, &c. &c. Three long tables, and my chair at the top of the centre one placed with the back close to a large fire: should have melted away, had I remained in it, but abdicated, and joined Strutt at the head of one of the other tables, leaving my chair like Banquo's during dinner. All went off famously: made them about ten or twelve speeches, and was cheered most heartily throughout. My brother orators *not* such as it was difficult to eclipse; one of the "gentlemen of the press" talked of the duty of "heditors lifting up their woices." A party of amateurs sung glees occasionally between the speeches, and one of their performances being "The last Rose of Summer," the mayor, who sat on my right hand, confided to me in a whisper his regret that they should choose such *dull* things for such an occasion: told him I heartily agreed with him. Retired from the chair between ten and eleven, and adjourned (tired as I was, and covered not only with applauses but with fish-sauce) to a party at William Strutt's, where I found duets on the harp and pianoforte going on; and, in spite of my dozen and one speeches, was obliged to muster up voice enough for the same number of songs. Slept at Joseph Strutt's. Had written an excuse to Mrs. Musters before I left Derby,

but, from letters received to-day from Bessy, thought it perhaps better to finish *all* I had to do in this neighbourhood before I joined her in town, the accounts of Anastasia being much more comfortable.

February 1st. Forgot to mention that I wrote to Hobhouse from Newstead, and being touched with a kindly spirit at the time towards everything connected with poor Byron, showed it in my letter. Have received an answer from him full of the same friendly feeling, which I rejoice at. Teased by Strutt and Higginson to give some sort of report of the speeches I made yesterday for the newspapers. Endeavoured in vain to convince them that *praise* (as much as they pleased) of the general effect, and silence as to the details, was always the sort of report that did most service to such speeches: they *would* have more: promised to send it to them, if possible, from Nottingham. Set off before two in a chaise for Castle Donington, having written yesterday to tell the Dalbys I was coming. Wrote also to-day to Mrs. Musters to say, that if she was still disposed to have me on Sunday I would stay. Slept at Dalby's.

2nd. After breakfast walked over to Kegworth to see Dr. Parkinson; walked with him in his garden; will be eighty-three his next birthday. Saw me out of the town and called upon Mrs. Ingram in our way. She and her daughters accompanied me through the fields till we met the Dalby girls. Dinner at two; my company consisting of seven damsels (five of them young and pretty), Dalby being out on business. A very merry party: when I went upstairs to pack for departure, heard them in loud chorus below, and when I came down, found the seven nymphs standing, with bumpers in their hands round the

table, and singing my own glee, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" to my health. Escorted by them all to the coach, in which I started at three for Nottingham. Found a note from Mrs. Musters, saying she should be most happy to see me on Sunday, and trusted I would stay at least over Monday. Dinner at Mrs. Fellowes's: Lord Rancliffe, Dr. Pennington, and the John Felloweses. Sung in the evening. A poem sent me by Mrs. Musters (written by a young friend of hers whom I am to meet to-morrow) with a request that I would read it before I come; subject, "Martin Luther." Slept at Mrs. Fellowes's.

3rd. Scribbled out, after breakfast, a few recollections of some of my Derby speeches, and dispatched them to Higginson. Walked to Colwich to dinner; a short conversation with Mrs. M. before we dined; Musters luckily from town. Evening rather dull; music (the usual resource) being *tabooed* of a Sunday.

4th. Some conversation with Mrs. M. after breakfast about Byron, most of which I have taken notes of. Sung a few songs, at some of which Mrs. M. cried.

5th. After breakfast some conversation with Mrs. M. Said it was certainly her wish, and she even thought it better for any little romance there might be in the story of her and Lord Byron, to let it end at the last time she ever saw him, which was when he dined at Annesley on his return from abroad, and wrote the poem that everybody knows, about the little girl. Promised her it should be so. Ordered her carriage and took me into Nottingham. On my mentioning Chalmers's "Devotional Exercises," and my wish to see it, she begged me not to buy it myself, but let her have the pleasure of sending me a copy. Got to Nottingham and parted with her at twelve. Called upon two or three people, and having lunched at Fellowes's

started in the Hope coach between two and three. Arrived at Northampton at eleven at night and slept there.

6th. Off in the Sovereign coach, two young Irishmen my fellow-travellers; one of them rather an intelligent young man, a son of Col. Rochford. Begun to have a vague idea who I was, and talked to me about the "Epicurean," without (as he said afterwards) having any definite thought or expectation that I should turn out to be the person he suspected. This I could not, with a grave face, stand, and accordingly told him who I was, to his evident astonishment and pleasure. Arrived at Power's between six and seven, with a heart beating anxiously as I got nearer, lest I should find my dear Anastasia worse than Bessy had reported her. Found her lying on the sofa in the drawing-room, and looking better than when I left her. My darling Bessy, as usual, full of energy and cheerful hope, and has never left her side for a minute, except yesterday to pay a short visit to the Villamils and the Donegals. Though the Powers had a bed for me, thought it better not to trespass too much on their kindness (which has been most cordial and useful on this occasion), but went off to Sandon's in Bury Street, and secured a bedroom there. Returned to supper at Power's.

7th. After breakfast walked out with Bessy. Called at Murray's, and heard in a few words (while Bessy waited for me in the street) his proposition, which was to place all the publishable parts of his Byron papers in my hands, and to give me 4000 guineas for the "Life." Told him that I considered this offer perfectly liberal, but that he knew how I was situated with the Longmans, and that I certainly could not again propose to take my work out of their hands without having it in my power to pay down the sum that I owe them. "They would, I suppose (he

said) be inclined to give some accommodation in the payment?" "I cannot at all answer for that, Mr. Murray (I replied). I must have it in my power to offer them the payment of the debt." "Very well, sir (he said) you *may* do so." Went with Bessy to the jeweller's to buy a present for Dr. Brabant's daughter: bought a locket; four guineas and a half. As Brabant will not take any fees, I must, at least, try to show that we are grateful. Dined at Power's. Went with Bessy in the evening to her mother and sat some time.

8th. With Bessy after breakfast Went on to the Longmans; told them of Murray's proposition, and of my conversation with him: on which Longman said, that, through the whole of the affair, my interest and advantage was what they chiefly regarded; that it certainly would be a subject of regret to them not being themselves the publishers of the "Life," and they felt that the public would be apt to think, that, in this new transfer of the work, they (the Longmans) were rather slightingly treated; but still, notwithstanding all this, they were ready to own that with Murray was my natural position (on account of the materials he possessed) for bringing out a Life of Lord Byron, and that they not only acceded to the arrangement, but congratulated me on the prospect it afforded of getting me comfortably over all my difficulties; that as to the discharge of my debt to them, their impression was that, as they had paid the money down to *me*, Murray, in stepping into their shoes, ought to do the same by them. Joined Bessy at the bazaar and drove about with her in a hackney coach, the rain making it impossible to walk. Settled everything about beds for her and Anastasia at the Gloucester Coffee House. Dined at Power's: the Villamils came in the evening to take leave,

and between eight and nine I had them off to the Gloucester Coffee House, Anastasia being safely lifted in and out of the hackney coach. Their bed-room very conveniently on the ground floor, and I slept on a sofa in the sitting-room adjoining. Mr. B. called upon Lord Lansdowne this morning, and had a good deal of conversation with him on the subject of the late break-up, and Huskisson's explanation at Liverpool.

9th. Up before six, had coffee, and saw my dear treasures safely off in the coach at seven, there being no other inside passengers. On my return home got to bed again for a little rest and warmth. Employed the day in making calls. Went to Murray's, and reported my conversation with the Longmans, with which he was quite pleased, and said the money should be ready for them in a few days. Dined at Lansdowne House.

10th. Went with Lady E. Fielding to make visits: left cards at several places; let in by Lady Grey, with whom I sat some time. Called upon the Hollands: she wanted me to stay and dine with Lord Holland, who is not at all well: met Brougham there; he and I came away together; said he had received a copy of the Derby paper with my speech about himself, for which he was very thankful.

11th. Went to the Longmans': told them what Murray had said about the payment of the money, which they said was quite right; and that point being conceded, they now would not press him for the money till quite convenient to him: nothing, indeed, could be more frank, gentlemanlike, and satisfactory than the manner in which this affair has been settled on all sides. Dined at Lansdowne House. Young —— and —— remarking on Brougham's late speech (on the reform of the law) that there was no en-

larged or original view in it, &c. &c. What will people *not* carp at in this age?

12th. Told Murray what the Longmans had said as to not pressing him for the money, which he remarked was very handsome, but that still he felt it would be right of him to pay it, and he had already taken measures to that effect. Walked for some time with Lord Lansdowne: told me he had heard that the Duke of Wellington in writing to Mr. Fitzgerald to dispense with his services (Lord of the Treasury), said that he the more regretted being obliged to make this announcement, as he had some reason to think that he (Fitzgerald) would not have been unwilling still to continue in the office. I much fear the poor knight *did* "cast a longing, ling'ring look behind;" but he is a fine fellow notwithstanding, and his only fault is having ever become Whig, as nature has written "Tory" on his chivalrous brow. Burdett's has been another mistake of the same kind.

13th. Dined at Lord Hollands'; sent for by him before dinner to go to his bed-room; sat some time with him: company at dinner, only Lady H. herself, Falck, the Dutch ambassador, Allen, and Lord William Russell. My lady in rather a *bravura* mood; asked me how I could write those "vulgar verses" the other day about Hunt. Asked her, in turn, why she should take for granted, if they were so vulgar, that it was I who wrote them? Said she feared it was; that Lord Lansdowne had first mentioned them to her, and that he (to her surprise) thought them very good. Lord H. joined us in the evening: Rogers, too, came. Home early. Promised Charles Fox to dine with him on Saturday, 23rd; am literally engaged three or four deep every day till then.

14th. A kind note from Lady Holland inquiring after

my cold, and asking me to dine quietly with her to-morrow, to go and see the new play: cannot. Dined early with the Donegals, having some business to do in the evening. Have not seen poor Lady D. since I came to town; fear she is seriously ill. Alas, that such creatures should suffer! Received a note from Barnes saying that he had heard of my having spoken with disapprobation of the present tone of "The Times" newspaper; and cautioning me, in a friendly way, against the repetition of such language. Speaks of his "secret information" in the same pompous and mysterious style as he does in his newspaper. This is too ridiculous. There was but one man out of my own set, to whom I spoke on the subject (a clever, chattering man, who sometimes forces me into conversation at the Athenæum) and this was his "mysterious informant." Told him so in my answer, and said that, as to my free speaking, he must learn to bear it as all my other friends do, and must take the bad with the good; that I had been equally open-mouthed to-day in praise of the spirited article he had given us, &c. &c.

15th. Dined at Longman's: company, Barnes, Dr. Paris, &c. &c.; Barnes speaking with contempt of Brougham's last speech. Dr. Paris gave us the history of Sir Humphry Davy. His father, a carver of wooden chimney-pieces: Davy put apprentice to an apothecary; sent away because he blew the apothecary's garret window out with a clyster pipe that he had charged with gas. Davy's discovery of the decomposition of alkalis ought, he said, to immortalise him. Had broached the theory a year before, and people cavilled at it; but, at last, he applied it to this great discovery. Went after the Longmans' to the theatre, but Lady H. was gone. Went up to the Duchess of Bedford's box, where I found the Duchess and

Miss Russell, and saw the farce. A pun upon me in the farce which amused her Grace: Madame Vestris sings behind the scenes a few notes of "Young Love lived once," on which Wrench says, "Charming ballad — Moore," and a fool of a fellow replies, "No, there is no more."

16th. Joy called on me, according to agreement, to go and call on the Duke of Sussex. Having said yesterday that he was going there about some books, thought I might as well take the opportunity of paying my visit also. Sent in our names, and the Duke returned word that he would see *me*. When he found, however, that we had come together, had in Joy also. Talked about politics, Ireland, &c., and what was my consternation (having engaged myself to be in town at two o'clock) when he produced an unpublished pamphlet by some reverend or other, and offered to read it to me. Was obliged to give a most cheerful assent; luckily it was a short one. Showed us then over his library, which is curious and extensive. When I remarked what a treasure such a library of reference would be to me, he said very good-naturedly, "Well, come and plant yourself here in my neighbourhood, and you may use it as if it were your own." On Lord Fitzwilliam being announced to him, we got away. It is impossible for a royal personage to be more naturally and *unpretendingly* unaffected than is this same Duke of Sussex. Drove with Lady E. Fielding to make some calls. Met Lady Dacre at Mrs. ——; talked about her private theatricals; said I should be very happy to join in them next year, which seemed to give her great delight; vowed she would keep me to my engagement. Left a note from Bessy with Lady Lansdowne, thanking her for a letter she had written to Sloperton, most kindly and thought-

fully offering the use of various articles of furniture, &c. &c. from Bowood, which she thought might be comfortable for Anastasia. Dined at Lord King's: company Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Carlisles, Lord Clifden, Lord Howard de Walden, &c. &c.

19th. Called upon Rogers after breakfast; found Keppel with him; came away together. Introduced him to Murray; went afterwards to Colburn, where he made me a present of his book. From thence to his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, who is now, I think, eighty-seven,—a fine old woman. Called upon Lord Sligo, and had some conversation about Lord B. Spoke of the story which Byron always said was the foundation of the "Giaour." Sligo says, they were both riding together near Athens, when they met people bringing a girl along to be drowned; she was sitting wrapped up on a horse. Byron, by his interference, saved her. Lord Sligo did not seem very accurate in his memory of the transaction; is sure he never saw or knew anything of her before that encounter. She was afterwards sent to Thebes. One day when he was talking with Byron on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, Byron (who had before said that he would tell him some time why he hated his mother so much) pointed to his naked leg and foot, and said, "There's the reason; it was her false delicacy at my birth that was the cause of that deformity; and yet afterwards she reproached me with it, and not long before we parted for the last time, uttered a sort of imprecation on me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I was in body." S. said that Byron that day bathed without trowsers. * * * * Byron's offer to Lord Sligo to go and dig for him (in the neighbourhood of Elis, I think) for antiquities. Said, "*Dilettanti*, you know, are all thieves, but

you may depend upon my not stealing, because I would not give three half-pence for all the antiquities in Greece." Described Byron after his illness at Patras looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.'" At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice. Lord S.'s time with him at Athens was after Hobhouse left him. Called at Ebers's in consequence of a note, requesting "the honour of a few minutes' conversation:" found it was to get me on the committee of a new club he and his son-in-law were setting up. Said that, as the club was to be chiefly literary, it would give an *éclat* to its commencement, and that it should be no expense to me, as they would be most happy to receive me as an honorary member; that Mr. Campbell was already an honorary member, &c. &c. Answered, that if I belonged to the club I should belong to it as other people did, by paying my subscription. I, however, feared it would not be in my power, as *one* club was more than enough for me, and I already belonged to the Athenæum; if anything, however, should lead me to quit the Athenæum, I should join them. Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28. Bury St. (formerly 27.) for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode off and on for ten or twelve years. The sight brought back old times; it was there I wrote my "Odes and Epistles from America," and in the parlour Strangford wrote most of his "Camoens." In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying, and in that shabby little second floor, when I was

slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Alban's (Miss Mellon) to my surprise one day paid me a visit.

20th. Went early to Power's to play over my new Legends with Bishop. Then to Mrs. S., the Fielding's, Lady Donegal's. Dined with the Hollands; Lord H. sent for me to his bedroom. Talked of Lord Anglesey; his late interview with the King, when his Majesty flew in a passion at his expressing his intention to treat the Catholics with kindness: but when Lord A. firmly answered that such was his resolution, and that if it was found displeasing, his Majesty might instantly recall him, the King changed his tone, and said he could not possibly have a better Lord-lieutenant. Talked of the Dissenters; their great objection to the Catholics is the surrender which the latter make of their right of private opinion into the hands of their priests. Lord H.'s argument in answer is, that the acknowledgment of the right of private opinion, which the Dissenters so properly hold, ought to be extended even to the right of surrendering that private opinion, if people are so inclined, into the hands of others; for though in consistency with religious liberty we cannot compel people to give up their right of private judgment, it is equally inconsistent with religious liberty to prevent them from giving it up if they were so disposed. As to the difference of opinion between Protestants and Catholics on the subject of tradition, the latter (I remarked) in maintaining that the Word of God existed before the Scriptures were written, are, according to the German notion of the gradual compilation of the Gospels, *right.* * * * Company at dinner, Lord and Lady Cowper, William Lamb, and Sir J. Mackintosh. Talked of the ignorance in the article on "Hallam" in the "Quarterly," about the affair of Glencoe; *this part* of the

article is, it seems, not Southey's. Received this morning the draft of the agreement between me and Murray, and sent it to Clark, the solicitor, to look over it.

21st. Met Clark on the subject of the draft of the agreement. Went to call on Fletcher, Lord Byron's servant; some talk with him: but one can seldom get anything out of the fellow but blustering; *that* tribute to the memory of his master he is always ready with. Says he does not believe Lord Sligo, "nor any other Lord," that would say they had ever seen Byron's foot, no one ever having been allowed to see it, since the surgeons who attended him when a boy, except himself — Fletcher. Did not seem to like to talk about it, but told me, what was very striking, that even in dying Lord B. shrunk away when those about him put their hands near his foot, as if fearing that they should uncover it. Said, however, that there was nothing wrong in the shape of the foot, except being smaller than the other, and the leg and thigh on that side a little emaciated. Always wore trowsers (nankeen) in bathing. Latterly led a very quiet life in Italy, but while at Venice was as profligate as need be. Great plausibility in his temper, and used always to make amends for any momentary burst of passion by his kindness afterwards. When he was dying told Fletcher there was a box of 8000 dollars, of which Tita was to have 2000, and he, Fletcher, the remainder. Dined at Lansdowne House; a large assembly afterwards.

22nd. Called upon Colonel Leake with Capell; never saw anything of Byron, but at the time he was at Tepellene: seemed to him to have some weight on his mind. At three to Murray's to sign and seal our agreement. Present the two solicitors, young Turner and Clark, and Lockhart the witness. Dined with Murray in celebration

of the event; company, Sir F. Freeling, Tooke, T. Campbell, James Smith, and some women. Mentioned Jekyll's saying quietly to himself, when some one mentioned that —— was gone to Greece, "to the Greeks foolishness." Said that Johnson, from his hatred to Mallet, had defined a mallet in his dictionary as "a thing with a wooden head" (this is not the case): his definition of "windward" and "leeward" both the same (true). Mentioned somebody's criticism on the passage in "Henry V.,"—

> "And their executors, the knavish crows,
> Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour."—[Act iv. sc. 2.]

that Shakspeare must have meant *legatees*, as executors get nothing by it. The judge answering to a barrister, who quoted "A deed without a name," "Void on the face of it." Went with Newton afterwards to sup at Mrs. Shelley's. Robinson and his daughters there; did not get home till near three.

23rd. Called upon Jackson, the pugilist. Showed me two or three letters of Lord B.'s, which I copied out. Said he had often seen B.'s foot, which had been turned round with instruments; the limb altogether a little wasted; could run very fast. In talking of his courage, said that nobody could be more fearless; showed great spirit always "in coming up to the blows." In Jackson's visits to him to Brighton used always to pay the chaise for him up and down. Very liberal of his money. Dined out at Charles Fox's, taken by Francis Baring. Company, besides Baring and myself, Labouchere, Trefusis, and Miss Fitzclarence. * * * Sung a good deal in the evening. Miss Fitzclarence played and lent me two MS. music books.

24th. Had apprised Drury that I meant to come to

Harrow to-day, and meant to have sported a chaise (the coach being too early), but at six in the morning was roused by the arrival of a man and horse with a note from Mrs. Drury, saying that her husband was in bed with the gout all yesterday, and would be too ill to receive me. Went off to the Charter House to make inquiries of Barbour concerning the proper age for boys entering on the foundation, in consequence of Mrs. Baring having told me that Gen. Bathurst (the Bishop's son) wishes to exchange a nomination to the C. H., which he has for this next month, for the *promise* of a nomination to either Charter House or Winchester in six or seven years hence. Mrs. B., knowing of my desire to place Tom somewhere, thought I might be able to manage this exchange. By the by, after she mentioned the matter to me yesterday I met Lord Grey, and told him of it. Said he did not well know how soon his turn would come, but should inquire. Learned from Barbour that Tom, being only nine, was not yet admissible, the suitable age being ten. Said he would let me know how soon Lord Grey's turn of nomination was to take place. Returned to my lodgings for the purpose of meeting Lord Sligo, who called upon me between one and two. Took me to call upon Bruce (Lavalette), whom I wanted to talk with on the subject of Lord Byron, he having seen him in Greece at the same time Sligo did. Bruce was then travelling with Lady H. Stanhope; described the conversation between Lady Hester and Byron, in which she regularly attacked him on the low opinion he professed of female intellect. B. (Bruce said) had no chance with her, but took refuge in gentlemanlike assent and silence. Lady H. a most eloquent person; were afterwards very good friends.

Bruce said, that nothing could be more gentlemanlike

than Byron's manners were then; seemed in very bad spirits. Mentioned his being told by Douglas Kinnaird of Byron's receiving on one day two letters very creditable to female disinterestedness; one of them from his sister, protesting against his leaving her so much of his property as he intended to do, and the other from the Guiccioli, refusing peremptorily to receive any at all. Went from thence to call on Bailey, and found him at home. Some talk about Byron, who was a schoolfellow of Bailey's at Aberdeen, and when they many years afterwards met at Cambridge, Byron (who was enormously fat) recognised and addressed him. Told a scene between him and B. at Bellingham's execution, which I have taken a note of elsewhere. When they met at Cambridge, Bailey said to him, "I should never have known you." "No! (answered Byron) I wonder at that; for I thought Nature had set such a mark on me that I could never be forgot." Bailey remembers having seen him without trowsers; saw that his feet were naked, and that he made no effort to conceal them. Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who walked with me to Dr. Mann's, where I was admitted. Had heard he was in possession of some letters that had passed between Lord and Lady B., whom he attended at the time of their separation, and was, according to his own account, a negociator between them. Went to the Donegals between five and six on the speculation of finding them about to sit down to dinner; did so, and enjoyed the quietness and friendship of the repast exceedingly. Left them early to go to Barnes for the purpose of getting him to insert a correct statement of my late agreement with Murray, a false account of which has appeared in some papers. Found him sitting after dinner with Narishkin the Russian, and one or two more all busy at guessing conun-

drums, &c. Barnes made Narishkin read to me a translation he has made into English verse from the German, showing a mastery over our language which no foreigner but a Russian could have acquired. Went afterwards with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible; finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted with writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.

25th. Called upon the Longmans; showed me my account on the "Epicurean," by which it appears that from the four editions there is placed to my credit 700 and some odd pounds. Of this I have had 500*l.*, but the balance over is much more than I expected. Saw young Reynolds. Forgot, by the by, to mention, that when in Nottinghamshire, I received a letter from Heath, raising the sum of 500*l.* a year, which he had offered me to become editor of the "Keepsake," to 700*l.*, and begging for an immediate answer, as, if refused, it was his intention to set off to Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. Did refuse; in consequence of which, I find, he set off to Sir W. Scott, who also refused, though 100*l.* more per annum was added to tempt him. Sir Walter, however, contributes largely, and Reynolds (to whom the editorship has now fallen) has been after me day and night to prevail on me to do the same. Am resolved not, however. Forced a hundred pound cheque into my pocket to-day, as the price of a hundred lines; but (though the money would have been convenient

and the task but light) forced it back on him again. The fact is, it is my *name* brings these offers, and my name would suffer by accepting them. Dined with Rogers *à grand couvert;* Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady Holland, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Normanby, Mackintosh, Luttrell, Brougham, and myself! With all these great guns, there was but little firing; all quiet and smooth, but very agreeable, particularly Brougham, in whose easy, natural, buoyant manner there is a never-ending charm. Called upon Mackintosh, by the by, this morning, in consequence of a note I had from him, proposing that we should go together, to dinner at Croker's on Wednesday. Talked of the "Memoires de Brienne" just published, and mentioned the curious story of the Cardinal Richelieu appearing before Anne of Austria dressed as a Spanish dancer. * * * Mentioned that Canning once said the only objection to making Charles Wynne speaker was that one would be sometimes tempted to say "Mr. Squeaker."

26th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Proposed to me to come and dine with him to-day (I had refused all engagements on account of my approaching departure) at an early hour for the Opera, and he would get Lord Essex to join us. Agreed. Went about various commissions; dined between five and six: company, Lord Essex and Mr. Grenville; very amusing. These veterans told some good anecdotes of the bygone times, and Mr. G. in particular made himself very agreeable. * * * Told of Lord Coleraine's coolness one night in coming into his bedroom at an inn, which he found had been occupied, after he had bespoke it, by some one else. On his coming to the side of the bed, an angry Irishman put his head out, and said, "What the devil do you want here, Sir? I shall have

satisfaction for this affront; my name is Johnson." At the same moment a little wizened-faced woman popped her head from under the clothes. "Mrs. Johnson, I presume?" said Lord Coleraine drily, pointing to the lady. Went to the Opera, Lord E., Rogers, and I; got in a stall next them, where we were soon after joined by Lord Spencer. Pasta admirable in "Tancredi:" never saw or heard her before to such advantage.

27th. In a bustle all day. Murray did not send me his Byron papers till almost the last moment. Packed before dinner, and took my portmanteau to the Gloucester Coffee-house; dined at Lady Donegal's; slept at the Gloucester Coffee-house.

28th. Off in the coach before eight; alone most of the way. Found my dear Anastasia installed in my library, and the parlour prepared as a study for me, all going on as comfortably as I could expect.

Feb. 29th to March 28th. From this time have not thought it worth while to journalize, being busy at home. Made my first regular start in "Lord Byron's Life."

29th. Bessy and I took our dear Tom to school at Marlborough. Mr. Lawes, the master, appears a plain, good sort of man. The dear little fellow looked at first rather shy and serious, but the feeling seemed to go off before we left him.

April 2nd. Walked to Methuen's, taking the Fieldings in my way. Have induced Caroline Fielding to undertake some designs for a volume of Legends I am about to publish with Power. Those she has already done promise very well. The Fieldings accompanied me as far as John Awdrey's, where we all paid a visit. Got to Methuen's just in time to dress for dinner: company, Bowles and Mrs. Bowles, Poulett Scrope, and Short of Chippenham. The day rather agreeable. Slept there.

3rd. Mrs. M. after breakfast drove me to see a cottage that Joy wants us to take; thence to the Fieldings. Got home to dinner.

10th. Went with Rogers to Devizes to attend the meeting on the Friendly Societies. Met there Methuen and Hobhouse. M. proposed that I should go back with him to Corsham, which I agreed to. Bowles (between whom, by the by, and Hobhouse there was a peace-making to-day, both shaking hands) told me that the house near Devizes with the ridiculous image of Apollo in the garden, naked and as large as life, is always pointed out by the stage coachmen as mine, the passengers exclaiming, "And an Apollo in the garden; how very appropriate!" This is too good. Company at Methuen's, Hobhouse, Joy, and Scott (Lord Eldon's son); the day very agreeable, laughing *with* some, and *at* others; the latter falling to the lot of Joy and his friend. He mentioned the French lady accusing a fair neighbour of waylaying her beaux, "*Quoi, Madame, vous* volez *mes* attentifs!" Scott told of a Jew in some small theatre, saying at the very moment when the whole audience was in still and breathless attention to the sorrows of Mrs. Beverly, "I should like mosh to know who dat was dat spat in my eye." In the evening told ghost stories (one of which, related to Hobhouse and Lord Byron by Captain Kidd, I have elsewhere noted down) and afterwards sung a little.

11th. Conversation with Hobhouse about Byron after breakfast; have taken some notes of it elsewhere. * * * In speaking of Sir Walter Scott, H. said that he had been told by an old and intimate friend of Sir Walter's that he had never in the course of their long intercourse heard him give utterance to a single generous sentiment. I asked whether the reporter of this fact was

a Whig, as I had seldom met with a thorough Whig partisan who did not mean by "generosity of sentiment" good Whig politics, as if it were impossible out of that pale to have a heart worth thinking of. He answered that his reporter *was* a Whig, which leaves Scott, I must own, exactly where he was before, in my esteem. Called at the Fieldings in my way back, having had a note from Lady E. yesterday, to say that if I did not come to luncheon today I should not see them, as they were to be off tomorrow. On my arrival at home, found that Bessy had been summoned to Starkey's on account of the dangerous state of the Doctor.

12th to 30th. At work with but little interruption. Went to Barnes to express my surprise at a side-wind attack upon Lord L., which had appeared in a leading article in the "Times." In his answer expressed his regret at the circumstance, which had taken place during an illness which prevented him from attending to the paper himself, and promised that he would take care no such thing should occur again. Received a letter from a gentleman just arrived from Bermuda, who tells me he has brought me part of a calabash tree, which is as much an object of veneration there, he says (from my having written of it), as the mulberry of Shakspeare in England!! A Mr. D. of Glasgow writes to invoke my aid in furtherance of a pamphlet of his, on the subject of the Irish Poor, and proposes to me the story of Lazarus and Dives as a good subject to write a sort of "Tam o' Shanter" poem upon. Received a letter also from a Paternoster Row bookseller, in consequence of a foolish story that has appeared in all the papers, headed "Illustrious bonfire," telling of a work of mine having been lately consigned to the flames (5000 copies) from

having been pronounced by Brougham "a libel in every line of it." This worthy bibliopolist, in the true spirit of the trade, offers to enter into negotiation with me for the burnt book, and to bear me harmless through any legal consequences that may ensue. Another letter from a young lady, signed "Amelia Liptrap, Jubilee Terrace," full of literature and sentiment, but which (fearing from the name it might be a hoax) I have not answered. As a set-off against these, have received some useful communications on the subject of Byron, particularly from Miss Pigot of Southwell, and the Guiccioli; the latter of whom has sent me part of the promised *Storia*, and promises the rest. Mrs. Shelley, too, has procured for me from Bowring (who has been more complying on the subject than I expected) copies of some of Byron's letters to him from Greece, with a promise of the remainder. During this time, in addition to my chief occupation, I have written six songs for the volume of "Legends" that Power is about to publish (which complete the set), and seven or eight squibs for the "Times." Sent to this paper also a puff for Napier's book, of which Barnes made a leading article. On the 23rd, dined at Collings's, and on the 30th at Money's, having gone that morning to Devizes with Bowles, and being asked by Money to join them at dinner. In talking of the different modes of pronouncing Latin in different countries, Money told of some party, consisting of several foreigners, where the word *causas* was proposed to try the variety of their pronunciations. One called it *cavsas* (sounding it *calves-as*), another *cows-as*, &c. Talking of Crowe, the poet and orator, Money described him in his walks to Oxford sitting at the door of a little wretched inn, within some miles of that place (an inn where he used to sleep, in order to break his walk), with an

old stump of a pen scrawling down part of the sermon he was to preach that day in the presence of the first nobles and scholars of the land. Did not know before that Crowe was the author of the sweet ballad, "To thy cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu," which I remember since I was a child.

May 1st to 16th. Still at home, busy. Received a kind note from Sir Walter Scott, pressing me to hasten my visit to town before he leaves. Another from Lord Lansdowne, in which, complaining of the dulness of "The Times" lately, he says, "Not a single leading article has for a long time appeared in it worth 'The Cherries.'" This was a squib of mine that had just appeared. Our dear Anastasia, about the 12th or 13th, took a turn for the worse in her complaint, and made us very unhappy by the uncomfortable state she seemed getting into; violent spasms and pains in the afflicted limb, restless nights, &c. However, thank God! she is now (16th) much better. Off to-morrow for town.

17th. The York House coach full, though I had written to take a place in it; took a chaise on for the purpose of seeing Tom at Marlborough; found him quite well. Started from Marlborough in the coach at twelve; a pretty little girl inside, who turned out to be a saint. She found out who I was by a man in the coach asking me point blank whether I was not *the* Mr. *Moore*. Her zeal about me very amusing; anxious to know whether I really felt all that I had written in the Sacred Melodies, which she had every word by heart. A carriage came to meet her (and her maid, who accompanied her) at Kew Bridge, where we parted with most cordial hand-shaking. Took up my quarters at Power's, till my bedroom in Bury Street should be vacant.

18th. Called upon Fielding, with whom I had engaged

to dine; found that his ladies were at Lord Lansdowne's villa at Richmond, which had been lent to them. Proposed that I should go with him there to dinner; but, as I was anxious to find Sir W. Scott as soon as possible, I agreed to go to-morrow instead. Called at Scott's, Sussex Place, Regent's Park; found that he was not to leave town for some days; left a message for him. Called at Methuen's; at Lady Donegal's. Walked with Byng, who told me that Sir G. Warrender was to have music in the evening; resolved to go there. Dined at the Donegal's; in the evening to Warrender's. A large party: Prince Leopold, the Esterhazys, &c. Pasta sung.

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister. Mentioned the pretty thought, in some eastern story, of a girl saying, "I have been so happy at this fountain that I am resolved somebody else shall be so too," and then throwing down a diamond that the next comer might find it. Called upon Murray and had some conversation about our work; urged him to apply to Hanson. Dined at Longman's: company, an odd collection, Col. Torrens (whom I afterwards found out to be the political economist, though never could have suspected it), Professor Napier from Edinburgh, Capt. Sherer, the author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," and M'Culloch.

21st. Called at Holland House; found Lord Holland and Allen; a good deal of talk with them about Strangford's answer to Napier's note, which most people, I find, think satisfactory. Not so Lord H. and Allen. Dined at Bailey's; a very pretty party: Miss Bailey, Miss Pinney, Mrs. Wilson, &c., and went in the evening to Lady Davy's, where I saw many I wished to see, among others Sydney Smith. In talking of the Irish Church and pronouncing it a nuisance, he said, "I have always compared it to

setting up butchers' shops in Hindostan, where they don't eat meat: 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Aye, aye, true enough, but you must *support our shop.*'" Frankland Lewis asked me to dine with him on the 28th to meet Sydney Smith, and on my answering that unluckily I was engaged, Smith said, "Fix him for that day in the year 1849; he will dine with you then, that is, if it be leap year; to your regular diner-out the bissextile makes a vast difference." Received a note from Sir Walter Scott yesterday to say he should be at Brighton these two days, and asking me to breakfast with him on Saturday next.

22nd. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Luttrell and Lady Sarah Lyttleton the party. Luttrell told of an Irish fellow saying (in speaking of the dulness of the town of Derry on the Sabbath) "Well, to the devil I pitch a Protestant town of a Sunday." L.'s idea of the English climate; "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it." Sydney Smith saying to Rogers when R. praised the gentleness of his (S.'s) horse, "Yes, a cross of the rocking-horse." After breakfast Sydney came in; sent a message by me to Rogers last night to say that he must ask him to meet me some morning at breakfast, which R. now did for Tuesday next. Smith spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, &c. &c.; said that "the world should hear of these things!" Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as

well begin with it. Went to the Longmans'; drew bills upon Power for 500*l.*, at six and eight months; saw my account with the Ls.; not quite made out, but they think the balance, if any, will be in my favour. Called upon Bowring in St. Mary Axe, but did not find him. Had intended to dine with the Fieldings to-day, but on calling there, found they had dined at three o'clock. Went to the Athenæum, and afterwards to the play.

23rd. Rogers having told me he was to meet Scott this morning at breakfast with Chantrey, went there early. Found Scott sitting to Chantrey, with Rogers, Coke of Norfolk, and Allen; Cunningham assisting. Talked of Sir Alexander M—— (I think) and his son, on whom the following conundrum was made: "Why is Sir A. like a Lapland winter?" "Because he is a long night (Knight) and his sun (son) never *shines*." When Sir W. went away Chantrey begged of R. and me to stay and keep Coke in talk during his sitting to him. Got him upon old times; told a strange story (which I find Rogers more inclined to swallow than I am) of a dinner given by Lord Petre to Fox and Burke after their great quarrel, and of a contrivance prepared by Lord Petre to introduce the subject of their difference, and afford an opportunity of making it up. This was no less than a piece of confectionery in the middle of the table representing the Bastille! "Come, Burke," said Lord Petre, at the dessert, "attack that Bastille." Burke declined. "Well, Fox," continued his Lordship, "Do *you* do it." "That I will, by G——," said Fox, and instantly dashed at it. *Credat Judæus.* I doubt much whether they *ever* met again after that quarrel.* Came away with Rogers. A letter from Bowring, in-

* I have often heard of this dinner, but believe it happened before the quarrel.—Ed.

forming me that he was preparing copies for me of Lord Byron's correspondence with him; and, strange to say, opening up at once, without any reserve, the subject of my attack upon him in "The Ghost of Miltiades;" "you have written bitter things of me," he says. He then expresses a strong desire for a few moments' conversation with me, adding that he thinks he could, in a few words, remove the impression I had of his conduct. Went to Col. Bailey's, having promised his daughter on Wednesday evening (in order to get off singing then) to come and sing for her this morning. Found Mrs. Wilson, &c. &c. Was in good voice, and with "The Song of the Olden Time" drew tears from the young beauties around me. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, and finished with the second act of Sontag's "Donna Anna," in the Countess St. Antonio's box. Not a bad day altogether. Walter Scott, Rogers, and Chantrey, at breakfast; music and Miss Bailey at luncheon time; dinner at Lansdowne House, with the Venus of Canova before my eyes, and Sontag in the evening. Taking it with all its et ceteras of genius, beauty, feeling, and magnificence, no other country but England could furnish out such a day.

24th. Breakfasted with Sir W. Scott. Company, Newton and Mrs. Lockhart, and Scott's second son. Story of Mr. Rose applying to some Scotch laird (Sir A. M——, I believe) for permission to shoot on his grounds. The answer thus:—"Sir A. M—— regrets that he cannot comply with Mr. *Nose*'s request;" and then in a postscript, "Finding that your name is *not* Nose, shall have great pleasure in allowing you, &c. &c." * * * In speaking of the shoals of applications he is pestered with, said that not long since he had a letter from a Danish captain, stating that he (the captain) had *dreamt* that Scott had

lent him two hundred pounds, and hoping that (for the honour of dreams, I suppose) he would be kind enough to realise the vision. After breakfast called at Longman's, &c. &c. Dined at Holland House (having been asked by Lord Essex to dine with him and go to the French play). Company, Lord Spencer, Lord Ilchester, young Tierney, Hallet, &c. Talked of the Literary (Johnson's) Club, which consists of forty members; often not well attended. Lord Holland and a friend going there one day found themselves *tête-à-tête*, and Lord Liverpool actually dined there *solus*. A rule of the club that any of its members on being appointed to the Governorship of India should present it with a pipe of Madeira. When Canning was appointed, he had proceeded so far in this ceremony as to ask the members whether he should send the wine from Madeira, or take it on with him for the advantage of the voyage, and they decided for the latter. On his giving up the appointment, a question arose whether the Madeira should not still be claimed of him, but of course was scouted. Told Lady Holland I had inquired of Scott, according to her wish, who was the *second person* he meant when he said he had been assured by two people of their having themselves seen ghosts, and that both of those people afterwards put an end to themselves. This introduced ghost stories, and Tierney told one, rather good, about the two rival lovers of a young lady being seen going into a wood, in some dreary part of England, accompanied by the servant of one of them; the favoured lover found dead, professedly in a duel; the survivor (Mr. Baker) ingratiating himself afterwards with the young lady, and (the surprise being that he, who was no swordsman, should have gained the better of the other, who was an expert one) confessing to her that he had murdered his rival; that he had gone

to a fencing-master, who in a few lessons had taught him a trick, by which he might seize his antagonist's arm and dispatch him. The girl marrying Mr. Baker; his being haunted by some phantom unseen to all but himself, and wasting away: had told her of the dreadful look of his antagonist in grasping the arm that was about to dispatch him, and now for ever complained of a deadly pain in that arm. At last, as if something irresistible urged him, going alone into the wood where the deed had been committed, and never being seen afterwards. I ought to have mentioned that, during the whole of this time, he was visited occasionally by a person muffled up, whose coming he seemed to dread, and who always left him agitated when he departed. It was supposed that this was the servant who accompanied him into the wood at the time of the pretended duel, and that they had both overpowered and murdered the other. Lady H. calling me to look at the fine cedar tree agitated by the gusts of wind in the moonlight. Slept at Holland House. Sat up some time talking with Lord H.

25th. Nobody at breakfast but Lord and Lady H. and myself. Lord H. wheeled in his gouty chair, but with a face as gay and shining as that of a schoolboy, holding in his hand an epigram, which he charged me with having written and sent to his room.* In speaking of the passage from one of Lord Byron's papers, in which he says that he himself and I were the only authors of the day who had an opportunity of seeing high life thoroughly, "he from birth, and I from circumstances," Lord Holland said it was not so; it was *not* from his birth that Lord Byron had taken the station he held

* This epigram is not worth giving.

in society, for till his talents became known, he was, in spite of his birth, in any thing but good society, and *but* for his talents would never, perhaps, have been in any better. In talking of the feeling he had towards the men he lived with, Lord H. said, "*you* were the only literary person he formed an intimacy with who was 'hail fellow, well met' with him; the others he was rather inclined to insult." The anecdote about Lord H.'s expostulation with him on his attack upon Lord Carlisle's paralysis; his horror on finding that Lord C. was really paralytic, and saying, (while he pointed to his foot,) "Me, good God! *me*, of all men, to attack personal infirmities!" It was in the preface to the "Corsair" that he intended to make the explanation on this subject, but gave it up in consequence of the attack upon him in the "Courier." Thinks Lord B. "had a twist;" his sister always told him he resembled Lord Carlisle. Asked Lord H. about the story Napier tells of Sir W. Scott having written a song for the "Pitt Club," while Fox was dying, the burden of which was "Tally-ho to the Fox." Not a word of truth in it, as I told Napier when he mentioned the wretched calumny. Scott *did*, rather unjustifiably, write a squib against the "Talents" not long after they gave him (when they might have withheld it) the place he now holds, and there *was* some fellow (Lord H. believes) who at the "Pitt Club" yelled out "Tally-ho to the Fox;" out of these two circumstances it was not difficult to trump up the story Napier tells. Lord H. mentioned, as curious, the constant opportunities Dryden takes, in his "Virgil," of abusing the Dutch, and alluding to King William. Forget his instances of the former, but among those of the latter were the translation of *Pulsatusve parens*, which Dryden renders "Expel their parents and *usurp the throne*;" and another (not much to

the purpose) *dominumque potentem imposuit*, "Imposing foreign kings for foreign gold." Left Holland House in time to get to Rogers's, where Sir W. Scott was to call for us. Called at three to take us to dine with his son, Major Scott, at Hampton. Scott very agreeable on the way; told him our conversation at H. House about ghosts, which brought on the same topic. His own strong persuasion, one night, that he saw the figure of Lord Byron; had been either talking of or reading him, and on going into the next room was startled to see through the dusk what he could have sworn was Byron, standing as he used to do when alive. On returning into the drawing-room, he said to his daughter, "If you wish to see Lord Byron, go into that room." It was the effect of either the moonlight or twilight upon some drapery that was hanging up, which, to his imagination, just then full of Byron, presented this appearance. Rogers's story of the young couple at Berlin in their opera-box, between whom, at a distance, there always appeared to be a person sitting, though on going into their box, it was found that there was no one there but themselves. From all parts of the house this supernatural intruder could be seen; but people differed as to its appearance, some saying it was a fair man, others a dark; some maintaining that he was old, and others that he was young. It should be mentioned that there was some guilty mystery hanging over the connection between these young people; and as, at last, no one ventured to visit their box, they disappeared from Berlin. This anecdote Lord Wriothesley Russell brought with him from abroad. Scott (who evidently did not like the circumstances being left unexplained) proceeded to tell a story of Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dr. Hook, who wrote the "Roman History," "it being as well," he said,

"to have some real person to fix one's story on." Mrs. Hook becoming acquainted and intimate with a foreign lady, a widow, at Bath; their resolving to live together on their return to London. Mrs. Hook, on coming down stairs one day at this lady's lodgings, meeting a foreign officer on the stairs, saying to her friend next day, "You had a visitor yesterday?" the other answering "No; she had seen no one since Mrs. Hook left her." Mrs. H. thinking this odd; going another day into her friend's dressing-room by mistake, and seeing the same officer there alone, stretched on the sofa. Being now sure there was something not right, determined to mention it to the lady, who, at first, said it was impossible, but on hearing a description of how the officer was dressed, fainted. Mrs. Hook convinced that it was some improper *liaison* she was carrying on, determined gradually to give up her acquaintance. The foreign lady soon after was preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook being in the room when her maid was packing (the lady herself not being present), saw a miniature case fall out of the portmanteau, and taking it up and opening it, saw the portrait of the very person whom she had met on the stairs. "That," said the maid, "is the picture of my mistress's husband." "Her husband!" "Yes," answered the maid, "he died a short time before we left Germany." In a few weeks afterwards there arrived an order in England to have this foreign lady arrested on a charge of murdering her husband. On our arrival at Hampton (where we found the Wordsworths) walked about, the whole party, in the gay walk where the band plays, to the infinite delight of the Hampton *blues* who were all *eyes* after Scott, the other scribblers not coming in for a glance. The dinner odd, but being near Scott I found it agreeable, and was delighted to see him so

happy with his tall son, the major, whom he evidently looks upon as a chevalier of romance. Told me of a tournament or joust which this son maintained once (and came off victorious) against a *Montmorency* when in barracks in —— Dublin! Forgot to mention that he spoke with great delight of Mrs. R. Arkwright (whom he had met at Devonshire House) and her singing. The song, "One hour with thee," he did not at first remember to be his own words, and said to her "how pretty the words were." The Duke of Wellington, on his journey to Petersburg, took notes all the way upon the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, having Segur's book and some others with him.

26th. Called upon Bowles, and went with him and young Montgomery (author of the "Omnipresence," &c.) to Newton's; afterwards to the Fieldings. Dined at A. Ellis's: company, Prince Leopold, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lords Normanby and Essex, the Lascelles and Barings. Many of the party in full dress, on account of the King's ball in the evening. Sat between Lord Carlisle and Baring at dinner, and had some agreeable conversation. In the evening Lord Essex wanted me to go to the French play with him; but I had promised to join the Fieldings, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, at the theatre.

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Cooper the American: Littleton and Lady Sarah, and Luttrell, also of the party. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man: "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny *that* too; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two." Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner than any thing else, produced a great effect: mentioning some friend of his who had been well acquainted with Lady H. Stanhope abroad, and who told

him of his having, on some particular occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word "Mount," he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed on me, added, "I was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at *you*." When Rogers, too, in talking of Washington Irving's "Columbus," said, in his dry significant way, "It's rather *long*," Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply, "That's a *short* criticism." Remained some time afterwards with Rogers.

28th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; called on Hanson; went to Longman's; thence to the West End. Called on Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, and met there Lady Stafford and Lady Cawdor. Lady S. very gracious: the first time, I think, we have met since a memorable night at her house when the Regent was there. Wishing to have a peep at him, I got in the third tier of the circle around him, and found myself placed next to Brummel. Presently the persons before us cleared away, and left him and me exposed to the Regent and his party, consisting of Lady Hertford, Duchess of R., &c. Brummel being rather comical, I could not help laughing with him a little, which I felt at the moment was unlucky, both of us being such *marked* men, though in different ways, with his R. H.; and, accordingly, I found afterwards that the Duchess of R. represented us everywhere as having stood impudently together, quizzing the Regent. Brummel himself confirmed this to me, and added, in his own way, "But she shall suffer for it; I'll chase her from society; she shall not be another fortnight in existence." All this, however, my Lady seemed to have forgot now, and was all graciousness. Talked of the resignations; mentioned that her son, Lord Francis, had just sent in his Dined

at the Longmans at Hampstead; Mrs. Purvis, who offered to drive me out there, called for me, and left me at Hampstead. Large party at dinner; among others, the Solicitor-General. Sung in the evening. Was asked to countless places to-day (among others, to dine at Prince Polignac's), but the Longmans had secured me before I came up.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton: was to have met Harness (Lord Byron's friend), but he could not come. Went with Newton to the exhibition, and showed me this morning a proof of the print of me from his picture; did not think it like me; said I thought it more like my partner in the Row, *Rees;* upon which he burst out a-laughing, and begged me not to put that in other people's heads, as it really *was* like Rees. Early dinner with the Countess St. Antonio, in order to go to Sontag's benefit: had given up all other engagements for this; and among them, one to meet Sydney Smith at Sir G. Phillips's. No one at dinner at the Countess's but her brother and Mercer. Opera, Otello; Pasta the Moor, and Sontag Desdemona. Altogether admirable, except for the *déplacement* of the male part to a woman's voice, which a good deal spoiled the effect. The Countess, a most useful ally on such occasions, insisted on my taking the front place, for the purpose of seeing Sontag properly. Amazed by the partizanship on the subject of Pasta and Sontag; the Countess all for the latter, Lady C. M. (whom we talked with in the room afterwards) as violently for Pasta; and when I mentioned that Sontag (whom, by-the-bye, the Countess had up to our box after the opera, despatching the gallant Prince of Schwartzenburg to bring her) had complained of Pasta's having hurt her by seizing her hair in the scene of the murder, Lady C. exclaimed eagerly, "Oh no! I assure you that *couldn't* have hurt her at all!

Pasta did the same last time, and it is beautiful." Wrote to Hanson to fix a day for me to see him.

30th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Purvis. Met Villamil, and went with him first to the British Gallery, and afterwards to see pictures in Bond Street. The new ministerial arrangements completed: told the list by Lord Francis Gower, who ended it by saying, "And in my place Horace Twiss." Held up my hands in astonishment, and left him. Went with the Fieldings to some manufactory beyond Westminster Abbey, to see a great Burmese bell which has been brought over since the war with Burmah. The workmanship beautiful, and, though supposed to be (as the man told us) 1500 years old, is better constructed for sound than any bell-founder could make it now: covered all over with inscriptions, which have not yet been translated; 'tis open at top, and never had any clapper. Dined with the Fieldings, and went with them to a public concert afterwards. Had been asked by Mercer to dine with him, and go to the French play. Met D'Israeli this morning at the Athenæum: he has invited me to meet Southey at dinner on the 6th; but I hesitate. He said, "Byron was studious when a boy, but concealed it, thinking it more dashing to appear an idle fellow." In trying a new coat on me this morning, Nugee, that pink of tailors, said, turning me out of his hands, "There's the coat that will immortalise me." The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather alarming; fear that Bessy does not tell me *really* how ill she is.

31st. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; immediately afterwards to meet Bishop at Power's; looked over with him his arrangements of my volume of "Legends." Met Lord Strangford; walked out with him. Met Jordan of the "Literary Gazette," and introduced him to Lord S.

Jordan said, laughingly, that he would not suffer me to make free with the first syllable of his name as I had done; did not know at first what he alluded to, till he reminded me that in writing to the Longmans about the story he had inserted of me relative to the letters of Captain Rock, I called his paper the "*Lie*terary Gazette." Went together to call on Lady Donegal, who is able to receive visitors, and was to-day in good spirits; had a good deal of laughing. After parting with Strangford, took a drive with the Fieldings. Dined at Wilbraham's, and was late at dinner: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Lord and Lady Graves, George Fortescue, Cholmondeley, &c. &c. Sat next young Villiers, and had a good deal of conversation about literature, &c. In the evening to the Opera, Miss Pinney having sent me a ticket. First to her box; then to the Countess St. Antonio's, &c. &c. Bessy's letter to-day confirms me in my fears that Anastasia is worse than she will tell me.

June 1st. Breakfasted with Rogers, the Wordsworths, and Luttrell. A quatrain quoted by Wordsworth about the Shelleys: —

> "'Twas not my wish
> To be Sir Bysshe,
> But 'twas the whim
> Of my son Tim."

All assailed me about some American lady, Miss Douglas, who, it seemed, was dying to see me, and had called once or twice at my lodgings with Sydney Smith. Agreed to send for her, and she came, carrying in her hand a little well-printed American edition of my Melodies and Sacred Songs. Told me a long story about it; that it was a clergyman made her a present of it, &c. Mentioned also a beautiful friend of hers, who had been "very gay," and a

great admirer of my poetry; when she was dying she wished to hear some sacred music; and this Miss Douglas brought a person to her to sing one of my Sacred Songs, "Were not the sinful Mary's tears," but did not think it right to tell her that the words were by the same poet she had so delighted in in her days of pleasure. Wordsworth produced an album for us all to write in, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself. Miss Douglas, by-the-bye, also told me of Miss Emmett, the daughter of him who went to America; her abstaining, at all times, from speaking of Ireland, as a subject she could not trust herself with; but one night, having been prevailed on to sing my song, "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past," she burst into tears before she was half-way through it; and starting up from the pianoforte gave at once full vent to all her feelings about Ireland, execrating England in the most passionate manner, and wishing that America and the other nations of the earth would join to avenge Ireland's cause on her. Called upon Barnes; talking of the aristocracy, he abused them for their gross ignorance of the feelings and wants of the classes below them, their selfishness, their stupidity, &c. &c. I said (and might have given himself as an instance) that the same ignorance prevailed among the inferior classes with respect to the aristocracy, who were *not* selfish, nor deficient in sympathy with the people to anything like the degree which the latter supposed. Owned, however, that there was a want of *rapprochement* between the two classes, which was but too likely to increase every day, and which might end at last in disruption. Told me Sterling was the author of the admirable article on Ireland a week or two since. Driven out by Lady E. Fielding and her daughter Caroline, to leave my card with the Duke of Sussex. Read to them a curious letter I have

received from an American, proposing to me to join him in a revolution, *my* part being to prepare men's minds for the event, and his to execute it. Says that there are many persons who profess to love liberty, but few who have the strength of mind to love her "in her ragged attire;" that he "looks, however, to Thomas Moore for this degree of virtue," &c. &c. If this gentleman could but see my tailor's bill, he would know that I am, unluckily, not at all given to "ragged attire." Dined with the Fieldings (was asked also to Lord Bath's): company, Lord —— (a young Irish Lord whose name I forget), Mr. and Lady Mary Stanley, F. Baring, &c. &c. Went in the evening to the Countess St. Antonio, who had also asked me to dine, to meet Sontag. Found there Sontag, Velluti, Torri, Mercer, and the Mitfords. Sontag trying over things she had never seen before, and making little excursions with her voice as she sat alone on the sofa, very interesting. The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather better.

2nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; met Bowring by appointment. His manner of speaking of my attack upon him rather interested me, but his defence of his conduct seemed to rest wholly on the circumstance of his having had four persons (whom he consulted) to bear him out in the line of conduct he pursued. These were Hume, Ellis, John Smith, and somebody else, whose opinions he had asked before he took the step he did (relative to his Greek bonds), and who all thought that, under the circumstances of the case, there could be nothing blameable in his conduct. *Valeat quantum*, &c. Met Lord Normanby, and walked with him towards the House. Conversation as to whether there would be now a strong opposition. Lord N. thought there *ought* to be. Called

on Mrs. Purvis; on the Donegals. Went down to the House of Commons to try and get under the gallery; but all full. Met Ellice there (Coventry Ellis), who told me he had the letter Lord Byron wrote to him to ask for *renseignements* with respect to South America at the time he meditated going there, and would give it me. Dined at Baring's: company, the Cawdors, Lady Normanby, Sir Francis Burdett, &c. &c. Sung a little in the evening for Lady Normanby, who sung in turn for me; then went down with Baring and Burdett to the House, where we found the East Retford nearly coming to a division. Met Maurice Fitzgerald coming out of the House, evidently to *shirk* the division; looked shy and awkward when we questioned him about it. Waited for a few divisions on clauses; had some conversation in the smoking-room with Lord B. (who also fought shy of the division), and then came away.

3rd. Breakfasted with Luttrell, who sets out to-morrow on a tour upon the Rhine with his son. Dined at Holland House: company, David Bailey, Scarlett, Sir — Pechell, and one or two more.

4th. Breakfasted with Harness; Newton and I went together; the rain desperate. Harness mentioned that he saw once a collection of all the reviews that had appeared upon Byron's early poems, noted in the margin by his mother, Mrs. Byron (who had got them all bound up together), and the remarks not such as gave Harness the idea of a very ignorant or incapable woman. Some discussion with respect to Byron's *chanting* method of repeating poetry, which I professed my strong dislike of. Observe, in general, that it is the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the difference there ought to

be between animated reading and *chant.** This very much the Harrow style of reading. Hodgson has it; Lord Holland, too (though not, I believe, a Harrow man), gives into it considerably. Harness himself, I perceived, had it strongly; and, by his own avowal, he is without a musical ear, as is Lord Holland to a remarkable degree. Lord Byron, though he loved simple music, had no great organisation that way. Lunched at Fielding's; found Pasta there, looking handsomer and younger than I expected her off the stage. Met Wilson on the subject of Napier and Strangford; agreed that he should write me a note expressive of his opinion, which I should inclose, backed by my own sentiments, to Napier.

5th. Set off after breakfast for Harrow, with Corry and Latham; Drury having wished me to make my promised visit to him on the Speech Day. Was asked to dine at Prince Polignac's. Corry not very well: he and Latham dined at the inn, while I was doomed to the cold repast at Drury's. Nothing was ever so dull; speeches, dinner, company, and all. Walked with Drury's daughters in the evening. Was introduced by him to Lord Delawarr, from whom I expected to get something about Byron; but when Drury applied to him on the subject, found he had nothing to communicate. Introduced also to Dr. Maltby at Butler's, and promised to breakfast with him (as Sir W. Scott, he told me, had done) next Sunday morning. Visited the churchyard, before the speeches began, to look at Byron's seat and the place where Allégra is laid: she came over in three coffins. Supped and slept at Drury's.

6th. Set off for town in the coach at nine. Called on

* This was very much the style of reciting of the admirers of Pope in the last century.—Ed.

the Villamil's; Mrs. V. sung to the guitar for me. Sent an answer to an invitation which I have had to dine with Prince Leopold on the 24th; alleged the necessity of leaving town next week as my excuse. Philip Crampton just arrived; saw him but for a short time. Dined at Rogers's: company, Lord Clifden, Lord and Lady Gage, the Lubbocks, C. Fox, Lady Davy, Jekyll, &c. &c. Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature——" "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down. An addition to our party in the evening, among whom was Mrs. Siddons; had a good deal of conversation with her, and was, for the first time in my life, interested by her off the stage. She talked of the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of the last six years. It is something to *have had* so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she has got credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her own heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt, is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting drearily alone, she has remembered what a

moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilette to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them. *Apropos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, "So you ought, sir, and *three more*."

7th. Breakfasted at Holland House; themselves and Mackintosh. Mackintosh produced a letter of Scarlett's, in answer to a circular of Wilmot Horton's, requesting opinions on his new plan of securities against the Catholics; viz. preventing them from voting on any subjects connected with the Church. Scarlett's answer was approving, and Mackintosh expressed his intention of giving the same sort of opinion, but both Lord Holland and Allen cried out against it, in which I most heartily joined them, there being nothing more unconstitutional or absurd than such a plan. Poor Mackintosh very meekly gave up his intention (being evidently under the thumb of Holland House), and after breakfast read us his answer, which was merely civil and evasive. Lord Holland's mimicry of Morris, the tutor of the late Duke of Bedford, admirable, and made me laugh more than Liston could. His saying "I have been very much blamed for not going to Ireland with the Duke of Bedford (the present one); but the truth is, I wasn't asked." Said once to the late Duke of Bedford, after a great speech he had made, "Have read your speech; monstrous good: can't think where you got it all: where did you find it?" Went at three to the meeting at Murray's for the monument to Lord Byron. Hobhouse's exceeding nervousness; his

anxiety to assure me that I was left out of the sub-committee *solely* from the circumstance of my not living in town; said I thought it quite right. Lord Clare, with whom I never before exchanged a word (he having always, as I understood, declined knowing me from some mention made of his father in one of my early political squibs), came up of himself, and addressed me. Lamented he had been so unlucky as to have destroyed all Byron's letters to him, except one or two of very little consequence, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the task of writing the Life having fallen into my hands. Dined at Lady Davy's. Story of the man asking another, whom he was about to help to chicken, whether he wished the leg or wing? "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other; "and infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork and resuming his own dinner. An assembly in the evening. Went afterwards to Mrs. Pinney's, where I found music; stayed but a short time. Still kept in a state of anxiety about my Anastasia.

8th. Up very early, in order to be down at Lincoln's Inn Fields to breakfast with Dr. Maltby at half-past nine; was in time; went after breakfast with him to the chapel, where he preached. Walked about a good deal with Crampton and the Duke of Leinster; the latter took us to show us his new house. Fixed all to dine with Edward Moore on Wednesday, I having refused about six fine dinners for that day, under the idea that I should be leaving town. Called with Crampton and the Duke at Lord Leitrim's; sat some time with Lady Leitrim. Dined at Colonel Bailey's; taken by Lord Duncan and Elwyn: company, the Belhavens, the Cummins, Lord Strangford, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Forgot to mention that after the morning I last sung here, I received some verses,

full of praise, from one of the ladies present, alluding particularly to the "Song of the Olden Time."

9th. Breakfasted with Corry; a party of Irishmen: P. Crampton, Doherty, Knight of Kerry, and Tom Hume. P. Crampton's salutation of Doherty, on coming in, by throwing his leg over his head. Odd fellows, to be sure, my countrymen are. On Doherty (who is our Irish Solicitor-General) hearing that John Crampton was arrived, he exclaimed immediately, "Then I'll go and buy two squirts." He then explained this by telling how Crampton and he used to go, armed with squirts, of a winter's evening, when the coaches were starting from the White Horse Cellar; then filling the squirts, and keeping them ready behind their backs. Crampton saying, "Now don't you be *young about it*, but reserve your fire till the coachman says 'All's right,' and then I'll take the front outside passengers and you the hind ones." Their letting fly, &c. &c. Took a lunch with Power at four, and got to the House of Lords a little after five, Lord King (whom I called on this morning) having asked the Chancellor's leave to put me behind the throne. Found it very crowded; several ladies; had Lady Charlemont and Mrs. Cunliffe beside me most of the time. Lady Harrowby and some of her daughters there too. Lord Lansdowne's speech in moving the question very good and animated in some parts. My extreme anxiety, perhaps, both for him and for the cause, made me hypercritical. The other speeches very dull; all except the Archbishop of Tuam's, which kept the House in most irreverent laughter, even the bishops not refraining. Every new prophet and commandment he cited produced a new burst of laughter. Got tired, and came away at nine o'clock. Had dinner at the Athenæum. Spoke with

Crampton to-day about our dear girl, and he promises to have some consultation with Lawrence on the subject.

10th. Breakfasted at Villamil's, to meet a Spanish musician, Gomis. Found also there a young Spaniard, the author of a novel in English, called "Gomez Arias." Some very charming things sang both by Mrs. V. and Gomis, who is about an opera, with all Spanish music. Called with fear and trembling at Benett's for my letter from Bess; found it far more comfortable than I expected; the leeches have removed the spasms. Went to Longmans, and Rees accompanied me to the Royal Exchange to call upon a person connected with Cefalonia (Mr. Hancock), on the subject of Lord Byron. Rees mentioned Sir W. Scott having said of me that I was (in manners and habits) a truly *gentleman* poet. In something of the same feeling, Scott said of Wordsworth (as we were going down to Hampton), that he was, in society, *too much of the poet.* Saw Mr. Hancock, who promised to procure all he could from Cefalonia for me. Lunched at a coffee-house in Fleet Street, and got to the House of Lords at half past four; taken in by Lord King, and found already three tiers of persons occupying the steps of the throne. Knew most of them, however, and they made room for me in the very front of them all; an excellent place; sat with my legs in the House. Those round me were Fazakerley, Lyttleton, Lord Morpeth, Wortley, &c., &c. Some conversation with Lord Plunkett, who arrived early. While he was speaking to us, Lord Eldon came and shook hands with him as he passed, on which Lyttleton said to Lord Plunkett, "That reminds me of Gregson and Gully shaking hands together before they *set to*," it being the general expectation that Lord Plunkett reserved himself to speak after Eldon, and some

attempts being made last night to unkennel Eldon for the purpose. Among the persons who came to speak to me were Lord Grey, Lord Dudley, Limerick, Thomond, &c., &c., and the Duke of Sussex. The Duke, pointing to the Archbishop of Tuam, who sat quite near me, said, in his high squeaking voice, "Did you hear that —— —— speak last night? I think we might have brought him up with another prophet: 'And he said, saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*.'" Lord Plunkett's speech, in one or two of its bursts, magnificent. "Is it for me to set my back against that door, and shoulder the Duke of Norfolk from it?" After the immense cheering that followed this, his exclamation of "Shame, shame, shame on the perverse ingenuity, &c. &c.," was the most effective thing I can conceive. "Excellent tyranny! if it was but practicable." "They are the spawn of your own wrong" (speaking of the Catholic agitators). These and a few other points told most grandly; but the dryness of his legal arguments afterwards, and the want of anything like a peroration to wind up with effect, made the remainder of his speech appear tame and *manqué*. By far the most comprehensive and useful speech of the whole debate was Lord Haddington's, and surprise was not among the least ingredients of its success. Came away at twelve, and had something to eat at the Athenæum. Sent an excuse to Dr. Holland, with whom I was to have breakfasted to-morrow morning to meet Spurzheim.

11th. Called upon Rogers after breakfast, and found with him Keppel and Madame D'Arblay's son. Had some rather interesting conversation. Dined at Edward Moore's: party, the two Cramptons, the Duke of Leinster, Doherty, Corry, and myself.

11th. Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell, having made his

acquaintance for the purpose of gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit of playing with B.'s dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anecdote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar out of the window, when it knocked down one of the Muses in the garden, and deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill he had Cowell over from Eton, and *pouched* him no less than ten pounds. Cowell has ever since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought,) walking into a little wood at Lirici, when it was discovered afterwards that Shelley was at that time in quite another direction. "This," said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, "was about ten days before his death." Cowell's imitation of his look and manner very striking. Thinks that in Byron's speech to Fletcher, when he was dying, threatening to appear to him, there was a touch of that humour and fun which he was accustomed to mix up with everything. Dined with the Fieldings, and went with them early to the Opera. Sat in Miss Stevens's box. Pasta divine in *Medea*. Visited Mrs. Purvis in her box, and agreed that Corry and I would dine with her to-morrow. Alluding to a note I

had from Sydney Smith, asking me to dine with Hebbert (his daughter's father-in-law), in which he had said that I should have a capital dinner, "the West India reptile cooked in a way of which no other house was capable," Mrs. P. promised we should have "the reptile" to-morrow.

13th. Walking about with Corry. Called on the Donegals; promised to go and see Barbara in the evening. Dressed for the Duchess of Clarence's quadrille at the grand ball. Dinner at Mrs. P.'s very snug; went in the evening to Lady D.'s, but just missed Barbara. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird this morning; showed me the portrait of Byron in his possession, remarking how much of the *female* character there is about the mouth, chin, &c.

16th. Off in the coach for home; my companion a young man who turned out to be a son of Sir C. Ogles. Had a copy of Galignani's edition of Byron with him, and turned to me, while he was reading, to ask me which I liked, Byron's, Moore's, or Scott's poems the best! "Said I thought that each in their different ways were ——" "That's exactly what I think," he replied; "one finds it difficult to say which is the most beautiful." Did not find me out. Found my dearest Anastasia relieved from her spasms, and better than I expected.

17th to 30th. From this date being chiefly at home, with much business and but little events, have neither time nor matter for journalising in detail. Occupied (as much as my anxiety for our dear girl would let me) with my Byron work.

July 8th. Dined at Scott's, and slept there.

18th. Corry came to us from London; he and I walked to Bowood. Lady L. out. Dined with us, and went on to Bath in the evening; brought Anastasia a very pretty workbox.

26th. Saw Lord Lansdowne. Told me a good mistake of his porter in town. Meaning soon to set off to the continent, Lord L. had made some inquiries about an old courier of his, in answer to which a message was left with his porter, that "the courier was disengaged." The old porter, with his head full of recent changes, repaired immediately to Lord L.'s valet, with a face of mystery and importance, and said he didn't know what was in the wind now, but that a message was come to say that the "Courier newspaper was disengaged, and at my Lord's disposal." Dined at Collings's.

28th. Took Tom to Bowood on the pretty donkey Lady L. has given him, with a very nice saddle to boot; the dear fellow quite happy with it. Dined there; none but Guthrie, Lord Kerry, and themselves. Talked of the use of particular words; "tasteful," for instance, which the Hollands will not hear of; yet surely nothing can be more pursuant to analogy: beautiful, joyful, graceful, &c., being all formed in the same manner, and seeming, indeed, to require it to be of their company. Lord L., owning all this, was still of opinion that there was something defective about the word, possibly from the confusion produced by its also being applicable to objects of the *palate*. Mentioned a coinage I had made in my "Anacreon" of a diminutive "winglets," also according to analogy, but not very much to be approved; in which, however, I was followed by Campbell in some of his poems. Talked of the use of an English dictionary; Lord John Russell (as he has often told me) never, by any chance, refers to one, while he is writing, and *I* am always referring to it. *Quære*, Whether this is from my being an Irishman, and not so at home in the language? The Scotch, certainly, are seldom so much at

their ease in it as to venture upon that best charm of style, a vigorous and graceful familiarity. Scott an exception; his English almost always delightful. Talked of Fox's style in his "History." I pronounced it bad, but had no recollection how *very* bad it was, till I took down the book and read over some of the passages. All agreed that nothing could be more constrained and ungraceful. Lord and Lady L. and Louisa walked part of the way home with us.

August 11th. Dined at Locke's; Edmonstone and his brother, Phipps, &c. Edmonstone far more agreeable than usual; repeated some amusing *jeux d'esprit* of Mansell's (the Master of Trinity). * * * * Anecdote of the rival shoemakers; one of them putting up over his shop *Mens conscià recti*, and the other instantly mounting "Men's and women's conscia recti."

12th. Dined at Bowood; only Mr. Thomas Grenville and Oakden. Day very agreeable. Strange and barbarous task at Westminster, that of turning Horace into other language. The late Lord Warwick's habit of tying knots in his pocket handkerchief in order to recollect the various episodical allusions with which his conversation abounded. Oakden has seen no less than five knots on the handkerchief, all which he most duly and tediously returned to. A character in one of Murphey's plays does the same, or rather a person is mentioned by one of the characters who *did* so. Slept there.

16th. Dined at Bowood: company, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Douglas, and Lord John Russell. In the evening the Duchess of H. sang; the first time I have heard her for twenty-two years! Still a fine creature both in voice and face. Slept there.

17th. Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell walked

part of the way home with me. The Duke of Clarence lately, in talking over the division on the Catholic Question, said to some one, "Well, it was not bad, considering, too, how many of the opponents voted like *me* against their own opinion." This Lord L. heard from the Noble Lord to whom the Duke said it. In talking of the probability of Lord Grey joining the Duke of Wellington, Lord L. said that, "to gain the Catholic cause, any one ought to come in at any time." Lord John Russell proposed to me to join him in a trip to Ireland this summer; he would wait for me at Lord Cawdor's, and after passing a day or two there I should proceed with him to Ireland. Very tempting, but not much chance of my being able to effect it, as I must reserve myself for the chance of my dearest Anastasia being ordered somewhere for change of air.

18th. Lord John called to see Bessy; staid some time. Walked back with him: conversation about Ireland. Said I felt that it was now time for me to do what many circumstances had hitherto indisposed me to, viz. take an active part in the affairs of the Catholics, and that if I went to Ireland I would attend the associations. Said he thought I had better not; that one could best serve the Catholics by keeping out of their ranks, and joining their cause, not themselves.

24th. Walked over to Bowood, and a little after one set off with Lord Lansdowne for Highclere, Lord Carnarvon's place. Called to see little Tom in passing through Marlborough, and left him some fruit Lady L. had given me for him; a delightful day and most agreeable journey. Our conversation on the degrees of happiness possessed by different people; "few plead guilty to

happiness," &c. &c. Company at Lord C.'s, the Puseys, an old clergyman, and ourselves.

25th. After breakfast Lord L. left us to join Lady Lansdowne at Newbury, and proceed on their way to the Continent. Walked and drove about for several hours with Lord Carnarvon, through his grounds. The conversation on politics, and his own personal share in them, which he laid open and discussed unreservedly — his views of the coalition with Canning, &c. &c. Some neighbours to dinner: sung a little in the evening. Have looked, during to-day, through a book published by Lord C.'s brother, "Nimrod," full of odd notions and multifarious learning. A good deal of laughing with Lord C. about two or three strange things I pointed out to him in it; the derivation of Old *Nick* from Νεικος, &c. &c.

26th. After breakfast (having stood a good deal of pressing to make me stay) set off in Lord C.'s carriage for Newbury, and, taking the first coach that arrived, got home in the evening. Forgot, by-the-bye, to mention that on the day I dined at Bowles's with the Lansdownes (August 2nd), I said to them on our way thither, "I wish you had any old farm house you could put us in, for I fear we shall be obliged to leave Sloperton, it is so small for us, now that Anastasia lives at home." I then mentioned to them some thoughts I had of building on a spot near us (of about three acres' extent) if I could get possession of it; and, in talking of the expense of building a cottage, Lord L. said, "I think, as far as wood and stone go, we could help you out a little." They then both inquired particularly with respect to the position of the ground I mentioned; and Lady L. said, "As you don't set up much for a man of business, you had better leave the whole thing to Lord Lansdowne, and he'll see what can

be done in it." The very next morning we saw a man on horseback visiting the aforesaid spot of ground, who proved to be (as I learned afterwards from Lord L.) his agent, Atherton, whom he had sent for the purpose. On our way now to Highclere, he told me that though the title to the ground (as I had already informed him) was a complicated one, yet there *could* be a title made, and he had left directions with Atherton to follow up the matter during his absence. It would be right, however, he said, that I should, in the meantime, refrain from either acting or talking upon the subject, as the idea of *competition* would be sure to tell against us in the negociation. Another circumstance which I omitted to mention during this time relates to my transactions with the "Times." The tone taken by them on the Clare election, and on a trifling *row* at Ballinamore (which they very mischievously magnified into a rebellion), induced me, at last, after some expostulations, to send in my *demission* as contributor; explaining that I could not conscientiously remain connected with a paper holding the tone upon Irish affairs that the "Times" did at present. Received a very friendly letter from Barnes, saying how much they regretted the loss of my aid; that I had been "of the highest service" to the paper, and that they only hoped the separation would not be final; feeling, no doubt, that our views upon Ireland would, ere long, again coincide. Gave Barnes some letters of introduction to Ireland, together with one from Lord Lansdowne (whom I made acquainted with all the above circumstances) to his agent at Kenmare. During Barnes's absence in Ireland, the tone of the paper came right again, in consequence of which I resumed my communications, beginning with "Lord Belzebub presents," &c.; and on Barnes's return, he wrote to me to say that

his tour had wholly converted him, and that it would be henceforth no task to him to support the Irish cause with all his might.

September 1st to 6th. Several tempting invitations, viz., to the York House music meeting (having had a letter from Mr. York to remind me of my conditional promise); to the Eisteddvôd (the meeting of the Bardic Society in Wales, of which I have been made an honorary member), Colonel Hughes having asked me to meet the Duke of Sussex at his house during the meeting; to Ireland, with Lord John, &c. &c.; but can accept of none, our Anastasia having sufficiently recovered the use of the limb to admit of her being soon removed to the sea. Received a long letter from Lord Francis Gower, in answer to one I wrote recommending Corry to his notice; expresses his regret at my having given up my intention of coming to Ireland, and enters very frankly and fully into the *present state* of Irish politics. *

7th. Dr. Brabant having pronounced Anastasia (who has begun for some days to move about on crutches) sufficiently recovered to be taken to Southampton, despatched Hannah off to that place to procure lodgings, and bespoke an open carriage at Parsons's to take us there.

12th Arrived at Salisbury before five, very comfortably. Slept there.

13th. Started after breakfast, and got to Southampton about four; 'Stasia but little fatigued by her journey, and only feeling the roughness of the pavement in entering Southampton.

14th, 15th. Went on the 15th to Cowes, in the steam-

* Lord Francis Gower (now Lord Ellesmere) had succeeded the Hon. H. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) as Irish Secretary.

packet; found that the Listowels were still there. A most lovely evening. Took a walk up the hill by Mr. Ward's, and was in a state of enchantment all the time: the sunset on the sea, the ships, — all beautiful. The Listowels had been out in their yacht, and I received them at their landing. Dined with them; only Lord Ennismore and his mother of the party; in the evening, Lady Ashbrooke, who played and sung. Slept there.

16th. After breakfast, the water being still beautiful, Lady L. proposed that, as I must leave them, they would take me back in their yacht. Did so; the sail delightful. Introduced Bessy to Lady L. at Southampton.

18th. Off in the coach for Salisbury at eight.

19th. Found proofs of my "Cash, Corn, &c." to correct. Called at Locke's. Pressed to stay dinner, but, on account of my engagement to W. Taylor, could not. Promised to come on Sunday.

20th. A copy of "Nimrod," very nicely bound, from Lord Carnarvon, with a kind letter.

22nd to 25th. At work, but found solitude far less favourable to study than I expected. Anxious, too, about Anastasia, and often, when sitting alone in my study of an evening, fancying that I heard her cries of pain in the parlour.

27th. A note from Brabant, to say that Lawes (Tom's schoolmaster), as well as his usher and three of the boys, were ill with fever, and that he had, in consequence, brought his own boy and my Tom away. Walked in to Devizes, and found dear Tom looking quite well, and lodged at Brabant's. Dined with Brabant, and walked home in the evening.

29th. Walked in to Devizes, to the mayor's (Hughes's) dinner. My health drunk with great applause; much

more, indeed, than that of any of their dignitaries. Made a speech which seemed to amuse them. Slept at Hughes's.

30th. Up before seven, to see Tom off in the mail for Salisbury; giving him a note to the mistress of the Antelope, to have him forwarded safely to Southampton. Walked home to breakfast, and, after working a few hours, returned to Devizes, to dine with Scott. Company, Watson Taylor, &c.

October 1st and 2nd. Dined at Methuen's; taken by Brabant, whom I had requested them to ask. Dr. Franklin's idea of the soul that, on the principle of Nature doing nothing in vain, it is difficult to believe that minds, brought to perfection by time and culture, should be let to go out, like the snuff of a candle, without being turned to any account afterwards. Company, Joy, the Paulet Mildmays, and Lord Falmouth (who, by-the-bye, had called at Sloperton with the Methuens in the morning). Sang in the evening, and slept there, Brabant having gone home.

3rd. Pressed to stay and accompany the party to Bath, to see the young Queen of Portugal, but determined on going home. Taken by Methuen in his curricle.

7th. Went over with Mrs. Scrope in her carriage to see their place, Castle-Combe, which is beautiful. Walked back with Joy and Scott; Joy repeating by heart the whole of my squib, "Lord Belzebub." Off in Joy's carriage for Houlton's, but, being very late, took a chaise at Bradford, and did not arrive till the Houltons were half done dinner. Found there Locke and his two daughters, Bertha Ricardo, and Miss Grenfell, the girls (including the Houltons themselves) forming a group of beauty rarely seen together. Music in the evening duets, guitar, harp, &c. &c.

8th. Received a letter from Bessy to say that Tom had shown symptoms of fever on Saturday, but, at the time she wrote, and the doctor thought nothing bad would come of it. This news filled me with anxiety; the idea of his having typhus, and communicating it to the other two children, dreadful. Read the letter over and over again, to try and extract comfort from it; read it also to Mrs. Houlton, who thought I had no reason to be alarmed. In the evening had all sorts of gaieties, in which I joined, I think, with the more *abandon* from the excited state of my mind during the day. Played at magical music, and then blindman's buff, in which my activity made Mrs. Houlton declare that people knew but half my talents who never saw me play blindman's buff. The young beauties, though having only two elderly beaux (Locke and myself) to play the agreeable with them, seemed as sparkling as if surrounded by dandies. Clutterbuck, who called to-day, promised to send over for my letters to Sloperton on Friday next, and bring them to Bath for me.

9th. No more accounts from Southampton, which, I persuaded myself, augured good. Went to look at the girls practising archery, but did not like it; the exertion unfeminine, and distorts both their figures and faces. Another gay evening, for which the younger part of the family was kept up, and music, blindman's buff, &c., sent us all tired to bed.

10th. Set off to Bath with John Houlton, to attend the mayor's dinner, the mayor being Tudors, who was Anastasia's surgeon at the beginning of her complaint. Met Lady Davy, and promised to drink tea with her after the dinner. Two hundred and seventy people sat down to table; several grandees, Lords Camden, Bath, Brecknock, Cork, Thynnes, &c. &c. Had some talk with

the Bishop of Bath and Wells before dinner. Sat next to Watson Taylor, who tried to convince me that I was wrong in my views of Lord Castlereagh's political character. Could not easily grant him this, but owned that I had mixed up Lord Camden with the bloody transactions of '98 more than his conduct since inclined me to think he deserved. Went to Lady Davy's; joined there, soon after, by Watson Taylor.

11th. Set off for Devizes at one o'clock, with Watson Taylor and Salmon, in W. S.'s carriage. Our conversation on the way interesting, as being about the events of '98 in Ireland, when W. Taylor was secretary to Lord Camden, and I was a young sucking rebel at college; his companions being the Cookes, Castlereaghs, &c. of that period; and mine, Emmett, Lawless, and *hoc genus omne.* Compared notes as to our respective recollections, and felt, both of us, how strange it was that he and I who, thirty years ago, were placed in a position where either might have been called upon to hang or shoot the other, were now chatting over the whole matter amicably in his barouche. William Salmon not a little edified by our conversation. Found now, for the first time, that Watson Taylor was the author of the words of the celebrated "Croppies lie down,"—a song to the tune of which more blood has been shed than often falls to the lot of lyrical productions. Dined with Dr. Brabant, and walked home to Sloperton afterwards.

12th to 14th. Forget whether I have mentioned that the editor of the "Keepsake" had this year renewed his proposals for me to contribute something to that work. His first wish was that I should write a hundred lines of poetry for him at a guinea a line; and when I was in town in June he actually thrust a check for 100*l.* into my

pocket (when it would have been exceedingly convenient to me), but I threw it back to him again, and declined having anything to do with the work. In a month or two after he came down to me at Sloperton, with the following proposal: that I should write a hundred pages for the work, in either prose or poetry, (three or four of said pages to be for this year's "Keepsake," and the remainder for next), and receive for such contributions 500*l.*, half to be paid down immediately. This also I declined; and he then still further proposed the sum of 600*l.* for one hundred and twenty pages. After taking some time to deliberate (as the offer was certainly a magnificent one), I declined this likewise; explaining to him all my reasons, or rather feelings, on the subject, unreservedly.

23rd. Set off for Southampton, to-morrow being Tom's birthday, and it being their wish that we should all dine together.

24th. Took them all (our dear Anastasia included) to the play, and she sat it out remarkably well. The young Hardmans, and their French governess, of the party.

26th. Walked out to breakfast at Lord Ashtown's, [Chessel House]; a most lovely place, combining all the beautiful features of Southampton in their best form. Went with the A.'s to church. At two, Bessy and the young ones came, Tom superlatively happy on a donkey. After luncheon, returned with them to Southampton, and hired another donkey for a little way for Russell. Called on Mrs. Prevost and Miss Hamilton, two Irish ladies who were introduced by Lady Listowel to Bessy, and have been unceasing in their kindness to her and the children.

27th. Driven into Southampton after breakfast by Trench, who is an agreeable and gentlemanlike person. Dined at Fleming's: the hostess is not only pretty but

"most musical." Has Moschelles sometimes down for weeks, and goes to Paris to take lessons of Kalkbrenner. In talking of Rossini, mentioned the horror with which these learned harmonists regard the tricks he plays in composition; the way he *hints* chords, and is then off again without the trouble of resolutions or transitions, and, in short, enraptures people contrary to all the rules of the art. Played a good deal for me in the evening, and with feeling as well as power.

30th. Breakfasted with Mr. Madison, whose house and garden stand on part of the ground that the late Lord Lansdowne's foolish structure occupied. Between one and two, having settled everything, started in Mrs. J. Hamilton's chariot, with horses from the Dolphin, and arrived at Salisbury about dusk; our dear girl bearing the journey perfectly well. Slept at the Antelope; found the landau waiting.

31st. Arrived at the cottage; calculate the whole trip to Southampton to have cost me about 100 guineas. Forgot to mention that some weeks since I had a letter from Lord John Russell from Woburn, sending me some verses he had written about the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon; very good, at least for the first twenty lines, but after that, from his usual laziness, falling into doggrel, and spoiling a good thought and lively commencement by a most unworthy ending. Wrote to him to this effect, and begged that he would work the idea out more carefully. Told him, too, that I had myself just finished and dispatched a squib to "The Times," before I received his, of which the ground-work was, oddly enough, very much the same, "Brunswick Echoes." In his answer said how much surprised he had been himself, on seeing my verses in the paper, at the coincidence between us.

November 1st to 12th. Chiefly at home working, and but little variety of events. Our dear girl going out occasionally in the landau, and improving in the use of the limb. A letter from Lady Jersey, asking me to meet the Cowpers at Middleton.

19th. Started in the coach at ten o'clock for town; arrived before eight. Went to my usual lodging at Sandon's, in Bury Street.

20th. Went to Power's; called on Rogers and found Luttrell there. Rogers wanting me to go to Brighton with him instead of to Middleton; would give me a bed. Talk about Dr. Muir, the person from Cephalonia, whom I want to see about Byron. R., who has seen him, says he has one letter of B.'s of importance. Promised to return to dinner with Rogers, and went with Luttrell to take my place in the coach for Middleton. He had been invited there, but refused; said he would not have done so had he known I was going, and on our finding at the office that there was plenty of room in the coach, determined, to my great delight, to change his mind and go too. Set off to the Charter House to see Lucy Drew; found her with F. Montgomery and some young French marquis, looking much altered. Gave me, on parting with her, a letter from Lady Virginia, which I read in the hackney coach on my way back. Such a letter! Dined at Rogers's; his brother and sister and Kenny our company, with Luttrell sitting by as spectator most of the dinner, being engaged somewhere else. Had agreed, Luttrell and I, not to tell Rogers of his change of mind with respect to Middleton. Stayed till ten o'clock. Kenny amusing; quoting from Charles Lamb; a eulogy of his on some dashing dissipated fellow. "His contempt of money, especially yours or mine; his greatness at the

midnight hour," &c. &c. Saw poor Lady Donegal this morning; still more broken, alas! than when I last left her.

21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Went to Murray; all good humour and courtesy. I had some little fears that as my insurance expires this month, he might be inclined to demand other security; but not a word was mentioned of it. Told me of a translation of my "Epicurean" into German, which Hallam has brought from Innspruck with him. Spoke of the division among the managers of King's College; some ultras not wishing to budge beyond the standard of the old universities, and others, more liberal (among whom is Blomfield), desirous to take advantage of such an opportunity for improvement. But to some people improvement is wormwood. Went to Power's and then to Longmans'. Gave me some more letters from Mr. Hancock relative to Byron. Dined at Lady Donegal's, but she herself not well enough to see me.

22nd. With Luttrell to breakfast at seven, and started at eight to the coach for Middleton. Arrived at six. Found the party assembled in the drawing-room; the Cowpers, the Worcesters, Madame de Lieven (Lieven himself having gone), the Falcks, Lord Castlereagh, and Henry de Roos; Lord Castlereagh the only one I was not acquainted with. The Duke of Devonshire gone, which I was sorry for. Dinner very agreeable; singing in the evening. Lady Emily Cowper sang, and Lord Worcester and Lord Castlereagh, and of course I sung a good deal.

23rd. Walked for some time after church hours with Lady Cowper: talked of her brother William as not unlikely to take a strong part on the Irish question in the House of Lords, and expressed her own wish that he

would. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington's mode of receiving Lord Lansdowne's interpretation of his speech last session, she said that Lord Cowper had distinctly heard the Duke say, "Yes," to Lord L.'s statements. This, however, as I told her, was not Lord L.'s own impression. I had heard that the Duke had cried, "Hear," and questioned Lord L. as to the circumstance; but he said, "No, there was nothing so strong as that; I watched him closely while I spoke, for it was a great point to pin him down as much as possible without going so far as to produce any counter declaration from him; and though he certainly did not give any decisive sign of *as*sent, he as certainly did not give any of *dis*sent." Lord Cowper, on Lady C. appealing to him, confirmed what she said of his having distinctly heard the word "Hear" from the Duke. Such weight have a great man's monosyllables in the affairs of nations, and so much on the nod of a noble soldier may the fate of millions depend! Dinner still more agreeable than yesterday: begin to like Lord Castlereagh. Singing again: Falck (a fine sensible Dutchman) sung very good-humouredly, without accompaniment, one or two French drinking songs; and his wife (who looks like one of Rubens's women just descended from her frame) sang, also, in the same way, some French vaudevilles. Falck much amused with some Irish and other stories that Luttrell and I told. Madame Lieven went this morning, and, unluckily, without my hearing her on the pianoforte. She appeared last night much pleased with my singing; and Lord Jersey said it was the greater triumph, as she had been the evening before expressing her dislike of all English singers.

24th After dinner walked for some time with Lut-

trell: mentioned his version of the joke about Lord Dudley's speaking by heart —

> "In vain my affections the ladies are seeking:
> If I give up my heart, there's an end of my speaking."

The Falcks went off this morning. Had at dinner Lord Villiers, with two young companions, Lords Ossulston and Grimston, come over from Oxford, for the evening. Ossulston a handsome and natural mannered young fellow, with a good singing voice, which he let us hear at the pianoforte in the evening; when my songs, too, were put in requisition as usual. Wished to have started for town to-morrow; but not only the Jerseys themselves, but Luttrell wished the contrary, and so I have yielded.

25th. After breakfast the Cowpers took their leave, repeating to me very cordially their often expressed wish that I should visit them at Panshanger: said I might come whenever I knew they were there. No one left but Luttrell and myself. Walked with Lady Jersey through the grounds to the village, &c. &c. No one at dinner but Lord and Lady Jersey, Luttrell, and myself. Passed the evening in trying over some old music with her. Gave me two letters of Byron's to her; and wrote this morning for me to Lord Grey, to remind him of his conditional promise on the subject of the Charter House to my little Tom.

26th. Luttrell and I started in a chaise at nine o'clock from Oxford, where we arrived just in time to catch a coach to town, and got in between six and seven. Dined with Luttrell; saw some reason to suspect that he has at last *married*.

27th. Called at different places. Sat with C. some time and had a good deal of talk about my Bermuda place —thinks I cannot take any steps as to a deputy (at least

a deputy with *security*) till there is something to give security *for*, which can only occur with a war. Called at Longman's and drew my bills upon Power. Went to Mr. Hancock on the subject of Byron. Dined at Chantrey's; taken by Murray; company, besides, Joy, Stokes, and a Mr. Walker. Chantrey fixed that I should sit for him the next time I came to town. Talking of the late interview he and Wilkie had with the King, which lasted some hours. Wilkie saying afterwards to Chantrey, "I am glad I went to Windsor to-day, for it will *inure* me to the King." C. took me into his own room in the evening and showed me all the late correspondence between him and the committee for Canning's statue, on which he is evidently sore. Nothing, however, can be more respectful or more complimentary to him as an artist than their appointment of a deputation to wait upon him, and the language which this deputation addressed him. Endeavoured to impress this upon him.

28th. Had Davidson the printer with me to look over the MS. I have brought up; thinks it will make about 200 pages. Dined at Murray's: company, Sotheby, Chantrey, and the Lockharts. Day agreeable; had been most of the morning with Mrs. Shelley driving about to various places. Some one mentioned to-day that a discovery had been made in the State Paper Office of a most voluminous collection of letters by Cardinal Wolsey, and also papers of Milton.

December 2nd. Off at half-past eight for home.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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